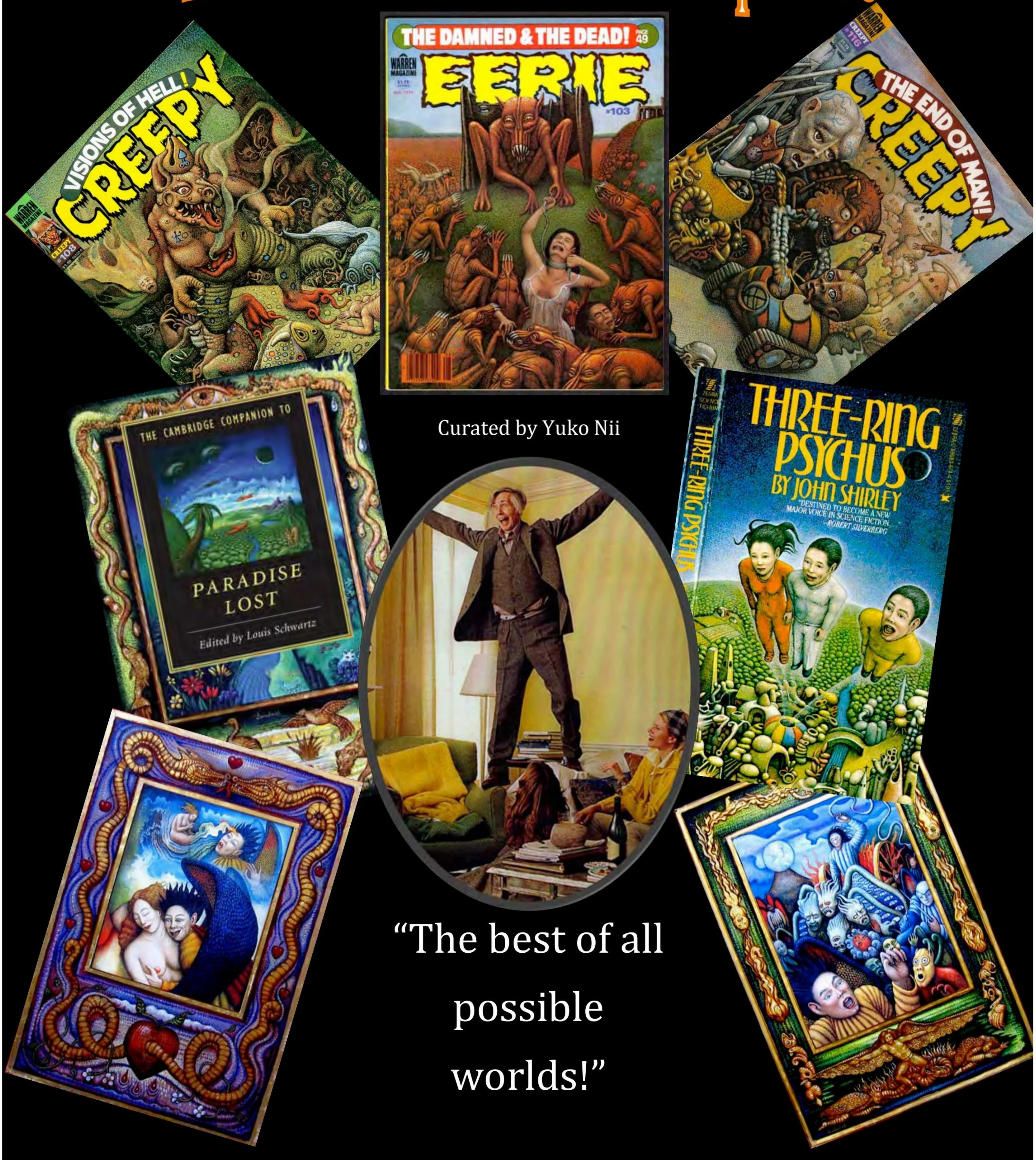
The Terrance Lindall Retrospective


VISIONS OF HELL!
CREEPY
WARREN MAGAZINE
#108
THE DAMNED & THE DEAD! PAGE 49
WARREN MAGAZINE
EERIE
#103
THE END OF MAN!
CREEPY
#116
THE CAMBRIDGE COMPANION TO
PARADISE LOST
Edited by Louis Schwartz
THREE-RING PSYCHUS
BY JOHN SHIRLEY
"DESTINED TO BECOME A NEW MAJOR VOICE IN SCIENCE FICTION."
—ROBERT SILVERBERG

Curated by Yuko Nii

“The best of all
possible
worlds!”

Copyright 2017

Yuko Nii Foundation

To be announced:

"Dinner With the Devil",

Musical interludes by Peter Dizozza and Bienvenido Bones Banez

A sumptuous dinner plus music and light entertainment, TIX $500

Signed 230 Full color catalogue for attendees, valued at $175

Dinner includes a guided visit to the rare book library and treasure rooms with a look at one of a kind rare treasures including a collection of over 400 17th c. English wax seals including that of King Charles I on a 1635 document regarding land that is now Edinburg Airport, and a wax seal of Oliver Cromwell on the marriage contract of his daughter. Also, a 17th c. English beheading ax, a magnificent 17th. Torah scroll of the book of Genesis only (23 feet long), a magnificent 17th c. French tapestry border depicting Mary, Jesus and John. Plus 17th c. Milton Books and Blake's NIGHT THOUGHTS, magnificently illustrated, AND MORE!

https://issuu.com/lindall/docs/paradise_lost_collection_yuko_nii_f

Catalogs, Books, Giclee Prints available online:
http://wahcenter.wixsite.com/wah-center-books

Exhibit includes the first ever viewing of the PARADISE LOST GRAND ELEPHANT FOLIO, 17 x 32 inches with many original drawings and a major oil

Table of Contents

P. 5 Introduction by Yuko Nii
P6-31 The Illustration Career 1979-82
P. 32-50 Milton Projects
P. 51-53 A Few of Many Controversies

P. 54-109 **Notes from Terrance Lindall Diaries**
  P. 57-60 Boyhood in the Swamp
  P. 61-63 High School ,University, Army, Mortuary
  P 64-71 Career as an Illustrator
  P. 72-73 Pretty Preppies
  P. 74-75 Life Among the Indians
  P. 76-81 Financial Manager of Roundabout Theater
  P. 82-88 Financial Manager of the Horticultural Society And Founding of the Greenwood Museum
  P. 89-91 The Art Community of Williamsburg
  P. 92-94 The Hasidim
  P. 95-106 High Fashion Model
  P 107-108 Dinner with the Dowagers

P. 110-136 **Selected Essays of Terrance Lindall**
  P. 111-112 Merits of Elitism
  P. 113 Today in Art
  P. 114-116 The Post-Art World
  P. 117 Questions
  P. 118-119 Anarcho-capitalism
  P. 120 The Very Greatest
  P. 121 On Slavery
  P. 122 The Surrealist Meaning of Wikipedia
  P. 123 Hermeneutical Surrealism
  P. 124-126 Why I Do Paradise Lost
  P. 127 The Death of Art
  P. 130 Democracy
  P. 131 Educational Reform
  P. 132-133 The Eve of Destruction
  P. 134-136 The Political Mill

P. 137-183 Little Known Art of Lindall
P. 184-197 MADONNA OF MONSTERS
P. 198-205 THE 3 RELIGIONS
P. 206-210 Demon Comix
P. 211-227 B& W Satires
P. 228-230 Satan's Peculiar Grace, a Lecture
P. 231-245 Drawings & Giclee Prints

The Art & illustration of Terrance Lindall

by Yuko Nii

Terrance Lindall is best known for his illustrations that have appeared on the covers of many books and magazines. He grew up in Minnesota. The period he feels influenced him most was when he lived on the St. Croix River near a beautiful wild swamp in back of the house. He was not much for school, but loved Christmas, and summers when he would catch minnows and turtles and spiders and roam the hills and valleys searching for adventure. Comic books were one of his great delights, mostly titles like “Strange Adventures” and “Out of this world.”

The family moved to Minneapolis and his life changed. He began to read more and take an interest in academics. In high school he took college course level classes in physics, calculus, English Literature and the like, as well as Russian language. During that time he read all of the works of Mark Twain and Theodore Dreiser to name a few, and read philosophers like Bertrand Russell and Spencer.

Graduating from high school there were no jobs he could find, so he joined the army. That was not for him and he went AWOL and was discharged under honorable conditions as not suitable for the armed forces.

He began studies at the University of Minnesota and later decided to go to New York.

In New York he completed his degree at Hunter College, with a double major in Philosophy and English Literature and a double minor in Psychology and Physical Anthropology.,graduating Magna Cum laude.

Terrance began his illustration career with Warren magazines and became an overnight hit. Around the same time he began illustrating Milton’s Paradise Lost, a theme that continues to this very day.

Today Terrance Lindall’s paintings for John Milton's Paradise Lost are perhaps the best-known illustrations for this epic outside of those by William Blake and Gustave Dore'. It appeared in the popular Heavy Metal Magazine around 1980 and one of the images appears on the 2008 cover of Complete Poetry and Essential Prose of John Milton, Random House 2008, edited by William Kerrigan, John Rumrich and Stephen M. Fallon. Holt Rinehart & Winston uses another Lindall Paradise Lost image in a 2009 high school textbook, which had a first run of 370,000, and another was used on the cover of the Cambridge Paradise Lost Companion in 2014.

Lindall illustrated for some of the most outstanding science fiction, fantasy and comic magazine writers of the 20th century. The writers were winners of ***Hugo Awards, Bram Stoker Awards, Nebula Awards,*** and more. These writers wrote for ***Star Trek, Star Wars*** and other iconic popular culture creations. He was also a model appearing in Vogue and many other fashion magazines. He founded one museum and helped found a second in NYC.

WHAT PEOPLE SAID ABOUT LINDALL'S ILLUSTRATION ART

" It is nice to know there is a latter day Bosch around"-- Dr. Leo Steinberg, Art Critic

" Clearly avoiding the view that Pop imagery is inherently a sign of trauma, Terry Lindall employs the cartoon elements of style with a charming and often unnerving directness and simplicity, frequently aimed at causing a trauma all his own. This is particularly the case with his illustrations of Milton's Paradise Lost, with which he reaches a hyper-intensified and nearly hysterical verve. "
--Mark Daniel Cohen, Critic for Review Magazine and NY Arts Magazine

" The high water mark in the Golden Age of this uniquely American Art form.." --James Kalm, NY Arts Magazine

" Surreal nightmare...DNA seems to have gone berserk" --The New York Art World Magazine Nov. 1999

" ...since I was a teenager back in 1982... I've considered Terrance Lindall one of the globe's greatest artists. My particular favorite is his intense adaptation of PARADISE LOST, which never fails to instill a pervasive dread in my mind." Greg Fasolino 1997

" Natural insanity" Art Alternative Magazine 1996

" ...eerie, magical, dreamlike, devastating, jarring...Lindall's illustrative style is magnificent!" -- Julie Simmons, Editor in Chief, Heavy Metal Magazine 1980

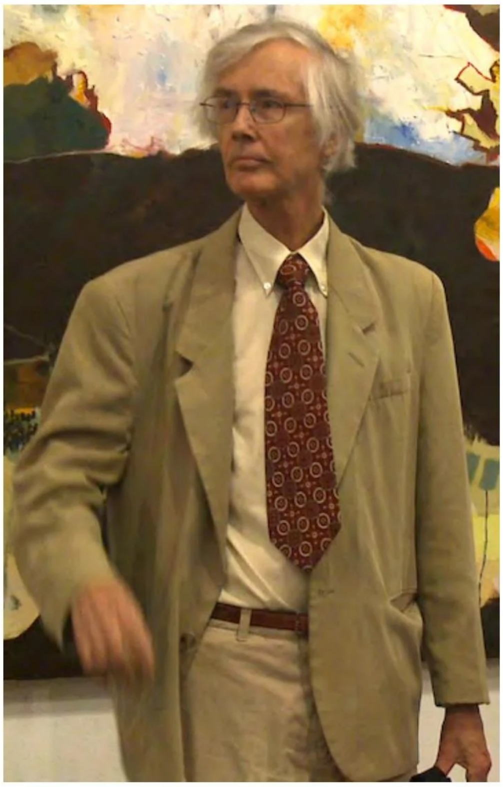
" Lindall's use of color & detail to achieve effect, his dramatic compositions, but most of all his totally unique vision make him a new wave artist to be reckoned with." -- Louise Jones, Senior Editor, Warren Communications 1980

" Lindall's striking and unique visionary fantasy art is breaking new ground in the field" --David Hartwell, Senior Editor POCKET BOOKS, Simon & Schuster 1980

" My reward for the purchase of a Lindall masterwork has been a cover that draws raves. It is a very valuable addition to my collection of fine art." -- Stuart David Schiff, twice winner of the World Fantasy Award & editor of the acclaimed WHISPERS anthologies

ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATION ART OF TERRANCE LINDALL

The magazines CREEPY, EERIE, VAMPIRELLA, HEAVY METAL AND MARVEL'S EPIC, and Rod Serling's TWILIGHT ZONE, for which he produced some of the most dazzling art of an era, are now highly sought after collectibles. The work he did for these magazines as well as covers for science fiction and fantasy paperbacks is part of the history of an important American art form, which has influenced many young persons and would-be artists growing up in America and around the world.



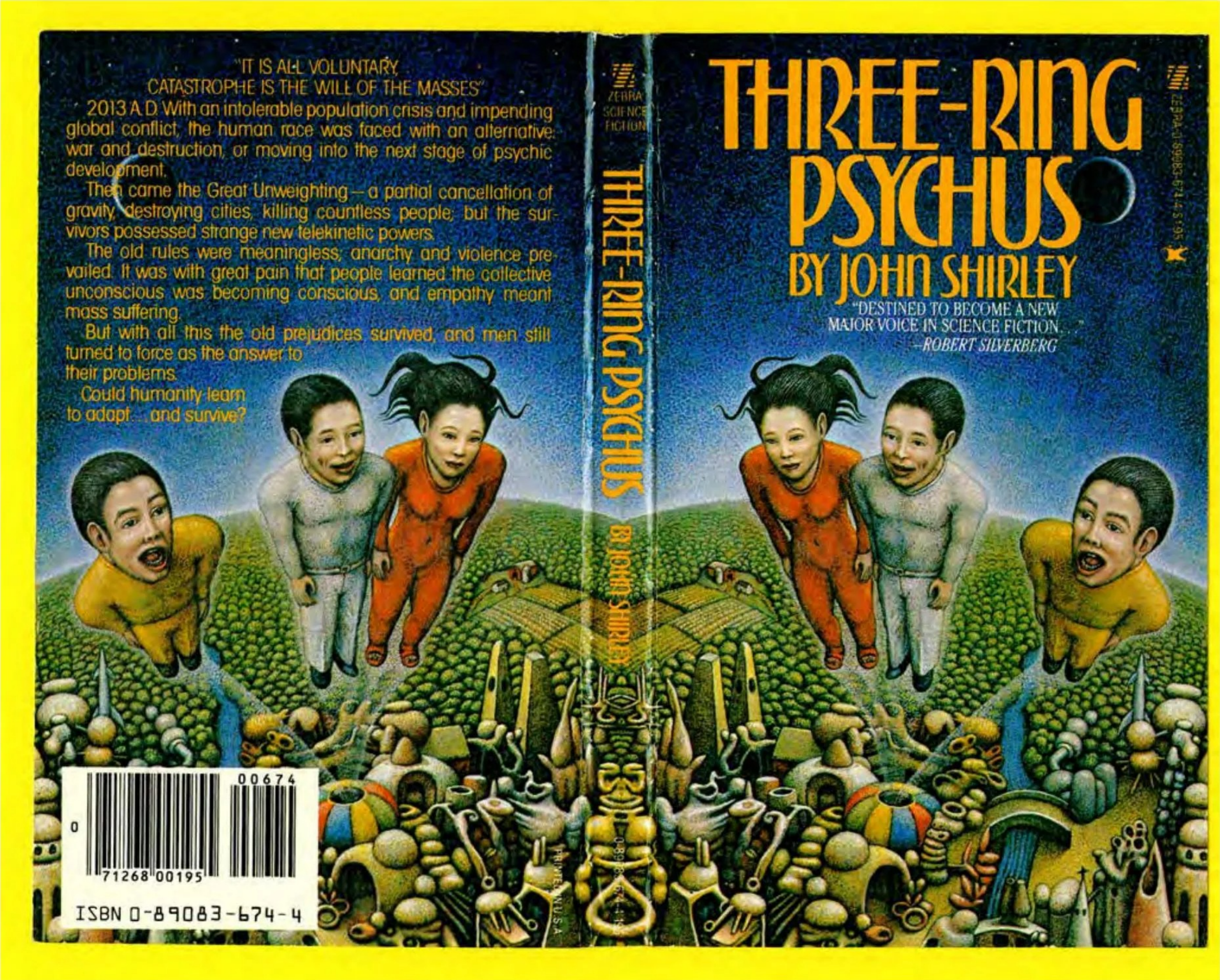
Terrance describes his career in the following pages.

Three Ring Psychus by John Shirley

Winner of The Bram Stoker Award

Cover by Terrance Lindall

THE STORY LINE: 2013 A.D. With an intolerable population crisis and impending global conflict, the human race was faced with an alternative: war and destruction, or moving into the next stage of psychic development. Then came the Great Unweighting - a partial cancellation of gravity, destroying cities, killing countless people, but the survivors possessed strange new telekinetic powers. The old rules were meaningless; anarchy and violence prevailed. It was with great pain that people learned the collective unconscious was becoming conscious, and empathy meant mass suffering. But with all this the old prejudices survived, and men still turned to force as the answer to their problems. Could humanity learn to adapt... and survive?



"IT IS ALL VOLUNTARY,
CATASTROPHE IS THE WILL OF THE MASSES"

2013 A.D. With an intolerable population crisis and impending global conflict, the human race was faced with an alternative: war and destruction, or moving into the next stage of psychic development.

Then came the Great Unweighting—a partial cancellation of gravity, destroying cities, killing countless people; but the survivors possessed strange new telekinetic powers.

The old rules were meaningless; anarchy and violence prevailed. It was with great pain that people learned the collective unconscious was becoming conscious, and empathy meant mass suffering.

But with all this the old prejudices survived, and men still turned to force as the answer to their problems.

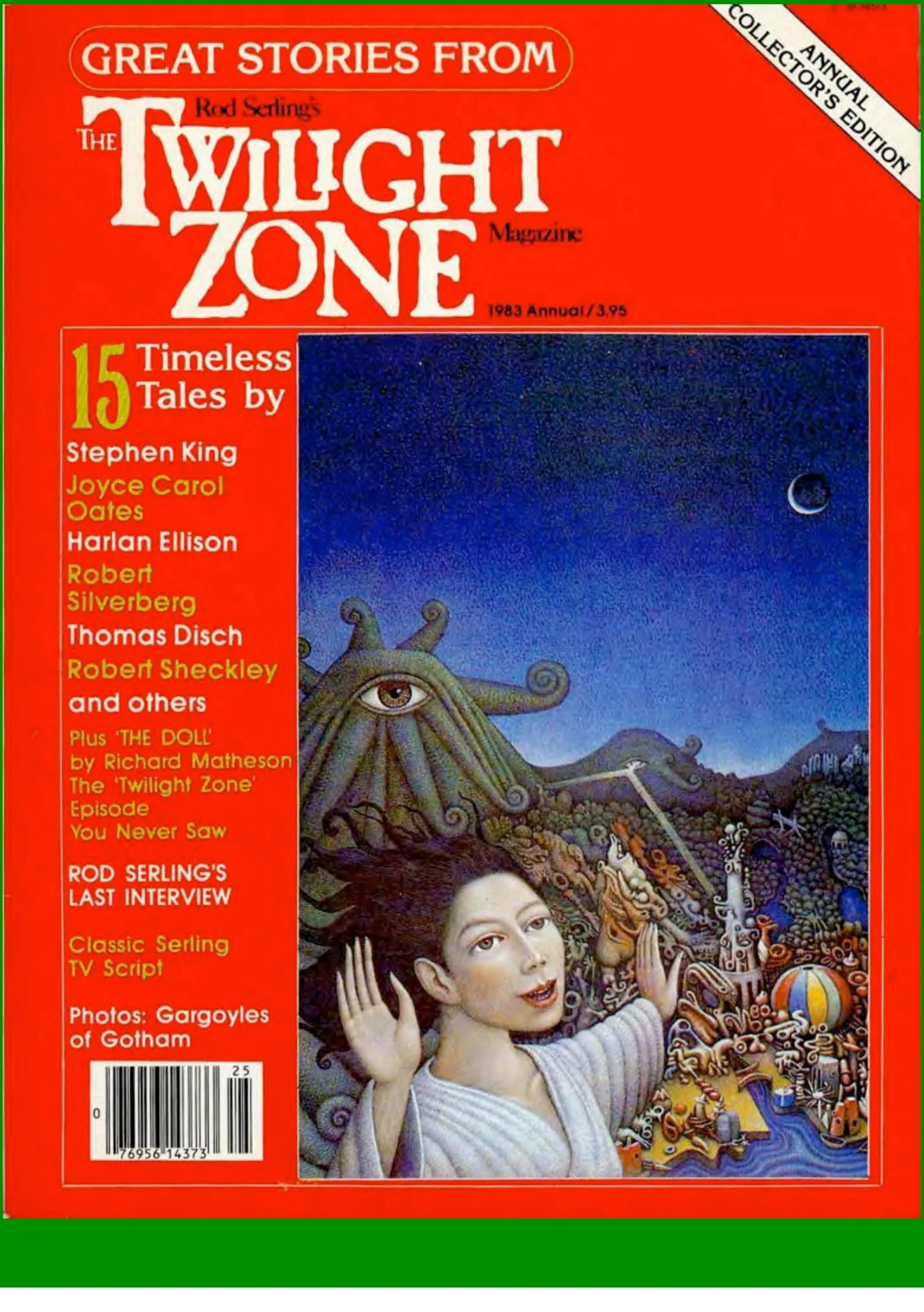
Could humanity learn to adapt... and survive?

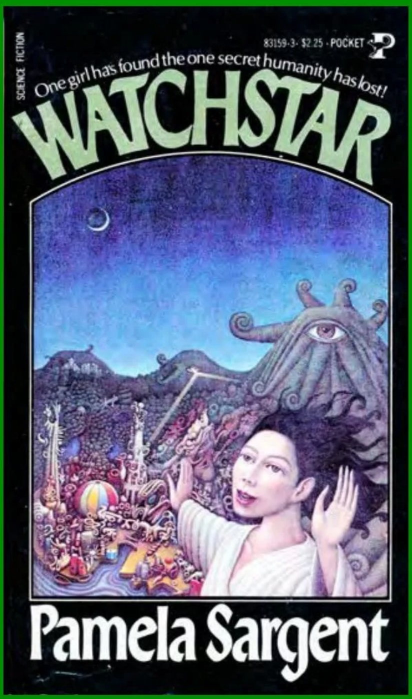
Around this time I was collecting and buying and selling antiques on Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn. I knew all of the dealers who were friends. I traded or sold the original art for this to a dealer there, Howard Singer.

MY FIRST MAJOR SCIENCE FICTION ILLUSTRATION

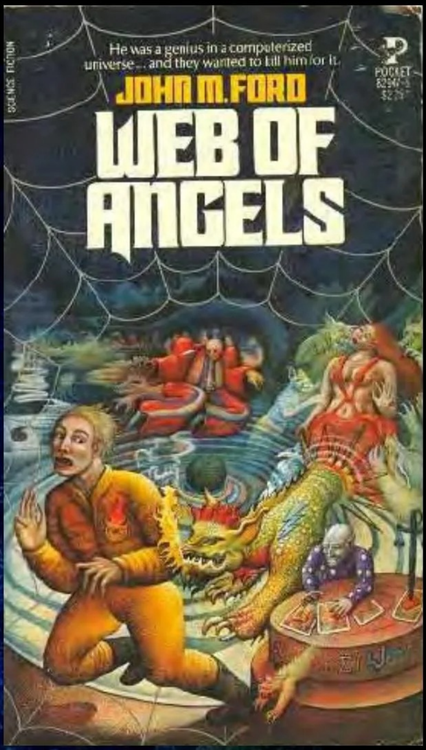
My first really major illustration for a book cover was Pamela Sargeant's ***WATCHSTAR.*** She was a **Nebula Award Winner** and worked on **Star Trek** Material.

My art was so liked that **Twilight Zone Magazine** called me to place it on their annual cover. They called me at my sister's house in Minnetonka Minnesota. I was sort of rethinking my life at that time and had left New York. I bought a van and worked in my sister's garage on handmade frames for my Paradise Lost paintings.


GREAT STORIES FROM
Rod Serling's
THE TWILIGHT ZONE
Magazine
ANNUAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION
1983 Annual / 3.95
15 Timeless Tales by
Stephen King
Joyce Carol Oates
Harlan Ellison
Robert Silverberg
Thomas Disch
Robert Sheckley
and others
Plus 'THE DOLL' by Richard Matheson The 'Twilight Zone' Episode You Never Saw
ROD SERLING'S LAST INTERVIEW
Classic Serling TV Script
Photos: Gargoyles of Gotham


SCIENCE FICTION
83159-3 · $2.25 · POCKET
One girl has found the one secret humanity has lost!
WATCHSTAR
Pamela Sargent

"Full-on awesome!
Sort of like a Charlie Sheen
rant." Claire, a Fan


SCIENCE FICTION
He was a genius in a computerized universe... and they wanted to kill him for it.
POCKET
82947-5
$2.25
JOHN M. FORD
WEB OF ANGELS

WEB OF ANGELS

Commentary by Terrance Lindall

John Milo Ford, Winner of the World Fantasy Award and the Philip K Dick Award, **born** East Chicago, Indiana: 10 April 1957, **died** Minneapolis, Minnesota: 24/25 September 2006 [Ford died alone around midnight]

John Ford’s first novel, Web of Angels (1980), Pocket Books, cover by Terrance Lindall, can be seen in retrospect as a quite remarkable rendering of the basic venues exploited by Cyberpunk some years later given definitive form by William Gibson in Neuromancer (1984). Web's automatic defense systems – Geisthounds –hunt him remorselessly. Grailer is a Webspinner, one of the handful of extraordinary people who can manipulate the Web--literally the mind of the universe. He is thus a space outlaw and must go underground, until his powers are tested--and he is ready to do battle with the Web itself. Grailer witnesses the murder of his lover Sharon Rose by the Geisthounds.

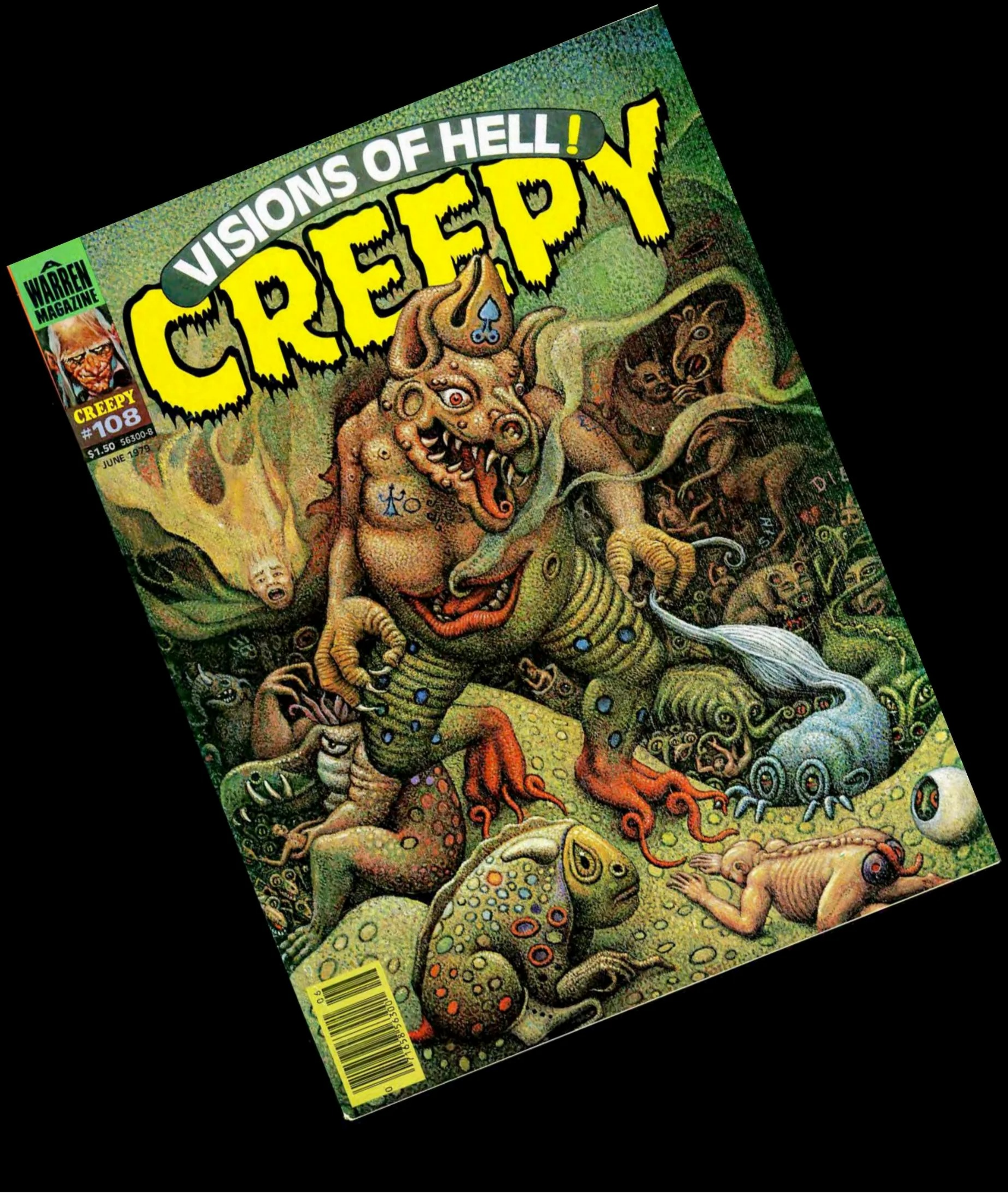
When I was offered this commission I was asked to do a very outstanding cover for John since it as his first novel. Later he would become quite famous, even working on Star Trek material. My reputation at that time after doing Warren Magazine covers and even winning a Warren Award, was that I was the new kid on the block and would attract attention with a new style of illustration. So I really did my best to take several of the characters and place them in the painting. I did NOT put that silly spider web in the painting because that is NOT what the world-wide computer web is. I represented it as waves that one sees in the painting emanating from Sharon Rose who is being devoured by Geisthounds. The art director put that spider’s web in, making the whole thing hokey to my mind. Around 1980 computers were just becoming more commonly used in business and publishing. Not many were on-line with the world-wide-web, so perhaps the art director felt that a spider’s web was a visual that explained the title to potential readers who were not especially computer literate. As for the Geisthound “exploding from her crotch,” as one amused fan noted, well, the dark webmaster used her sexual attraction to get to him, a very appropriate symbolism.

I think that my approach, although it would have been perfect for a comic book cover, was not the “realistic” type of art that appeals to readers of science fiction, as one would see on a Star Wars book cover with nicely done portraits of Skywalker and Leah who are doing nothing more than standing against a skein of stars. For the most part science fiction illustration overall is quite sedate or even mediocre. The art may imitate in a reasonable way the content of the novel or story, but it seldom has a “wow” character to it. I intended a “wow.” I got it, but not everybody liked it.

In any case I feel the art is quite good as ***comic*** illustration. I left a lot of space above the main figures for the title to be placed by the publisher. I may actually add some stars and constellations to make it better, or I may leave it as an example of illustration.

I am pleased that in my career I have been part of many “firsts” including this first cyberpunk novel by John Ford. Around that time too, my art appeared on Pamela Sargeant’s WATCHSTAR and “The Annual Best of Rod Serling’s Twilight Zone Magazine.” That was in my same unique style too, but everybody seemed to like that one.

My First Professional Illustration


VISIONS OF HELL!
CREEPY
WARREN MAGAZINE
CREEPY #108
$1.50 56300-8
JUNE 1979

MY ILLUSTRATION CAREER BEGINS

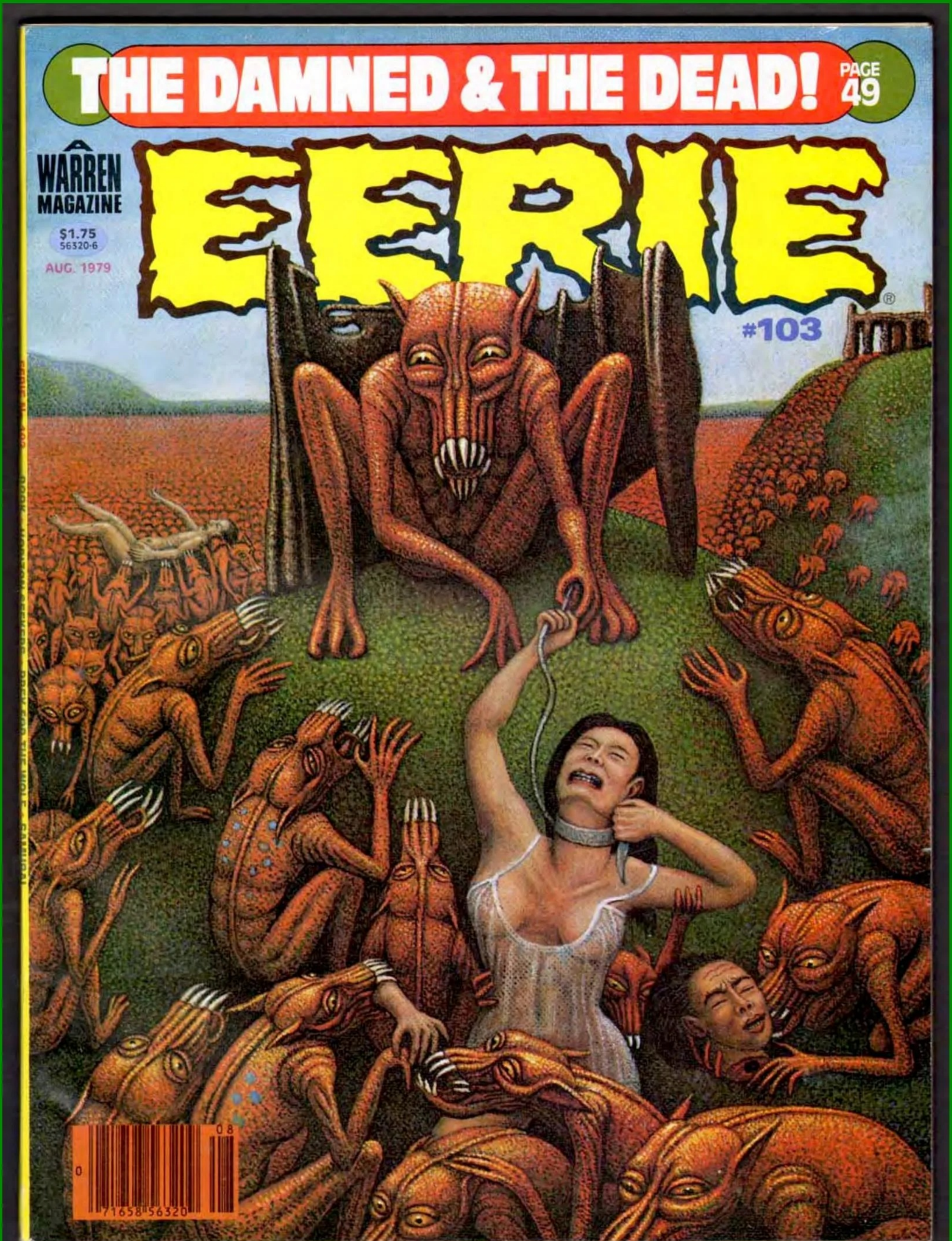
When I met James Warren of ***Warren Publishing***, I was trying to get him to advertise my Stone Eater poster. Instead of accepting an ad, he bought it for cover rights. He paid top dollar. He never did use it on any cover, but I did get several commissions for his line of horror comics. That launched my career because all the editors and publishers in New York City at various magazines and publishing houses seemed to know each other and the rumor spread that there was hot new talent. Warren was known for a fiery temper, but he was always very polite with me. Being called into his office was always an honor, although usually I dealt with Chris Adames, Kim McQuaite and Louise Jones, his editors.

In his early years Warren was accepted into Armored Infantry Officers Training. He was deafened six months later in a night training operation when he got too close to a heavy machine gun. He was medically discharged a few months later.

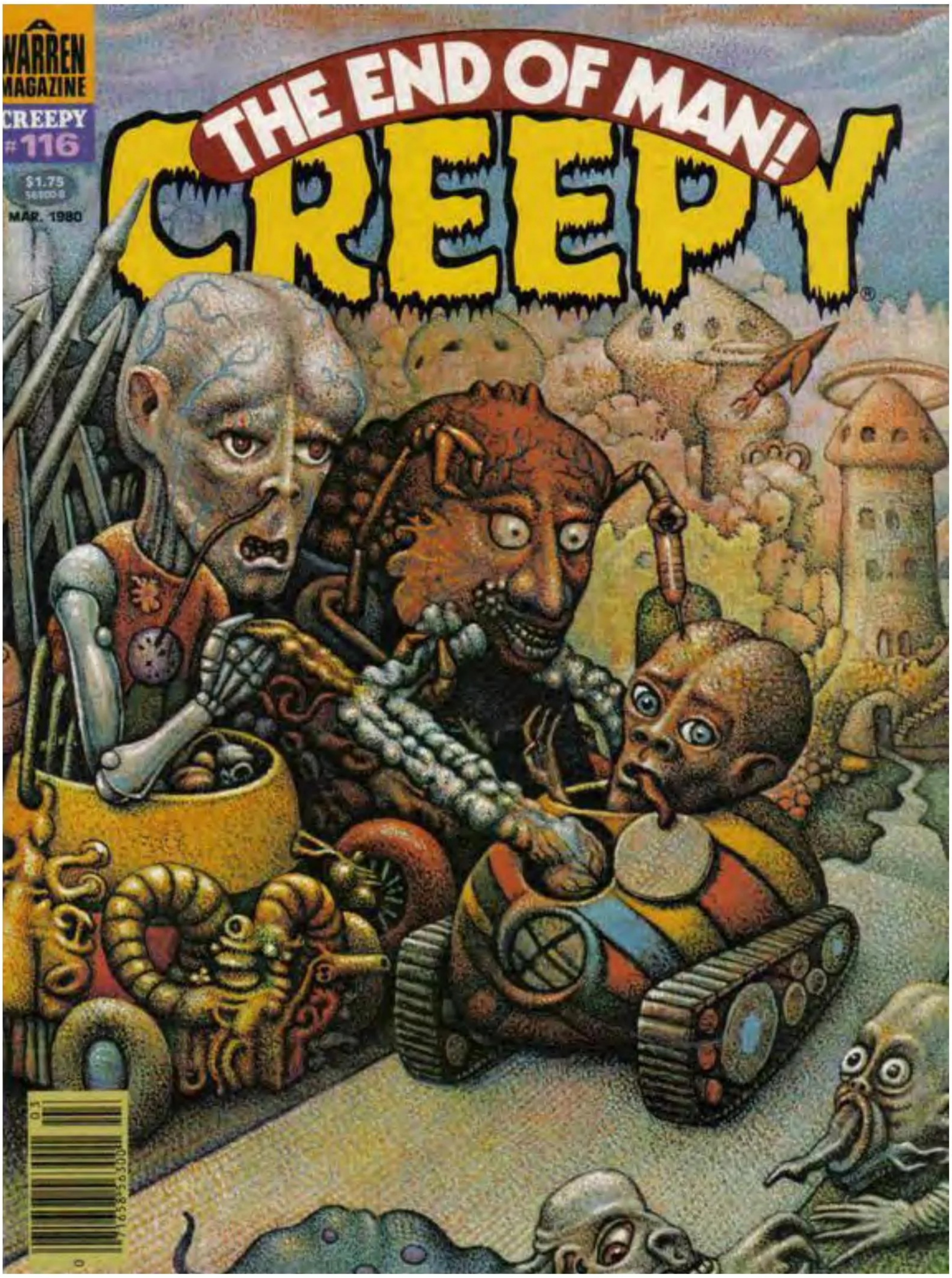
In the 1950s, Warren launched his own men's magazine, ***After Hours***, which lasted four issues and led to his arrest on charges of obscenity and pornography for featuring bare bosoms on the inside and Bettie Page on the cover. The ***Philadelphia Enquirer*** headline read "Pornographer Arrested", with a photo of him in handcuffs. The Attorney General in charge used the case to get reelected. Later, Warren founded ***Famous Monsters of Filmland*** magazine with After Hours contributing writer Forrest J Ackerman, an avid collector of movie memorabilia including stills and horror-movie props.

After my illustration career was launched by James Warren with ***Creepy, Eerie*** and ***Vampirella,*** I was hot property. The word got around that a new "different" talent was around. I attended a couple of SF/Fantasy conventions. At a small convention at Columbia University I met Stu Schiff. He sat at his table across the room from me. Stu was a dentist by profession, but was a sci-fi fantasy publisher by hobby. What a hobby! He did author-signed first edition hardcover limited editions of writers like Isaac Asimov and Harlan Ellison. He also published an anthology called ***Whispers***. Stu Schiff, a long-time art collector and when younger a dentist with the army, decided to fill the gap in the publishing industry, and in doing so became a legend. Among the fiction writers featured in the magazine were Manly Wade Wellman, Fritz Leiber, Robert Bloch, Ramsey Campbell, and Karl Edward Wagner. David Drake published much of his early fantasy fiction there. Among the artists to contribute were Stephen Fabian, Lee Brown Coye, Vincent Napoli, and many others, both legends in their own right and younger stars. The magazine won the first "Howard" or World Fantasy Award for non-professional publishing in 1975, though it was clearly on a professional level in editorial content and production.

THE BEST EVER WARREN COVER?

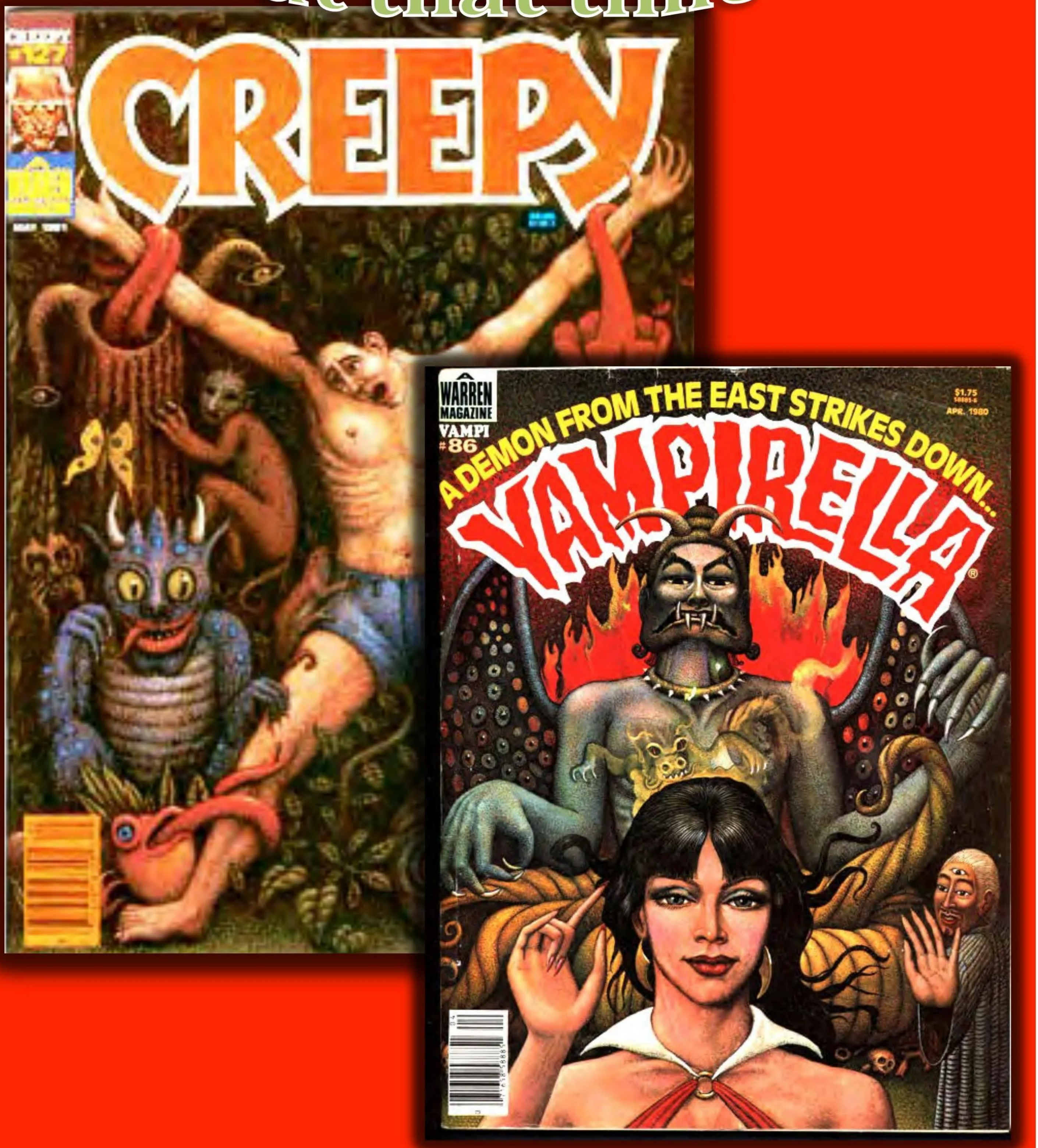

THE DAMNED & THE DEAD!
PAGE 49
A WARREN MAGAZINE
$1.75
56320-6
AUG. 1979
EERIE
#103

MANY OF THE EDITORS THOUGHT SO!

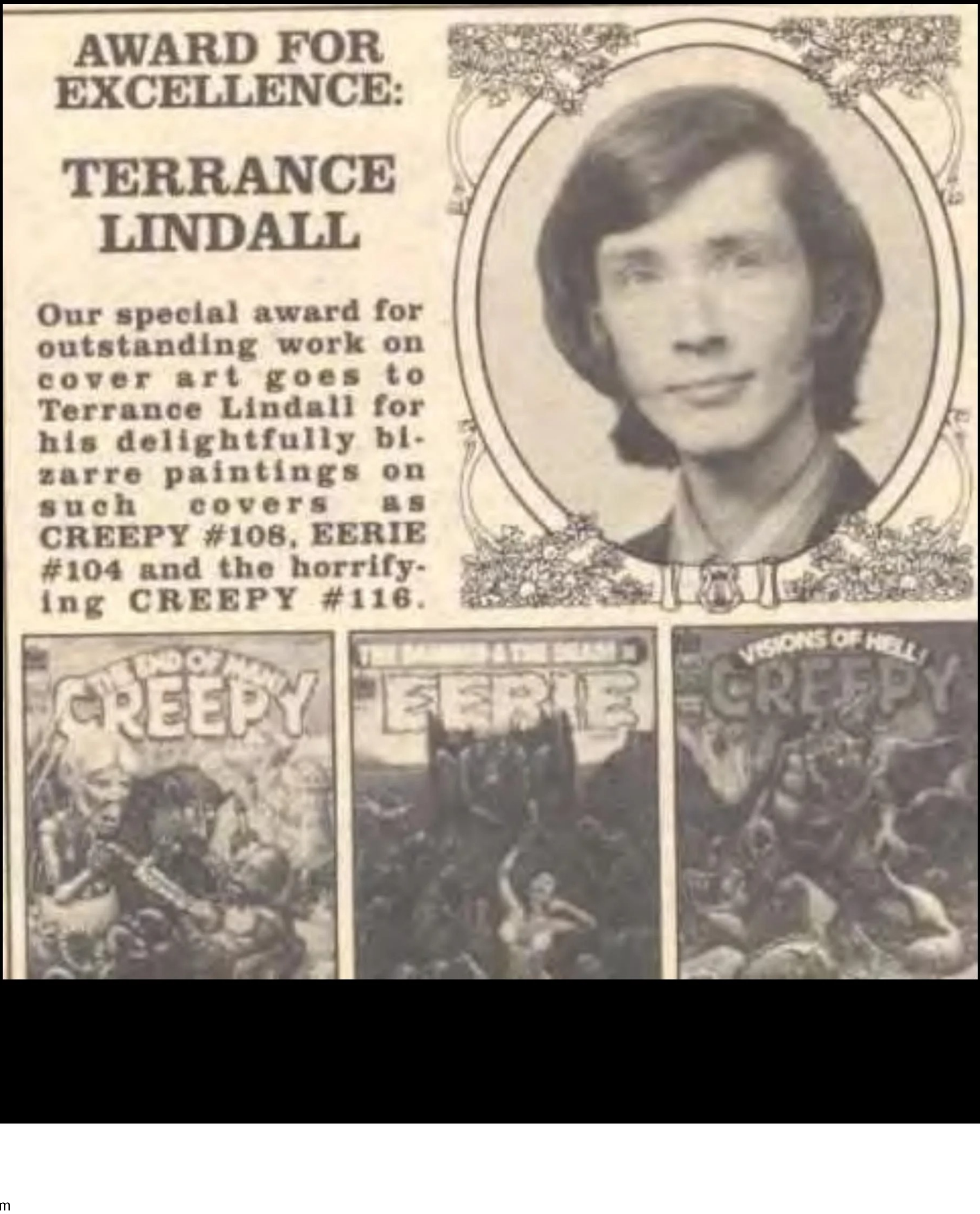

WARREN MAGAZINE
CREEPY
#116
$1.75
MAR. 1980
THE END OF MAN!
CREEPY

I loved working on Warren covers the best. They had great themes like ***THE END OF MAN.*** James Warren bought this painting and gave to Chris Adames, one of his editors, as a present. It is now who knows where?

Other Lindall covers at that time


CREEPY
#127
CREEPY
WARREN
MAGAZINE
VAMPI
#86
$1.75
APR. 1980
A DEMON FROM THE EAST STRIKES DOWN...
VAMPIRELLA

It was years later in 2014 that I found out that way back around 1980 I had won a coveted ***Warren Award*** for outstanding work. At the time I won the award I was back in Minnesota thinking about what I would do next.



AWARD FOR EXCELLENCE:

TERRANCE LINDALL

Our special award for outstanding work on cover art goes to Terrance Lindall for his delightfully bizarre paintings on such covers as CREEPY #108, EERIE #104 and the horrifying CREEPY #116.

CREEPY
EERIE
VISIONS OF HELL!
CREEPY

Art for Magazine Insides

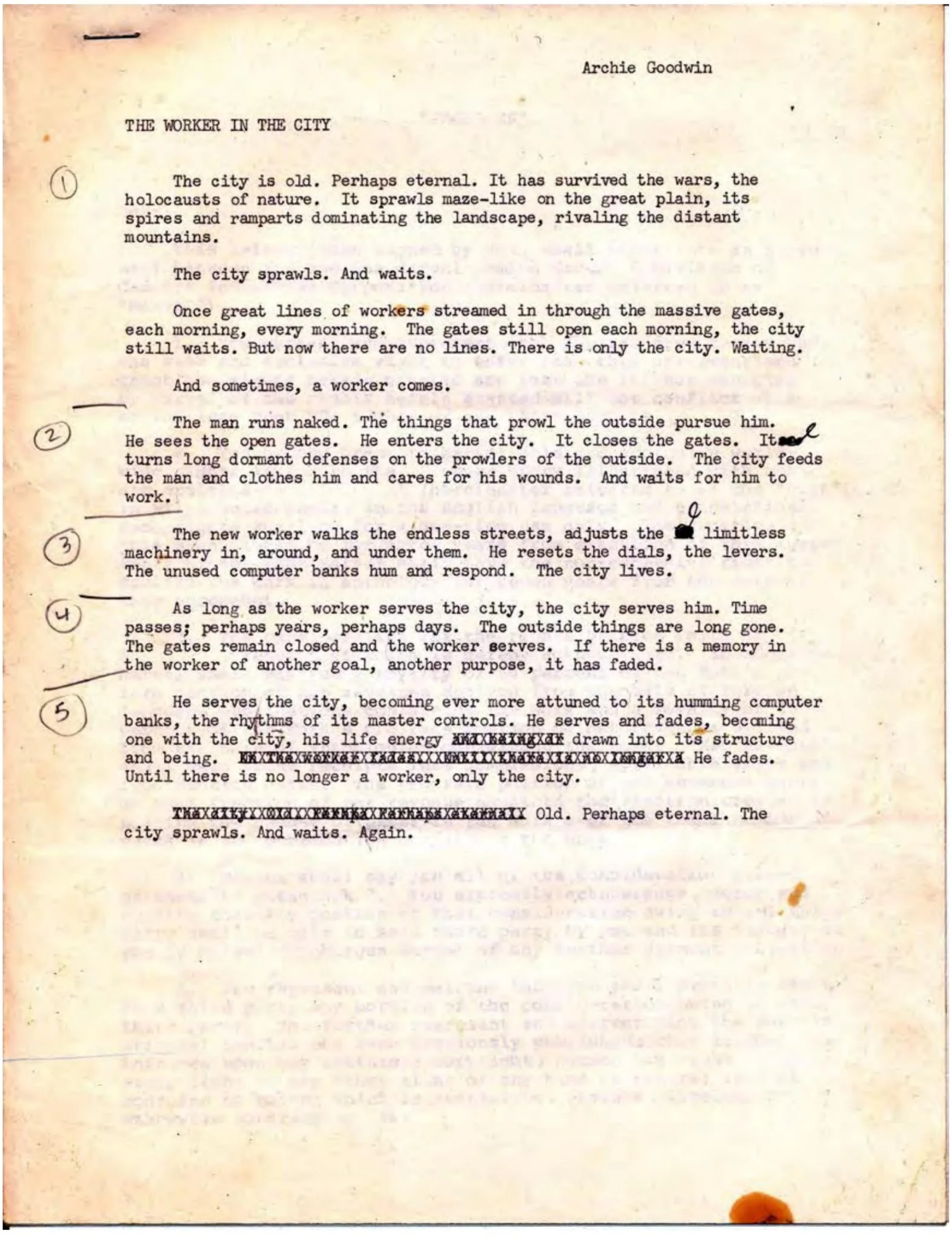
So, I did covers along with such famous names as Richard Corben and Frank Frazetta. From there I went on to do work for the famous Archie Goodwin of Marvel comics. Archie Goodwin was the hands down greatest writer for comics of the 20th century,.

Photo by Alan Light, from Wikipedia

Archie Goodwin (September 8, 1937 – March 1, 1998) was an American comic book writer, editor, and artist. He worked on a number of comic strips in addition to comic books, and is best known for his Warren and Marvel Comics work. For Warren he was chief writer and editor of landmark horror anthology titles Creepy and Eerie, and for Marvel he set up the creator-owned Epic Comics as well as adapting Star Wars into both comics and newspaper strips. He is regularly cited as the "best-loved comic book editor, ever." That is just some of the outstanding work Archie did over his career, making him, I believe, the greatest comic book writer and editor of the 20th century.

He wrote comic book adaptations for Marvel of the two ***Star Wars*** sequels as well as other science-fiction films such as Close Encounters of the Third Kind and Blade Runner. In 1979, Goodwin wrote an adaptation of the first Alien movie which was drawn by Walt Simonson and published by Heavy Metal.

This is the manuscript that was given to me by Archie for his story:



Archie Goodwin

THE WORKER IN THE CITY

① The city is old. Perhaps eternal. It has survived the wars, the holocausts of nature. It sprawls maze-like on the great plain, its spires and ramparts dominating the landscape, rivaling the distant mountains.

The city sprawls. And waits.

Once great lines of workers streamed in through the massive gates, each morning, every morning. The gates still open each morning, the city still waits. But now there are no lines. There is only the city. Waiting.

And sometimes, a worker comes.

② The man runs naked. The things that prowl the outside pursue him. He sees the open gates. He enters the city. It closes the gates. It l turns long dormant defenses on the prowlers of the outside. The city feeds the man and clothes him and cares for his wounds. And waits for him to work.

③ The new worker walks the endless streets, adjusts the g limitless machinery in, around, and under them. He resets the dials, the levers. The unused computer banks hum and respond. The city lives.

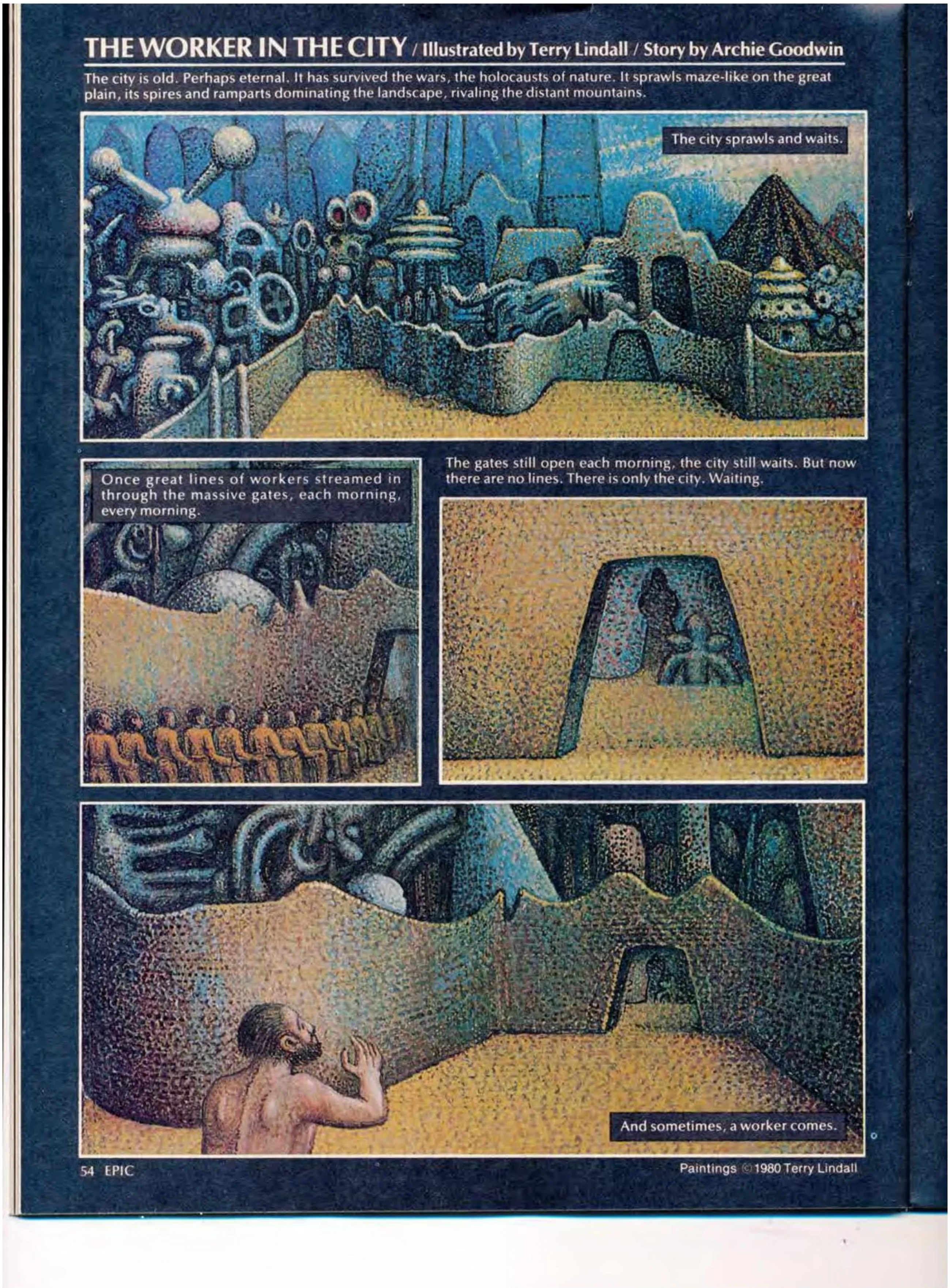
④ As long as the worker serves the city, the city serves him. Time passes; perhaps years, perhaps days. The outside things are long gone. The gates remain closed and the worker serves. If there is a memory in the worker of another goal, another purpose, it has faded.

⑤ He serves the city, becoming ever more attuned to its humming computer banks, the rhythms of its master controls. He serves and fades, becoming one with the city, his life energy drawn into its structure and being. He fades. Until there is no longer a worker, only the city.

Old. Perhaps eternal. The city sprawls. And waits. Again.

Notice how short the story is! Archie was a master writer. Like Hemingway he would carve down words into the simplest most powerful statement to achieve effect. He knew that the illustrations would complete the work.

First page of what the story looked like in EPIC #3



THE WORKER IN THE CITY / Illustrated by Terry Lindall / Story by Archie Goodwin

The city is old. Perhaps eternal. It has survived the wars, the holocausts of nature. It sprawls maze-like on the great plain, its spires and ramparts dominating the landscape, rivaling the distant mountains.

The city sprawls and waits.

Once great lines of workers streamed in through the massive gates, each morning, every morning.

The gates still open each morning, the city still waits. But now there are no lines. There is only the city. Waiting.

And sometimes, a worker comes.

54 EPIC

Paintings © 1980 Terry Lindall

TED WHITE

When Ted White, the renowned science fiction writer and editor, became Editor in Chief of Heavy Metal, I asked him if he could write a story for some paintings I had done. He enthusiastically obliged and produced the script for my outrageous ***Mary Quite Contrary***.

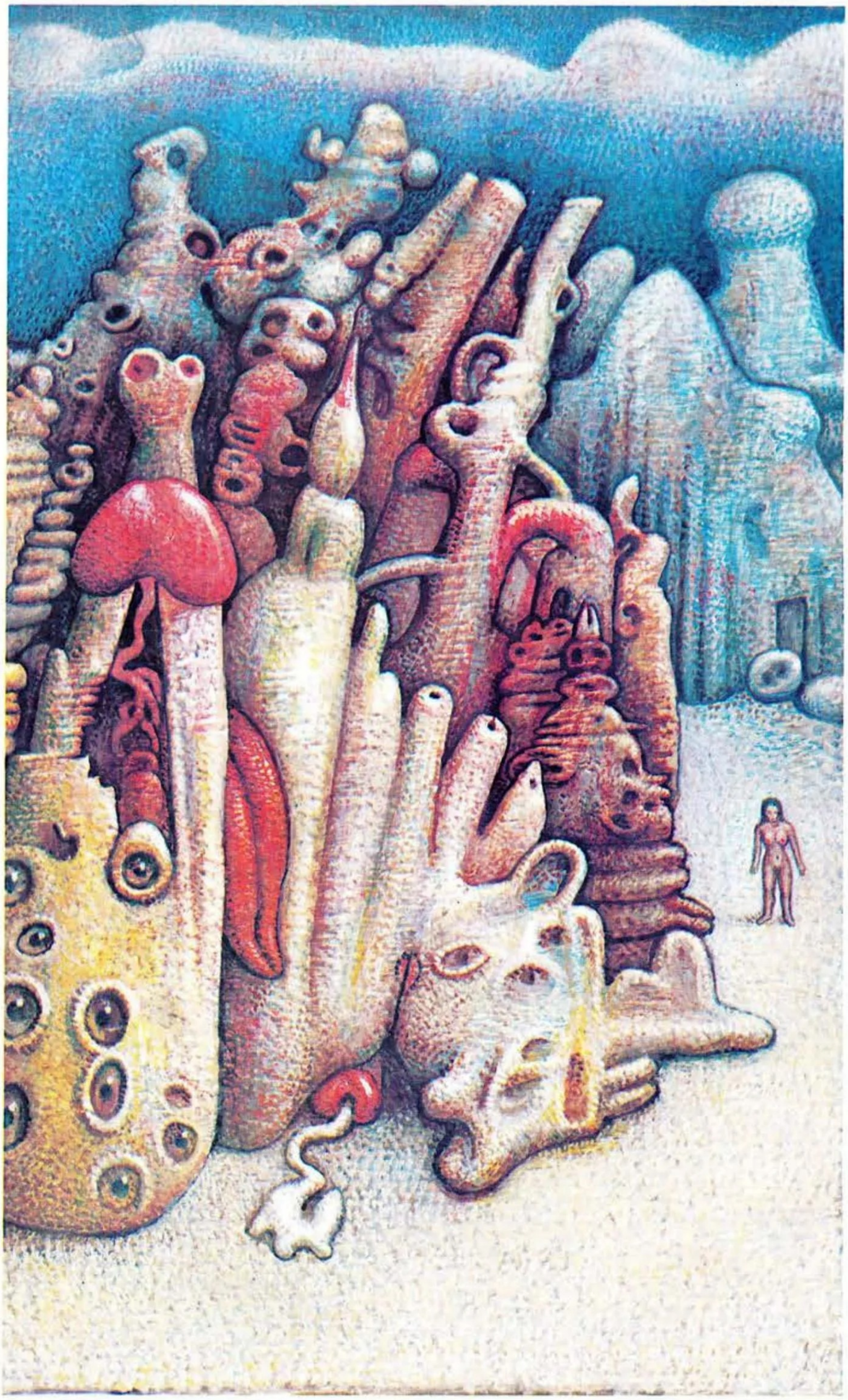
"Phoenix", a 1963 collaboration with Marion Zimmer Bradley, was White's first professionally published story, which he later expanded into the novel ***Phoenix Prime***, beginning the Qanar series of books. His first novel, Invasion from 2500 (1964), was written in collaboration with Terry Carr under the pseudonym Norman Edwards. Between 1964 and 1978 he wrote two science fiction series and 11 standalone novels, including one ***Captain America*** novel. Two of the novels were written in collaboration with Dave van Arnam, one with David Bischoff and one, using White's Doc Phoenix character, with Marv Wolfman.

White was a 1966 Nebula nominee for his short story, ***"The Peacock King,"*** written with Larry McCombs. He was also instrumental in kick-starting the professional careers of other writers, notably Lee Hoffman.

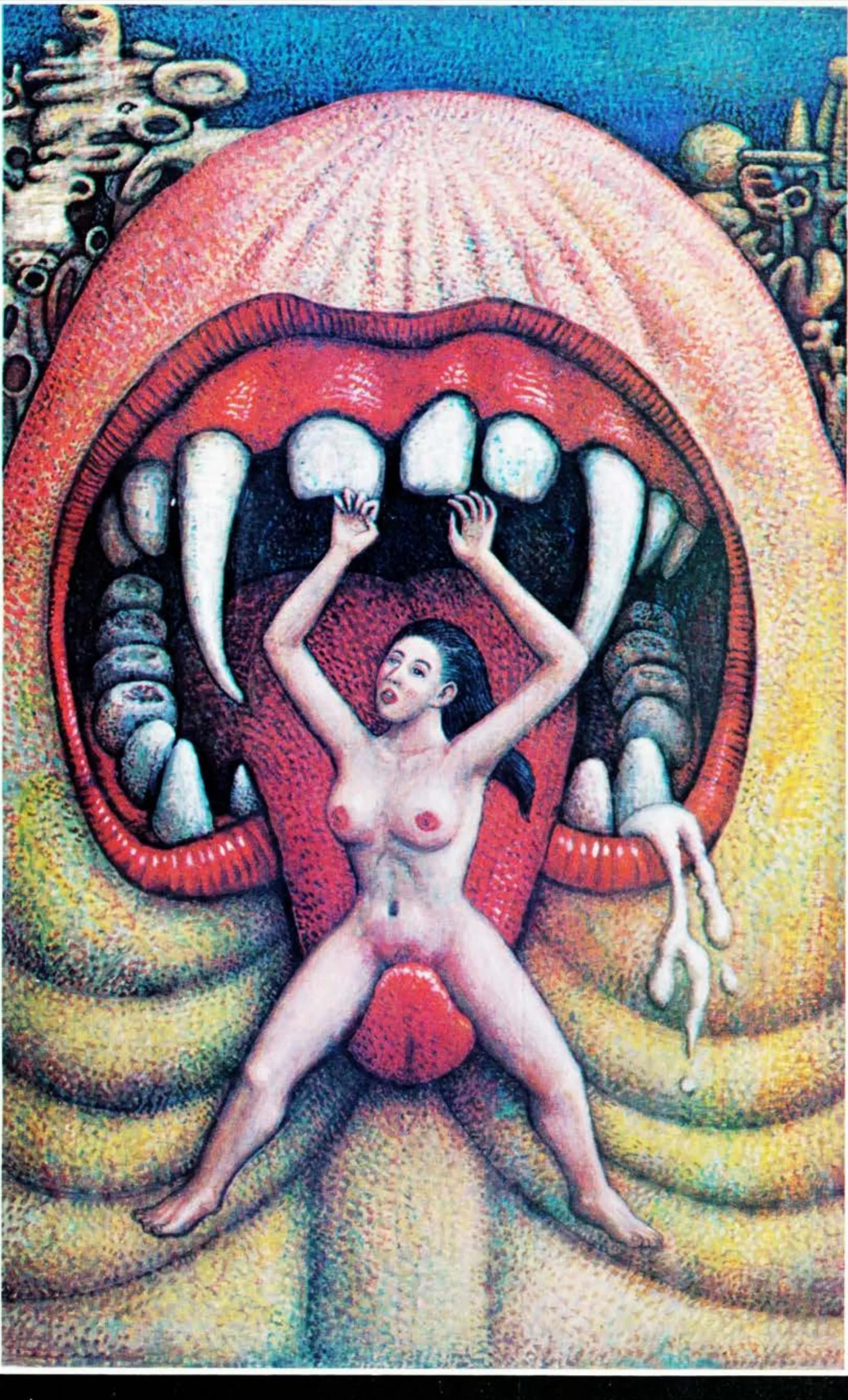
White held the position of assistant editor at ***The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*** from 1963 to 1968. From October 1968 until October 1978, he edited ***Amazing Stories*** and ***Fantastic***, upgrading the quality of the fiction while showcasing a variety of talented illustrators. He also edited two 1973 anthologies, ***The Best from Amazing Stories*** and ***The Best from Fantastic***. His reputation as an editor impressed the publishers of Heavy Metal who hired him to introduce non-fiction and prose fiction into the magazine that featured mainly graphic stories until White's arrival in 1979.

mary quite contrary

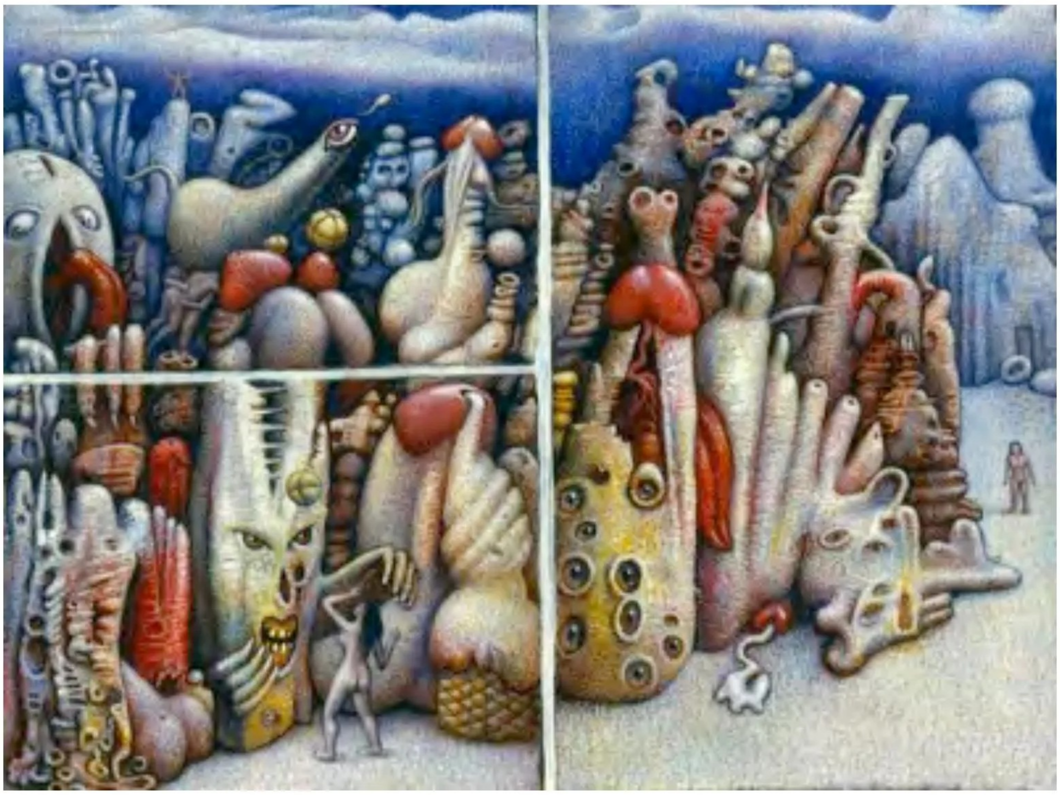
script by ted white
art by terry lindall

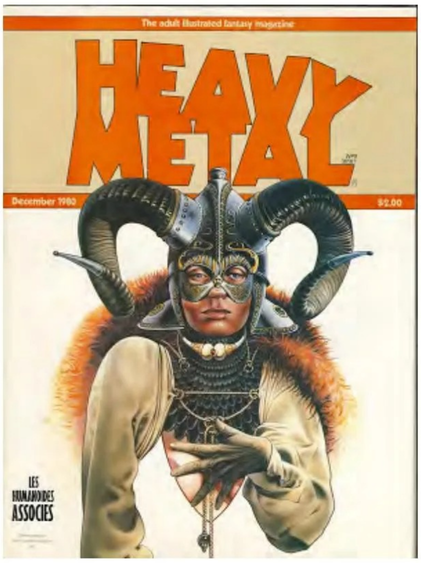


Mary was always a little confused about her sexuality, but still curious.

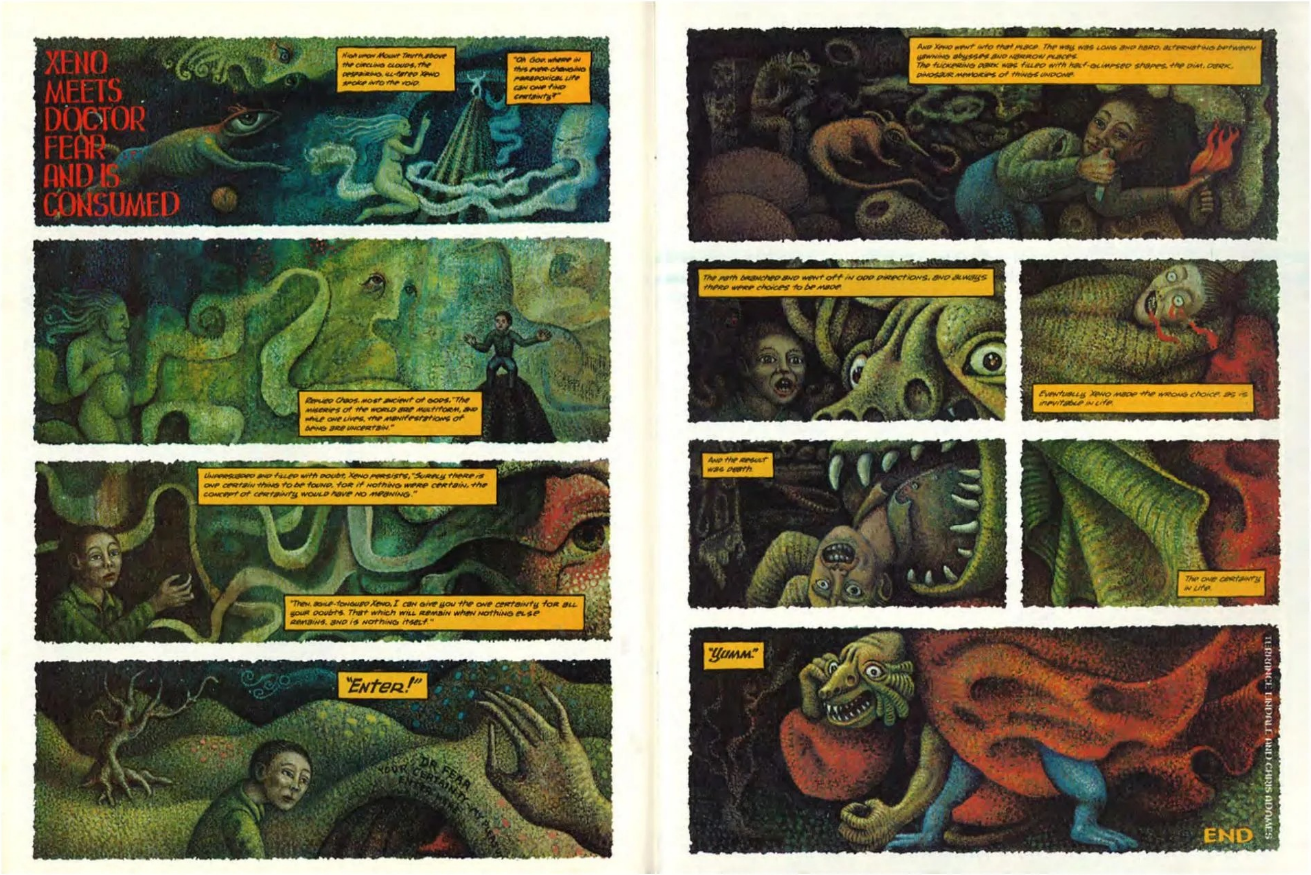


She did find what she wanted, but she couldn't help paying the price.



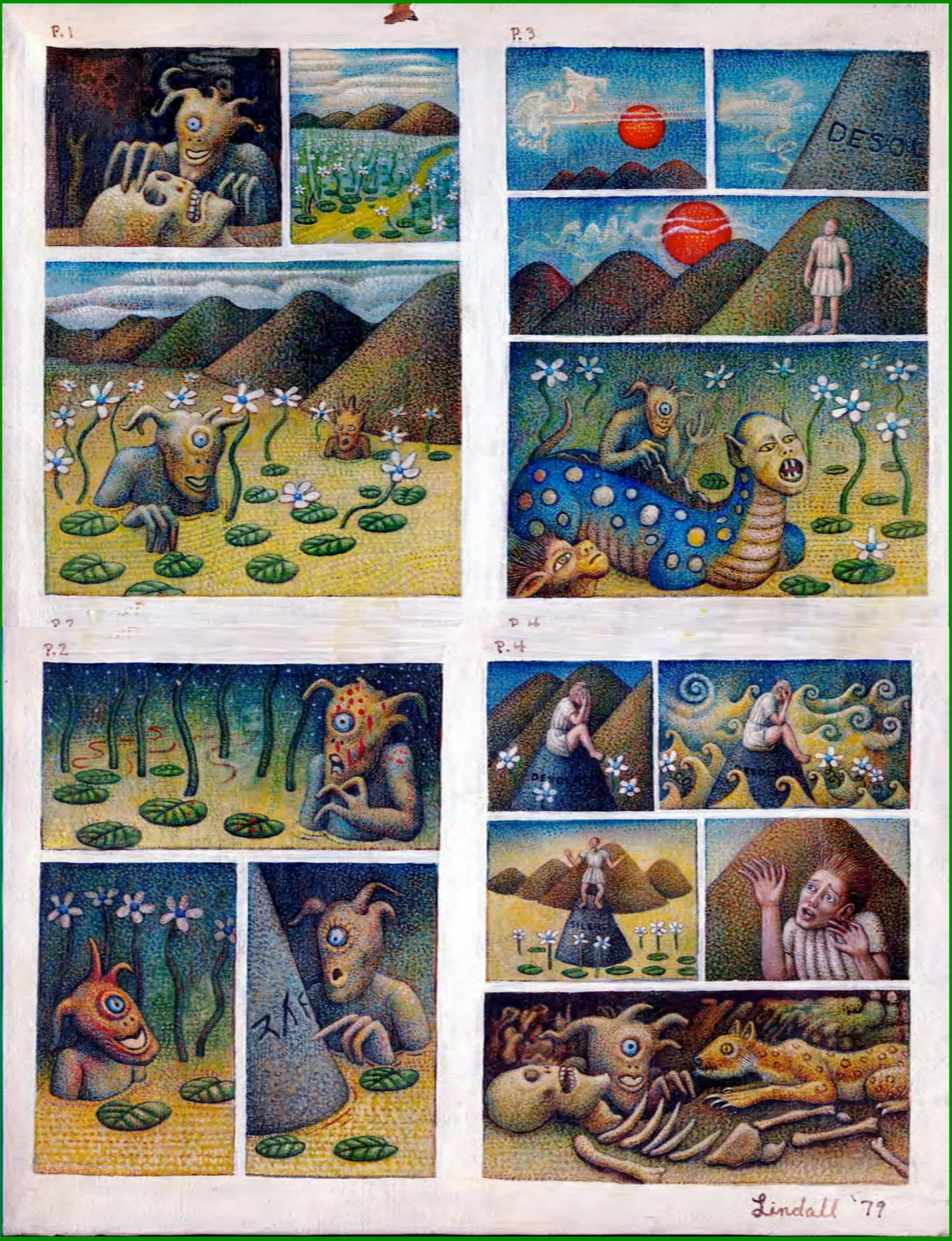

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine
HEAVY METAL
December 1980
$2.00
LES HUMANOIDES ASSOCIES

Chris Adames, an editor for ***Creepy, Eerie and Vampirella,*** also wrote a story for me for Heavy Metal. The story was ***XENO MEETS DOCTOR X AND IS CONSUMED.***

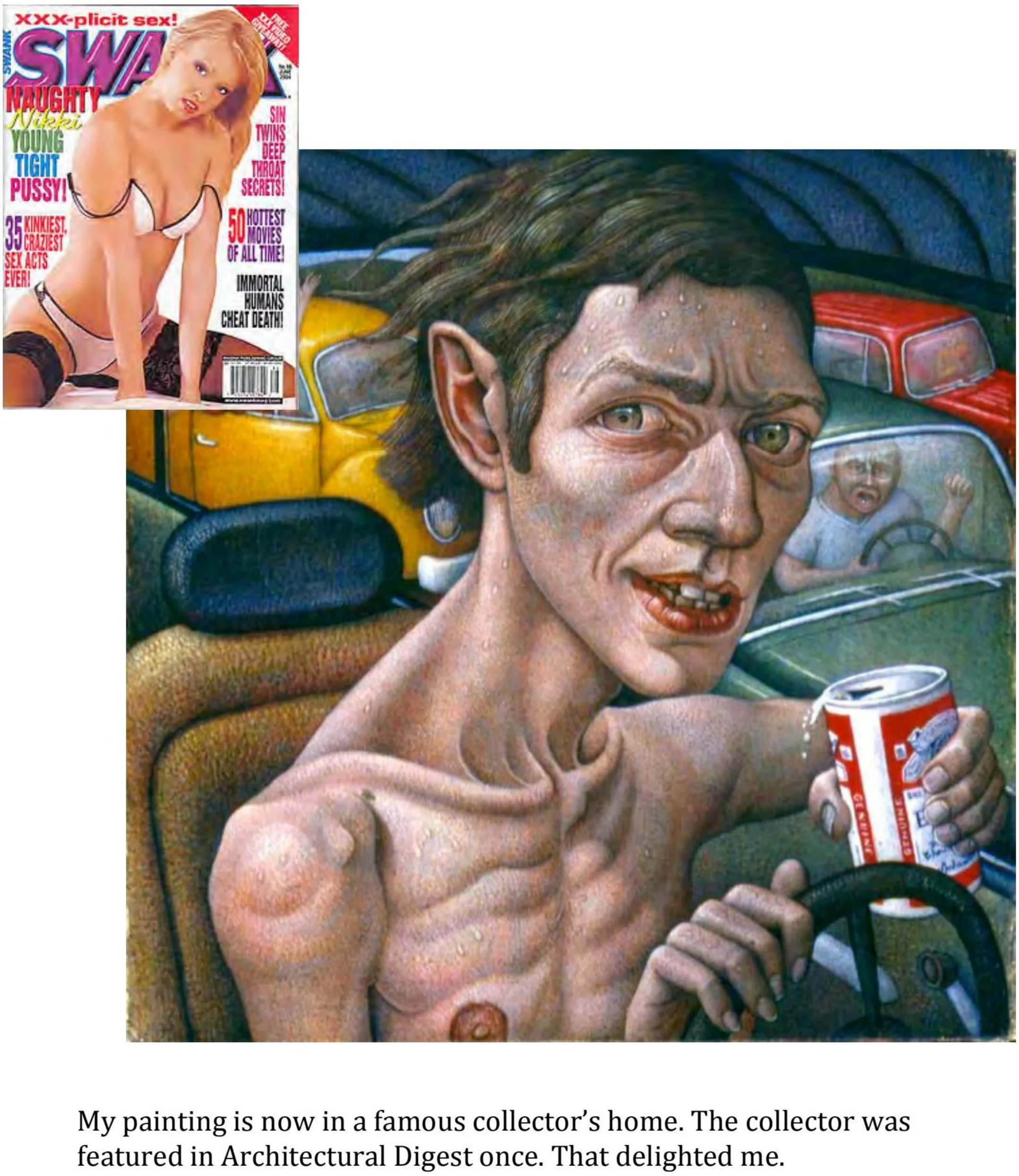

XENO MEETS DOCTOR FEAR AND IS CONSUMED
High upon Mount Truth, above the circling clouds, the despairing, ill-fated Xeno spoke into the void.
"Oh God, where in this ever-changing paradoxical life can one find certainty?"
Replied Chaos, most ancient of gods, "The miseries of the world are multiform, and while one lives, the manifestations of being are uncertain."
Unpersuaded and filled with doubt, Xeno persists, "Surely there is one certain thing to be found, for if nothing were certain, the concept of certainty would have no meaning."
"Then, sole-tongued Xeno, I can give you the one certainty for all your doubts. That which will remain when nothing else remains, and is nothing itself."
"Enter!"
DR FEAR
YOUR CERTAINTY — MY PLEASURE
ENTER HERE
And Xeno went into that place. The way was long and hard, alternating between yawning abysses and narrow places.
The flickering dark was filled with half-glimpsed shapes, the dim, dark, dinosaur memories of things undone.
The path branched and went off in odd directions, and always there were choices to be made.
Eventually Xeno made the wrong choice, as is inevitable in life.
And the result was death.
The one certainty in life.
"Yumm."
END
TERRANCE LINDALL AND CHRIS ADAMES

Like any artist always in the need of money, I cut up these panels and sold them individually to collectors. The first panel I sold at an auction at the WAH Center as a contribution.

My last illustration sold to Heavy Metal was Edgar Allan Poe's Silence a Fable, one of my favorite works. It appeared in Heavy Metal a couple of years after I stopped doing illustrations for the industry.


P.1
P.3
DESO
P.2
P.4
SILE
Lindall '79

Between 1978 and 1980 I was always looking for new publishers to commission work from me. I dropped my portfolio off at ***SWANK MAGAZINE*** and the art director, Stephen Schwartz, had a perfect story for me to illustrate, ***A QUIET TRIP FROM CALIUFORNIA***. It was really funny about a naïf who is making a trip from California through Nevada and ends up in a whorehouse and his misadventures thereby.


XXX-plicit sex!
SWANK
NAUGHTY Nikki
YOUNG TIGHT PUSSY!
35 KINKIEST, CRAZIEST SEX ACTS EVER!
SIN TWINS DEEP THROAT SECRETS!
50 HOTTEST MOVIES OF ALL TIME!
IMMORTAL HUMANS CHEAT DEATH!

My painting is now in a famous collector's home. The collector was featured in Architectural Digest once. That delighted me.

During that time, from 1979-1980 while still living in Brooklyn, I was working on my Paradise Lost illustrations. I had thought that they might be suitable for ***Heavy Metal Magazine***. Julie Simmons, their editor in chief, did publish some it. Because of that, the Heavy Metal edition with my Paradise Lost has been purchased by renowned Paradise Lost collections such as the Huntington Library in California that houses William Blake's original art for Paradise Lost.

Also around that time I was getting fed up with New York and needed a break. I returned to Minnesota and stayed at my sister's house for a year or so. I completed the handmade frames for my Paradise Lost paintings and developed a traveling show and lecture series for cities in Minnesota with a promoter and fundraiser named Gary Kelsey. At that time I contacted James Warren about publishing the book. I think he was having a lot of financial difficulty then. My letter to him went up for auction recently and bought by a Milton collector, John Geraghty.

The End of an Era in the Greatest Ever Horror Comics

James Warren's bad health, combined with changing tastes and business problems, led to internal turmoil and editorial turnover. The company suspended publishing and Warren declared bankruptcy in 1983.

By the early 1980's, I had left the profession of illustrating to open up my own museum in an old 19th Century Quaker meeting house in upstate New York. I was also dealing in art & antiques and building a fine collection of antiques that is now owned by the Yuko Nii Foundation.

I remember reading in the New York Times one day that Warren had been arrested for shooting off fireworks at his birthday party in Long Island. He is said to have kept a Sopwith Camel airplane on his front lawn out there. I was also told that he had been a colonel in the Israeli air force, but I find no evidence of that on-line. He was a real character, outstanding in all ways! Thanks James!

.

Sopwith Camel

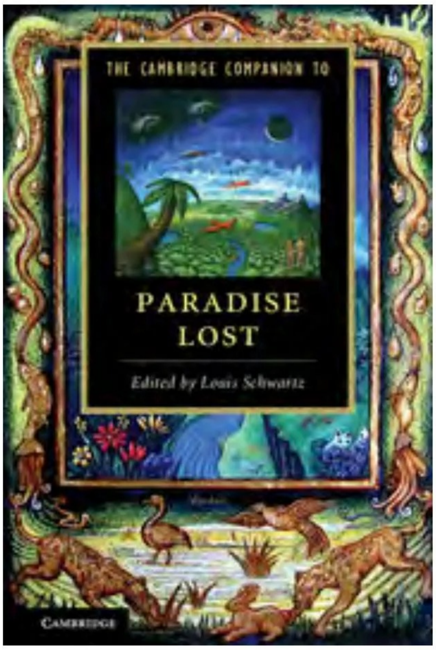
Above: Terrance at a Kate Spade Photo Shoot at the Robert Fulton mansion

My career as an illustrator for major publishers ended then, but my life was full of many adventures after that. I was a model for famous fashion designers such as Kate Spade and appeared in Vogue and many other magazines. The Kate Spade shoot was even featured at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City.

In 1996 I was named president of the Williamsburg Art & Historical Center and went on to produce some blockbuster show such as BRAVE DESTINY, the world's largest ever show of living surrealists and later the largest celebration ever for John Milton's 400th birthday, which got major coverage in the New York Times and many other publications worldwide.

However, my biggest illustration project was still to be done. It is not covered in this catalog because there is a separate catalog. It is the ***Gold Folio of Paradise Lost***. My work for ***Paradise Lost*** is in all the high school English textbooks, on the cover of a major Milton book for Random House and on the cover of ***Cambridge University's Paradise Lost Companion.***

Right: Lindall's cover for ***The Cambridge Companion to Paradise Lost***



"Without a doubt, Terrance Lindall is the foremost illustrator of Paradise Lost in our age, comparable to other great illustrators through the ages, and someone who has achieved a place of high stature for all time. Throughout almost four centuries of illustrating Milton's Paradise Lost, no one has devoted his or her life, artistic talents and skills and the keenness of the illustrator's eye more fully and few as completely as Terrance Lindall has done in bringing to life Milton's great epic. He has also devoted his brilliant mind to studying Milton, his philosophy, and his theology in order to know as fully as possible the great poet to whom he has devoted his adult life and to whose great epic he has devoted the keenness of his artistic eye in order to bring that great epic alive in new ways in a new age and for newer ages still to come." Robert J. Wickenheiser, Ph.D

*********The following are comments on Wickenheiser's Milton book and Milton collection.*********

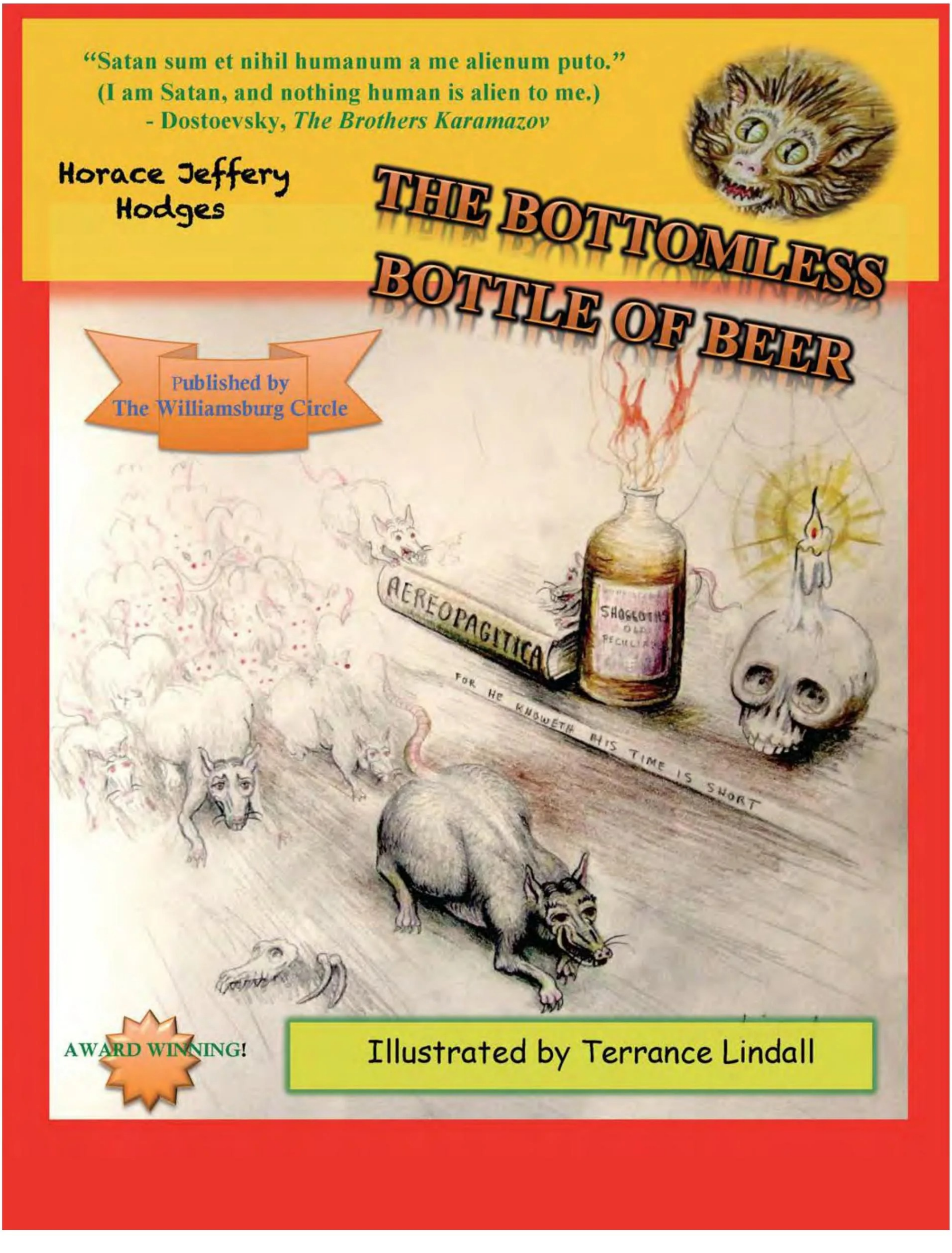
Wickenheiser's Milton book is much heralded as a "grand collecting and cataloguing achievement," with "devotion to purpose. . .[and] attention to bibliographical detail. Future Miltonists will be forever obliged to [him] for all phases of [his] extremely rewarding work" (Arthur Freeman, former Harvard faculty member, now residing and writing in London after being with Quaritch Antiquarian Booksellers for many years).

"What a wonderful book! It is a great contribution to Milton studies, to bibliography, and to art history — the Fuselis and Martins are especially magnificent" (John Shawcross, renowned Miltonist, immediately upon the publication of the book).

Shawcross **had earlier said of the collection itself**: Wickenheiser's collection is one of the major collections of materials related to John Milton, editions and studies and artworks, in the world, indicating the breath and nature of Milton's position in the literary, political, religious, and sociological world over the nearly three and a half centuries since his death."

Noted Miltonist Al Labriola wrote of the collection and book: "A sumptuous catalogue of the Wickenheiser Collection at the Thomas Cooper Library of the University of South Carolina, superb down to the last detail with illustrations which are breathtaking. The book is a milestone in Milton studies, and the Wickenheiser Collection is a treasure trove for archival research."

I never did completely stop illustrating. A friend of mine, Dr. Horace Jeffery Hodges, wrote a great little horror novella that I could not resist illustrating as my first complete graphic novel. You can buy it as a Kindle Book online at Amazon.


"Satan sum et nihil humanum a me alienum puto."
(I am Satan, and nothing human is alien to me.)
- Dostoevsky, The Brothers Karamazov
Horace Jeffery Hodges
THE BOTTOMLESS BOTTLE OF BEER
Published by The Williamsburg Circle
AEREOPAGITICA
SHOGGOTHS OLD PECULIAR
FOR HE KNOWETH HIS TIME IS SHORT
AWARD WINNING!
Illustrated by Terrance Lindall

ABOUT THE YUKO NII FOUNDATION MILTON PROJECTS

In 2008 Terrance Lindall created the world's First GRAND PARADISE LOST COSTUME BALL, which opened the largest festival in the world honoring John Milton's 400th birthday. The festival exhibited over 70 contemporary artists from around the world, and included writers, poets, composers & performers. The exhibit displayed Terrance Lindall's original illustrations for Paradise Lost. An article by Charles McGrath in the New York Times the day before the ball and ensuing festival, along with the opening ceremony with the "firing up" of Milton's head and the reading of the "testament of the poet" by Arthur Kirmss, temporarily scandalized the exhibit among Milton scholars worldwide who thought Kirmss' ceramic bust of Milton looked like Milton's nemesis King Charles I. The Fordham University Observer said in a major article." it's a celebration of "Paradise Lost" in a most unabashed form." The Independent, a major award winning paper out of the United Kingdom said,"I suspect Milton might have trusted his vision to a heavy-metal illustrator more readily than to any licensed preacher, then or now."

New York's Mayor Michael Bloomberg sent a proclamation, recognizing the hard work and labor of love in creating this Milton Festival, which Random House's web-site confirmed as the "largest birthday tribute to Milton in the world." Yuko Nii Founder & Artistic director of the WAH Center also personally received a letter from the new Equerry of The Prince of Wales and The Duchess of Cornwall, Major Will Mackinlay SCOTS DG. He said that their Royal highnesses were "grateful" for Yuko's "thinking of them" in inviting them to the ball and passed on their well wishes for the success of the event.

The show had many letters of appreciation, including one from Wendy Woon, the Edward John Noble Foundation Deputy Director for Education of the Museum of Modern Art, New York. She said: "The exhibit and programs promise to be a diverse collection of multiple perspectives and strategies that should engage the audience you hope to reach."

However, The New Statesman called it "The Devils Party.' And the controversy over the show prompted discussion blogs such as that of Professor Horace Jeffery Hodges entitled "The Milton Bash(ing) Continues."

Festival events included, "Know Your Paradise" A Musical Mystery Play by play writer and composer Peter Dizozza, a dance performance by HUMAN KINETICS MOVEMENT ARTS with Yana Schnitzler and Group, "COURANTE," Directed by Arthur Kirmss with musicians in 17th century costume, on harp, guitar, lute and recorders, performing European vocal and instrumental music through early Baroque, celebrating Milton's life, and, at the opening ball, jazz with the JC Hopkins 12 piece swing band.

Above: Terrance Lindall, Rich Buckler & Yuko Nii opening the

Grand Paradise Lost Costume Ball

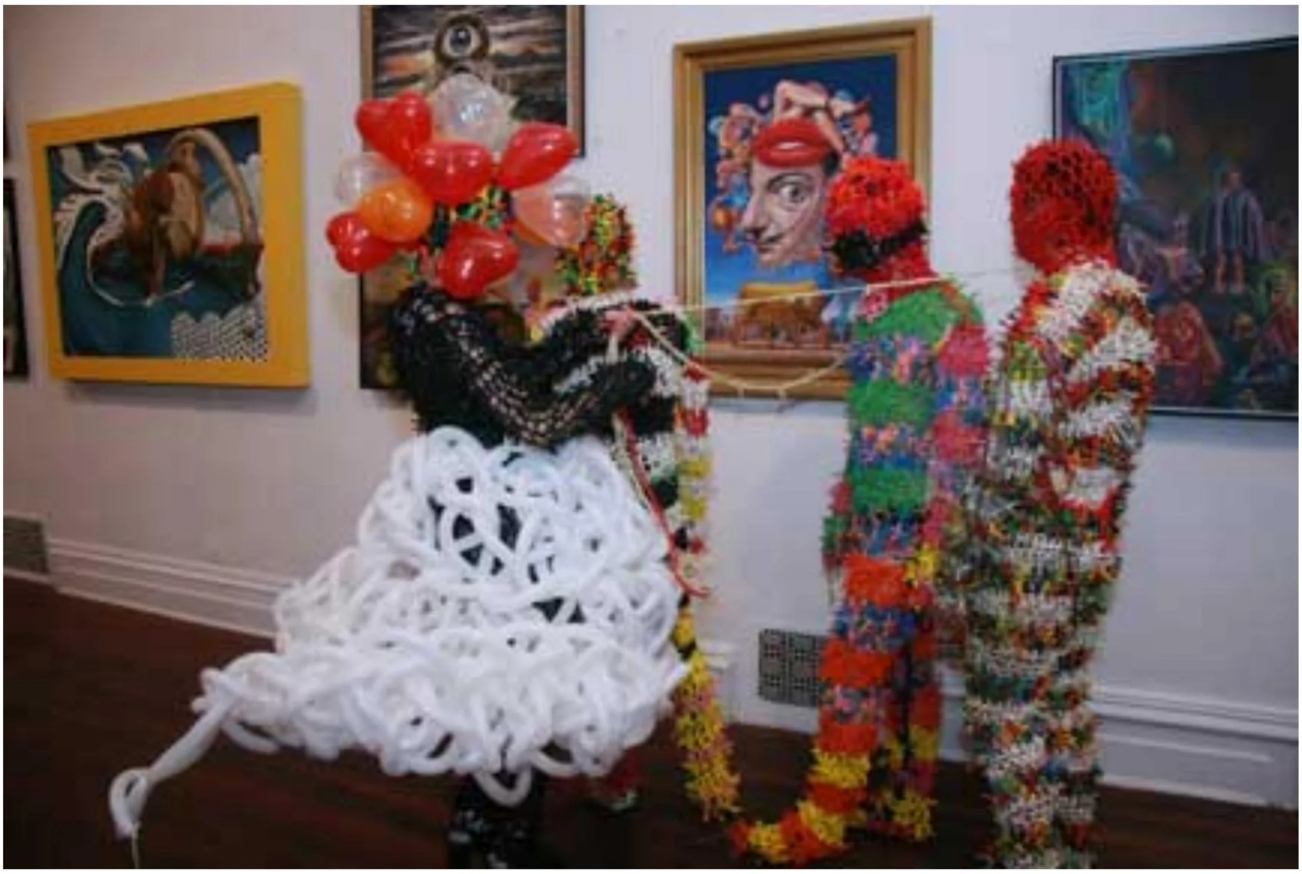
Above: Yana Schnitzler's extravagant Human Kinetics Movement performing at the Grand Paradise Lost Costume Ball.

Featured visual artists for the festival included: Kris Kuksi, one of the most highly regarded artists in the contemporary surreal/visionary movement, whose work is in the collection of Chris Weitz, Director of the new movie, The Golden Compass, based upon Philip Pullman's book and grounded in John Milton's Paradise Lost. Also included were Rich Buckler, an American comic book artist best known for his work on Marvel Comics' The Fantastic Four in the mid-1970's, who produced a portrait of John Milton for the 21st century; Bienvenido Bones Banez, a Filipino surrealist whose work is based on his "666 World View;" and Olek, with her conceptual, cutting edge fashion.

The contemporary art and performances during the festival were couched amid historical artifacts related to John Milton and his period. Historical exhibits included Charles Lamb's copy of first illustrated 1691 edition of Paradise Lost, Lady Pomfret's copy of the first illustrated edition (c. 1688) of Paradise Lost. Madam Pomfret was a noble 18th century British woman of great learning, and the Lady of the Bedchamber of Queen Caroline.

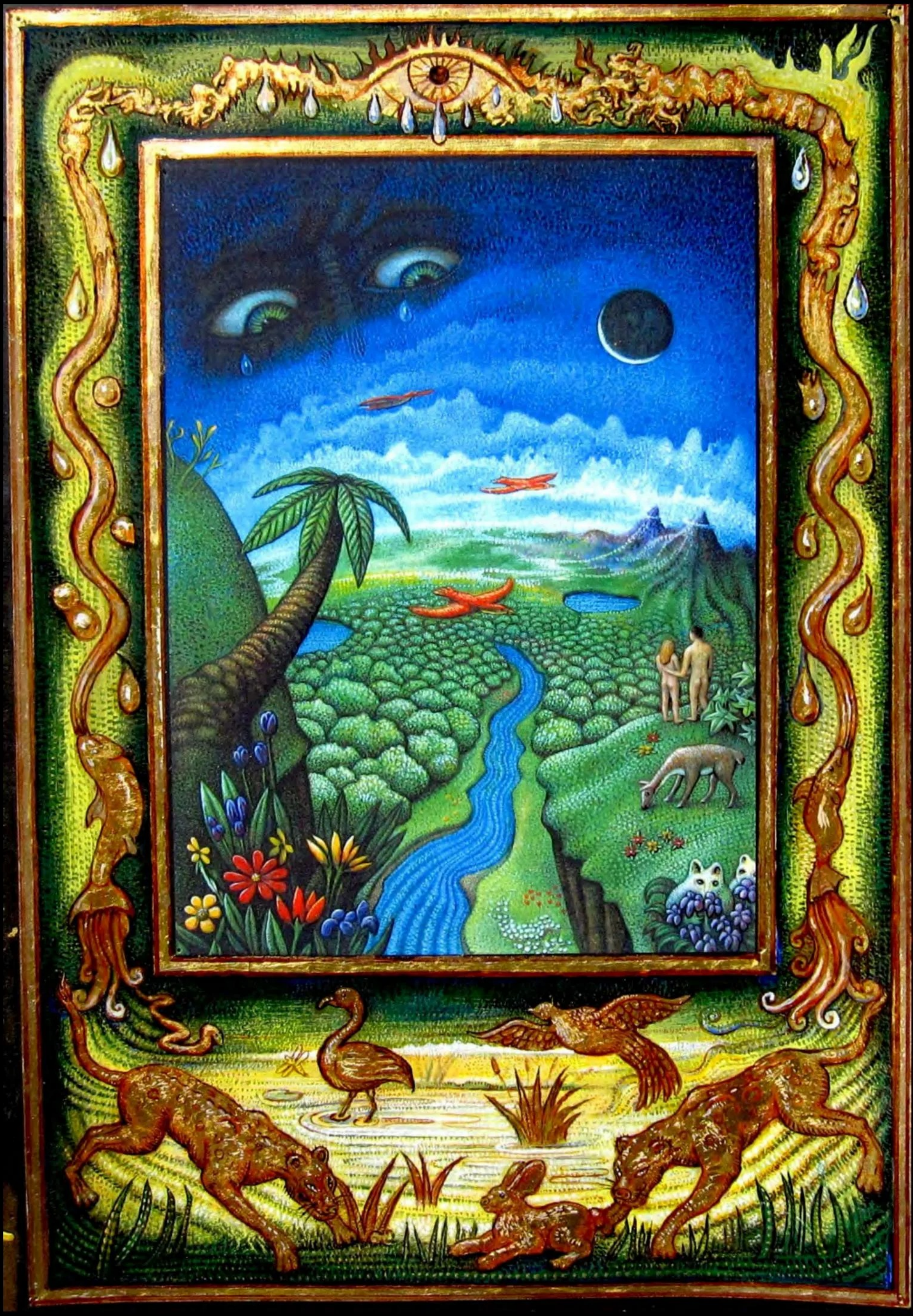
Other historical artifacts included a 17th century handwritten Moroccan Torah fragment, the complete Book of Genesis (the 1st book out of the 5 books of Moses).

To honor the British peoples, Royal artifacts from the reigns of Queen Victoria and King Edward VIII (Duke of Windsor) were also displayed.



Above: Costumed artists of famed yarn artist Olek at the GRAND PARADSIE LOST COSTUME BALL 2008

The Paradise Lost Gold Folio of Paradise Lost



Above is the “Harmless Innocence” page from the Yuko Nii Foundation Gold Elephant Folio of Terrance Lindall. It is also the cover for the Cambridge Companion to Paradise Lost

“Without a doubt, Terrance Lindall is the foremost illustrator of Paradise Lost in our age, comparable to other great illustrators through the ages, and someone who has achieved a place of high stature for all time.” Robert J. Wickenheiser, Ph. D.

Terrance Lindall's art for Paradise Lost appears on the 2008 cover of the Modern Library college text book, The Complete Poetry and Essential Prose of John Milton, Edited by William Kerrigan, John Rumrich and Stephen M. Fallon.

Holt Rinehart & Winston used another Lindall Paradise Lost image in a 2009 high school textbook, with a first run of 370,000.

Cambridge University Press uses another Lindall illustration on the cover of the 2014 Cambridge Companion to Paradise Lost.

Above: The renowned Milton collector D. Robert J. Wickenheiser with his copy of the Lindall Gold Folio of Paradise Lost and patron Estelle Levy

FROM THE ROBERT J. WICKENHEISER COMMENTARY

“The Paradise Lost Elephant Folio," in particular, is a hand-embellished and gold illuminated 13 x 19 inch book containing 14 full-page color 1000 dpi prints with 23.75 carat gold leaf edging on Crane archival paper. Each illustration is signed by Terrance Lindall, some pages with hand-painted illustrated or decorated borders and large, carefully embellished head- or tail-piece illustrations, others with historiated initials with 23.75 carat gold leaf embellishments. All add to the depth and meaning of a given illustration of Lindall’s synopsized Paradise Lost (1983) appearing across from an illustration. For the Elephant Folio, Terrance Lindall is also providing a final painting, The Celestial Orbit, as a frontispiece. It is Lindall's "ultimate statement" as an artist's interpretation of Milton's great epic. This painting will only be produced as a print for the Elephant Folio and will not be reproduced for collectors as a signed print in any other format.

“And while Lindall may now think that he has finished his work with Milton, he hasn’t, because Milton lives within Lindall in a special way, as surely as Lindall remains dedicated to bringing Milton alive to new generations in fresh and vibrant new ways, doing the same for countless generations in centuries to come.In his folio edition and the illustrations in it, Terrance Lindall shows the influence by certain great master illustrators of Paradise Lost through the centuries before him, especially with the inclusion of richly illustrated margins for each color illustration, the margins colored in 23.75 carat gilt and consisting of brightly colored details drawn from the epic in order to advance the meaning of the given illustration. Moreover, again in the tradition of certain great master illustrators of Milton‘s Paradise Lost through the centuries, historiated initials, in imitation of the initial letter in an illuminated manuscript, each in rich gilt and bright colors, are used as the first initial of a section and decorated with designs representing scenes from the text, in order to heighten the intensity of the cumulatively related details in each component part: illustration, border, and historiated initial.

“The illustrated borders in the elephant folio are complete paintings in themselves. Although the border art focuses principally on elements of design, they also sometimes tell stories or make commentary about what is illustrated in the featured central painting. The borders likewise pay tribute to both humanity’s great achievements, such as music, dance and architecture, as well as tribute to those individuals and institutions and friends who have had important influences on Lindall’s ideas, or who have shown substantial support or affinity.”

INTRODUCTION TO THE GOLD ILLUMINATED PARADISE LOST SCROLL

of Terrance Lindall

by Yuko Nii of the Yuko Nii Foundation

“The written word skims in through the eye and by means of the utterly delicate retina hurls shadows like insect legs inward for translation. An immense space opens up in silence and privacy, a space where literally, anything is possible. “ John Updike

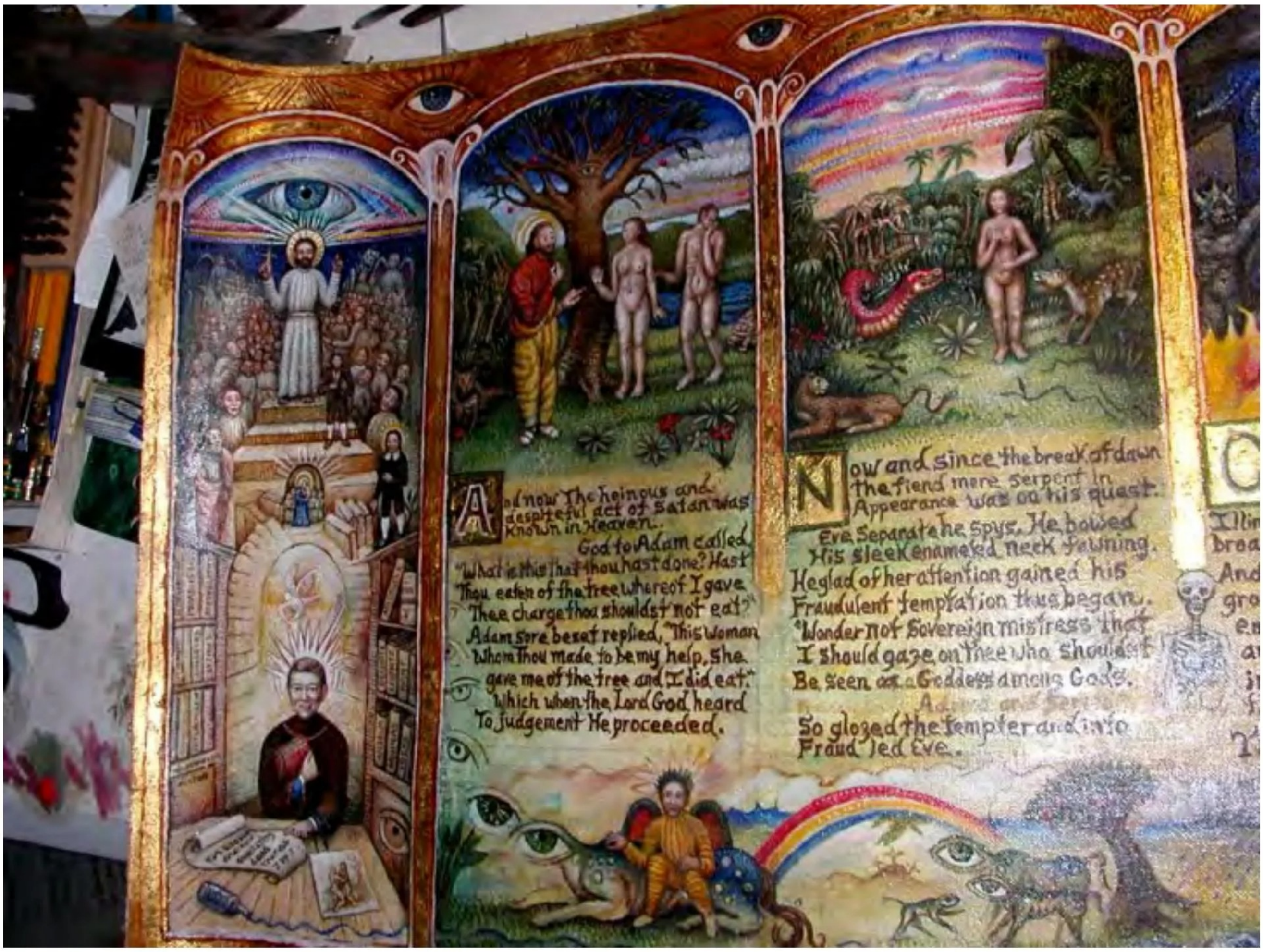
Updike’s is a wonderful description of why the written word cannot be superseded and why the written word will endure. Written words in a master’s hand can conjure landscapes, colors, sensations, music, philosophy and artistic visions without confining them. And as the words are scanned, the receptive and imaginative reader, a "sine qua non" part of this formula or process, brings them to life. As John Milton said “Books are not absolutely dead things!”

With Paradise Lost, the written word in it’s greatest form, Milton was able to evoke Updike’s “immense space” and project spectacular landscapes of both heaven and hell, and create also the monumentally tragic character of Satan, courageous yet debased, blinded by jealousy and ambition, heroic nonetheless. The blind poet brings powerful visionary life to one of the world's greatest stories, id est, the Western legend of man’s creation and fall, a story encompassing philosophical concepts of free will, good and evil, justice and mercy, all presented with the greatest artistry to which the written word can aspire.

“The artist Terrance Lindall came to Milton while pursuing a double major in Western Philosophy and English Literature, graduating Magna Cum Laude from Hunter College of the City University of New York. Paradise Lost, this “greatest work in the English language," enraptured Lindall because it encapsulates his metaphysical, epistemological and axiological philosophies. Today Terrance Lindall’s paintings for John Milton's Paradise Lost are perhaps the best-known illustrations for this epic outside of those by William Blake and Gustave Dore'. It appeared in the popular Heavy Metal Magazine around 1980 aqnd one of the images appears on the 2008 cover of Complete Poetry and Essential Prose of John Milton, Random House 2008, edited by William Kerrigan, John Rumrich and Stephen M. Fallon. Holt Rinehart & Winston uses another Lindall Paradise Lost image in a 2009 high school textbook, which had a first run of 370,000.

Lindall believes that insight into Milton and the aesthetic and intellectual pleasures of Paradise Lost can elevate every individuals experience in education, thought and human endeavor...through the inspiration of the "written word." Lindall's Gold Illuminated Paradise Lost Scroll is a final and complete tribute to his love and sincere gratitude for Milton's great contribution to humanity. “

The Gold Paradise Lost Scroll of Lindall


And now The heinous and despiteful act of Satan was Known in Heaven.
God to Adam called.
"What is this that thou hast done? Hast Thou eaten of the tree whereof I gave Thee charge thou shouldst not eat?"
Adam sore beset replied, "This woman Whom Thou made to be my help, she gave me of the tree and I did eat."
Which when the Lord God heard To judgement He proceeded.
Now and since the break of dawn the fiend mere serpent in Appearance was on his quest.
Eve Separate he spys. He bowed His sleek enameled neck fawning.
He glad of her attention gained his Fraudulent temptation thus began.
"Wonder not Sovereign mistress that I should gaze on thee who shouldst Be seen as a Goddess among Gods.
So glozed the tempter and into Fraud led Eve.

Terrance Lindall completed on December 8, 2009 what is considered by the few who have seen it already to be the most unusual painting for Milton's Paradise Lost ever done. It is in the form of a scroll that reads from right to left like a Torah. It is 14 inches high and 48 inches long with several highly detailed 24 K (23.75) gold illuminated miniatures.

Ten (10) highest quality Giclee prints facsimiles on canvas and signed by the artist have been produced. They are the same size as the original (with border 50” x 17”) and they look exactly like to original painting in every detail except for the use of gold leaf on the original. As of this printing only one remains available.

One Hundred (100) slightly smaller Giclee prints on watercolor paper (with border 45” x 15.3”) are being produced.

This facsimile edition of the Gold Scroll has already been purchased for the following renowned collections:

1) Huntington Library in California. The Huntington's highlights include one of the world's most extensive collections of William Blake material, most notably the original illustrations for Milton's Paradise Lost.

2) The University of Pennsylvania Rare Book Collection, which holds over 560 exemplars of books printed in Europe from movable type before 1501. Sixty-six of these titles are the only recorded copies in North America.

3) The University of Kentucky whose collections include many famous artists.

4) The Alexander Turnbull Milton Library of the National Trust of Zealand

5) The collection of Robert J. Wickenheiser, one of the world's foremost collectors of Milton books and original illustrations for Milton's works.

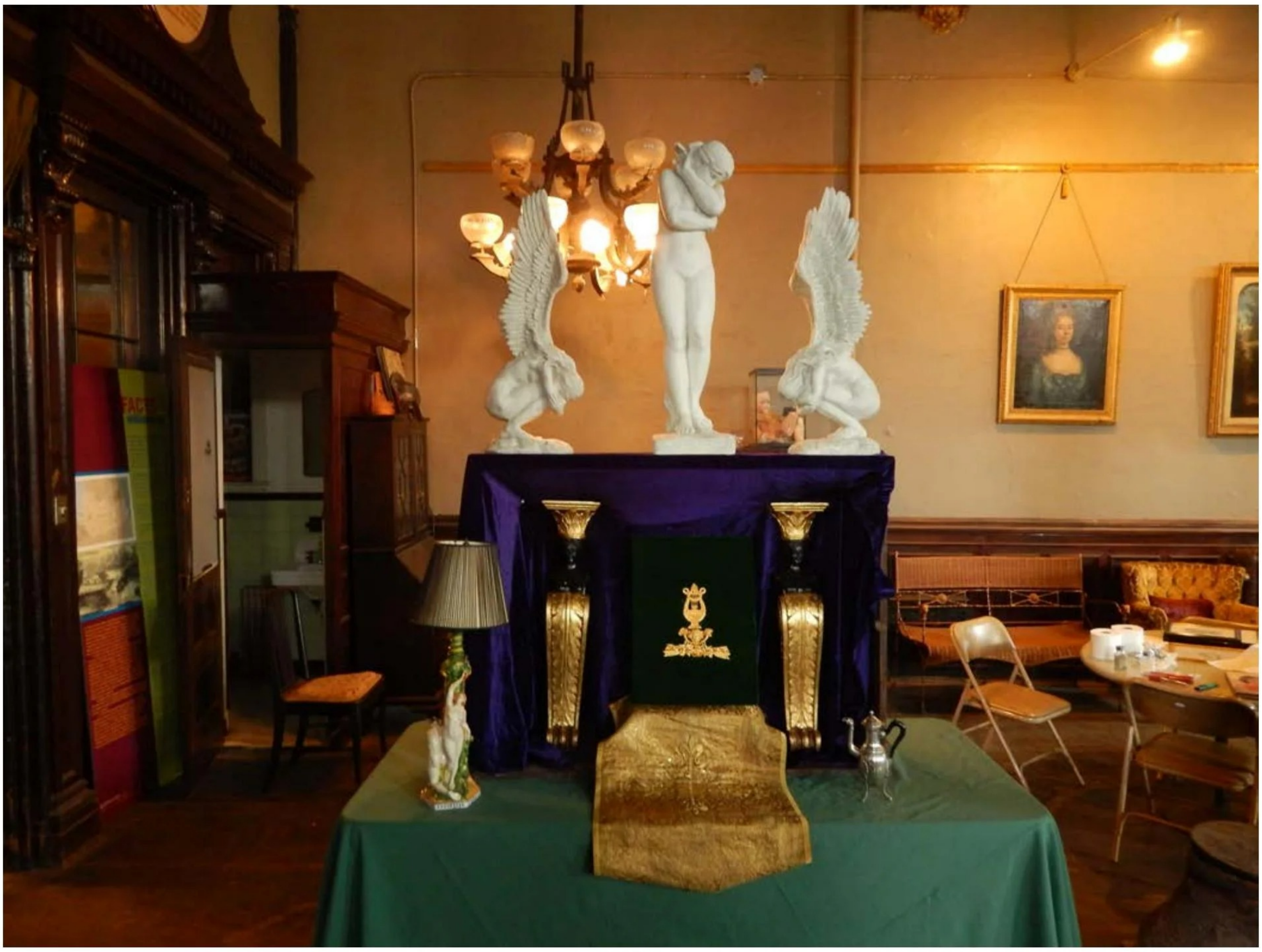
6) Dr. John Geraghty, notable collector of Milton books.

Purchases of the signed and numbered facsimile support the collections of the YNF.

Info.: milton@wahcenter.net

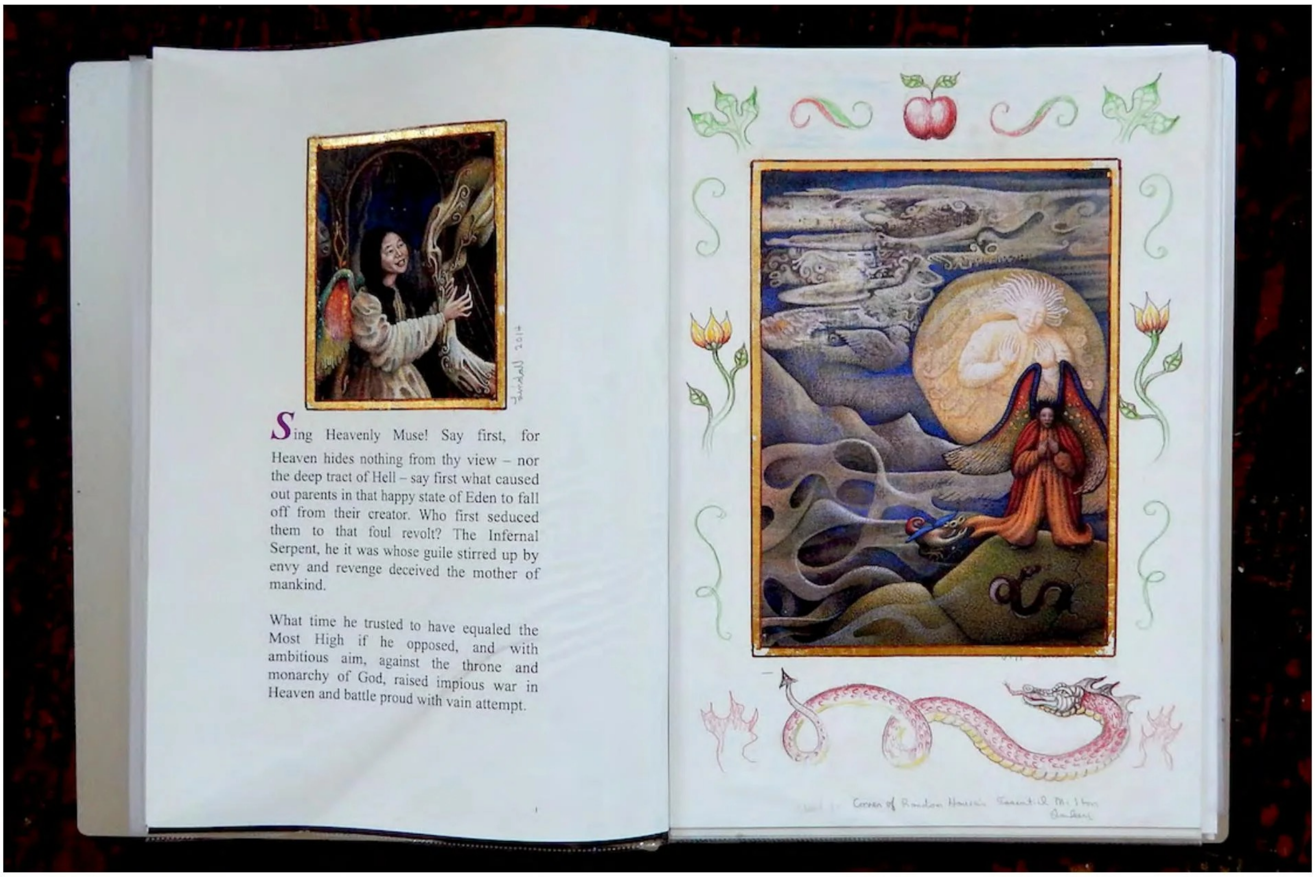
Above: Terrance Lindall with noted Milton scholar and collector Dr. Joseph Wittreich in front of Lindall's Paradise Lost Altarpiece, another unique interpretation of Milton's epic.

The Lindall Traveling Elephant Folio



A third 13 X 19 inch elephant folio has been produced for tour. It contains the complete synopsized version of Paradise Lost plus the Wickenheiser commentary and all of the illustrations as giclee prints. There are also many original drawings and decorations by Terrance Lindall and even some 24 k gold leaf appointments. It is an impressively large folio designed to engage the viewer who will actually be able to open the book and turn the pages, not usually allowed for in rare book collections, a great way to engage students of Milton!

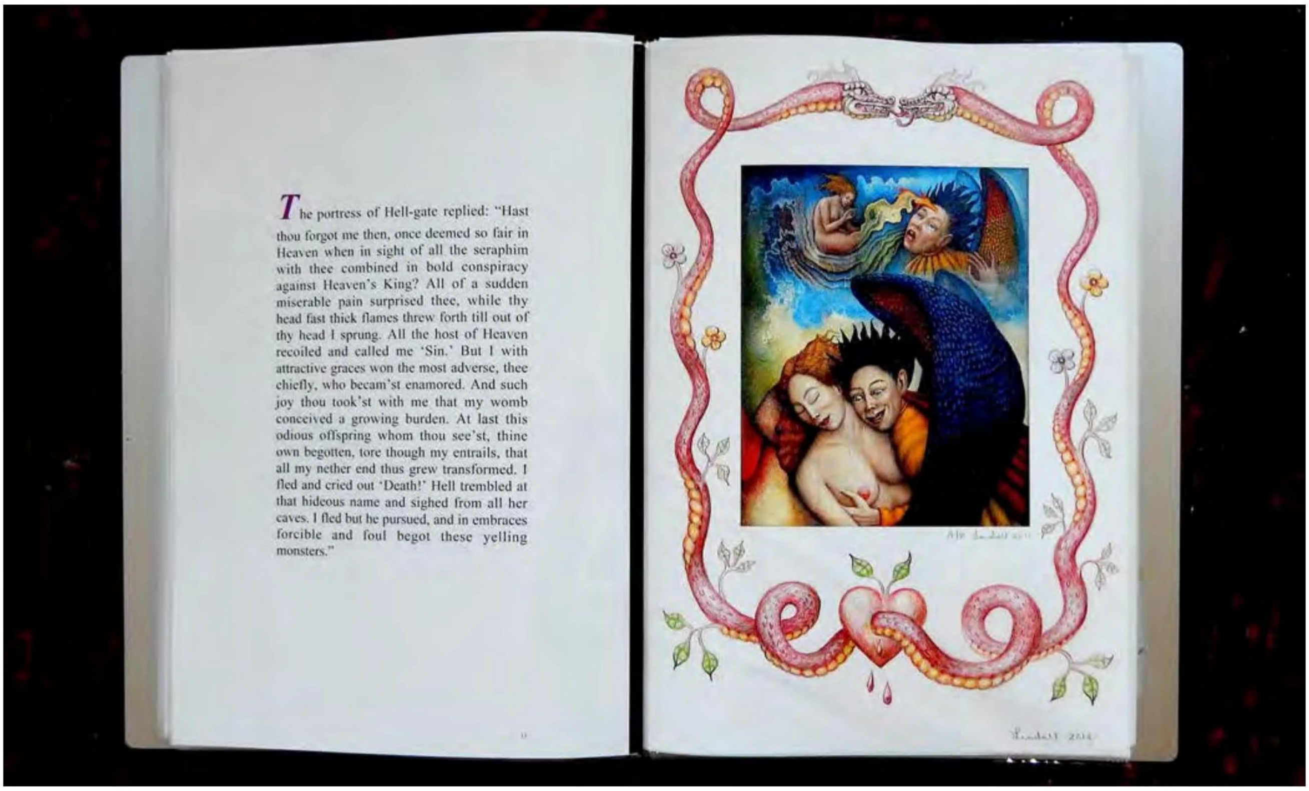
Pages from the Traveling Elephant Folio



Sing Heavenly Muse! Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from thy view – nor the deep tract of Hell – say first what caused out parents in that happy state of Eden to fall off from their creator. Who first seduced them to that foul revolt? The Infernal Serpent, he it was whose guile stirred up by envy and revenge deceived the mother of mankind.

What time he trusted to have equaled the Most High if he opposed, and with ambitious aim, against the throne and monarchy of God, raised impious war in Heaven and battle proud with vain attempt.

Cover of Random House's Essential Milton



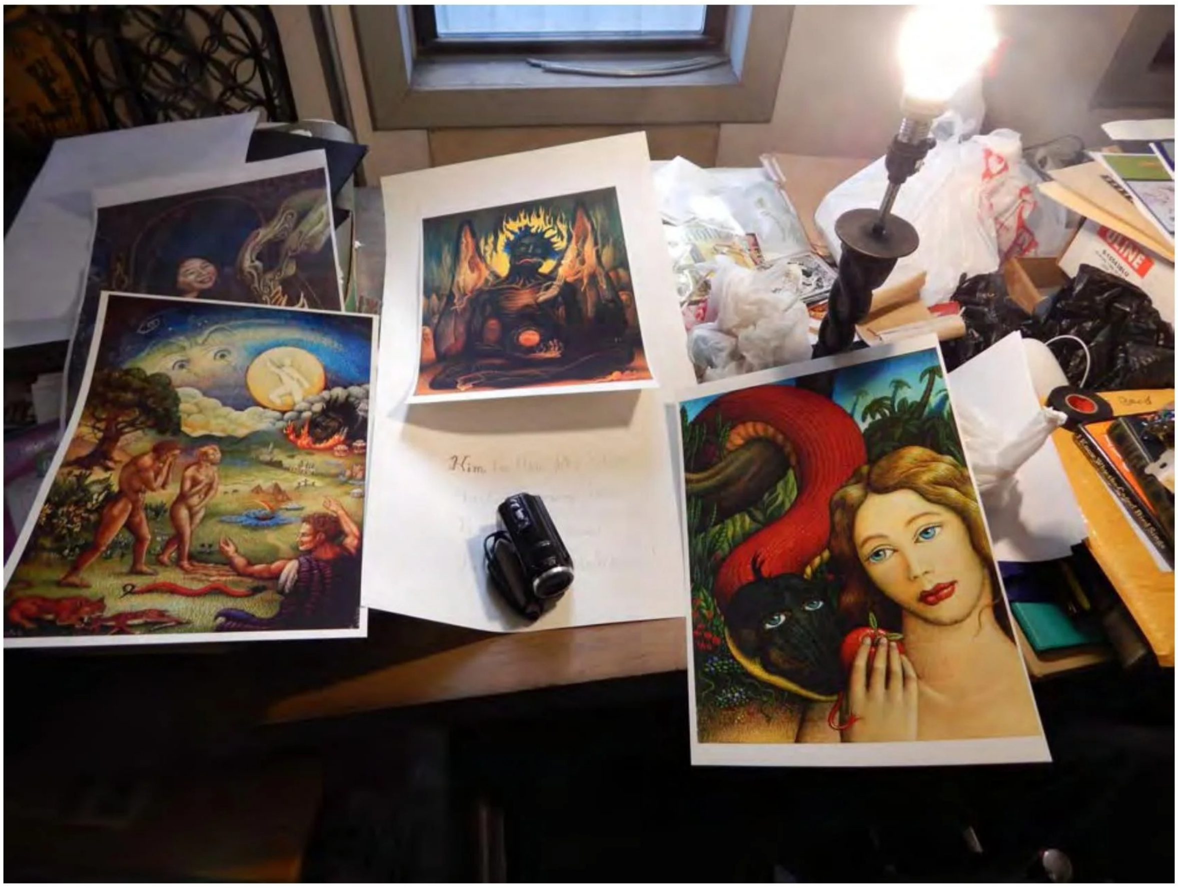
The portress of Hell-gate replied: "Hast thou forgot me then, once deemed so fair in Heaven when in sight of all the seraphim with thee combined in bold conspiracy against Heaven's King? All of a sudden miserable pain surprised thee, while thy head fast thick flames threw forth till out of thy head I sprung. All the host of Heaven recoiled and called me 'Sin.' But I with attractive graces won the most adverse, thee chiefly, who becam'st enamored. And such joy thou took'st with me that my womb conceived a growing burden. At last this odious offspring whom thou see'st, thine own begotten, tore though my entrails, that all my nether end thus grew transformed. I fled and cried out 'Death!' Hell trembled at that hideous name and sighed from all her caves. I fled but he pursued, and in embraces forcible and foul begot these yelling monsters."

The Lindall Grand Elephant Folio

“There will be nothing like it in the world of books and manuscripts.” Terrance Lindall

Terrance Lindall has always been fascinated that the Lindau Gospels with it's astounding bejeweled gold cover. "Lindau" is very much like his own name "Lindall." The "U" in Lindau might be two "L"s looped. There is also the famous Lindesfarne Gospels. Since the "Lind"s of these great manuscripts have always been pointing at him in some fashion, Lindall guesses that his subconscious has always been working toward making something like them, maybe greater.

The GRAND ELEPHANT FOLIO is now complete. Contributions to the costly project will be recognized on the last page of this unprecedented production in various categories according to the amount contributed. If you would like to have your name so honored down through the history of Western art and literature, contact Terrance Lindall directly at tlindall@gmail.com

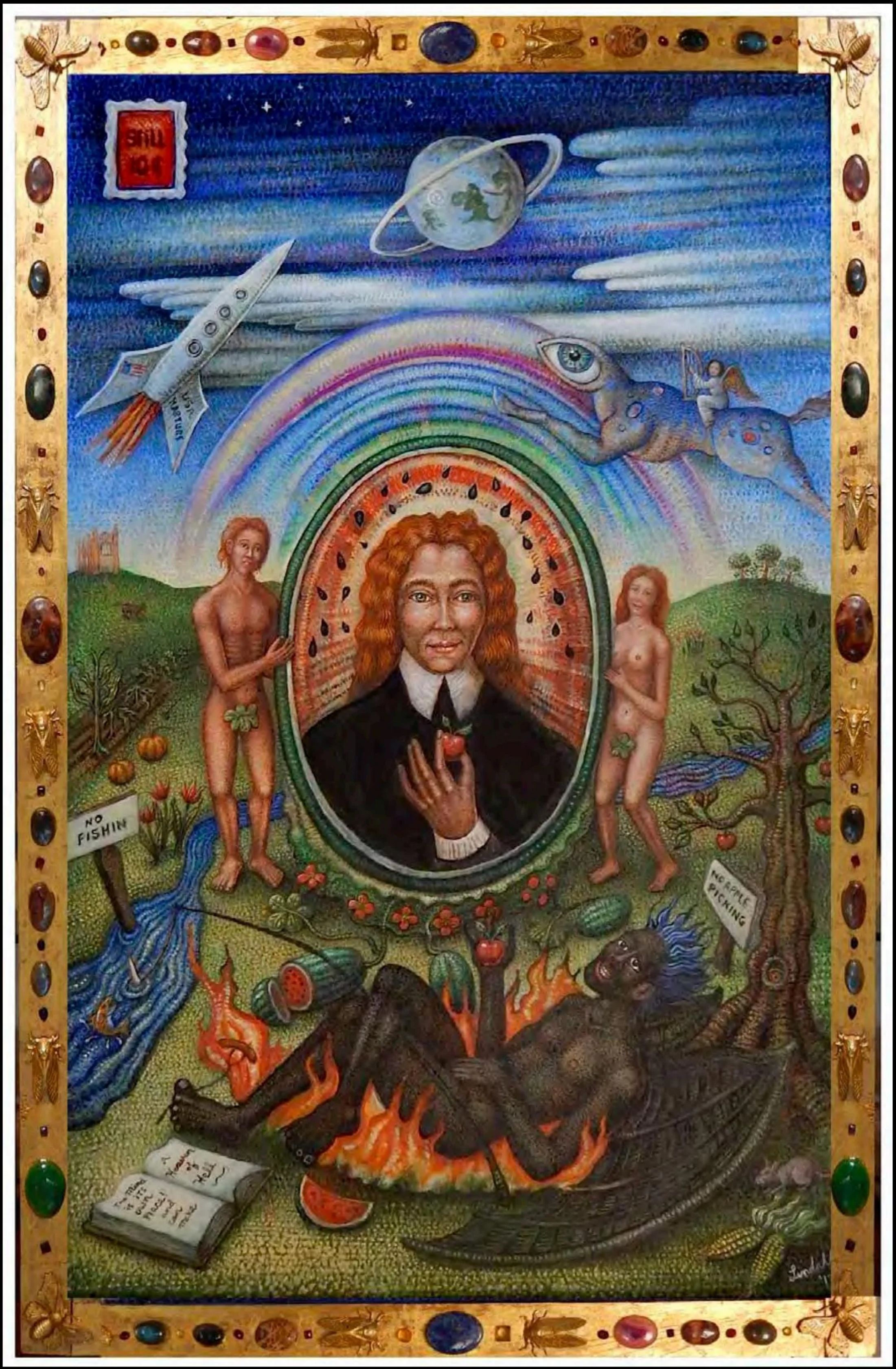


Above: Professor Steve Fallon, President of the Milton Society, paging through the Lindall Grand Elephant Folio Pages on a visit to The Yuko Nii Foundation in 2016.

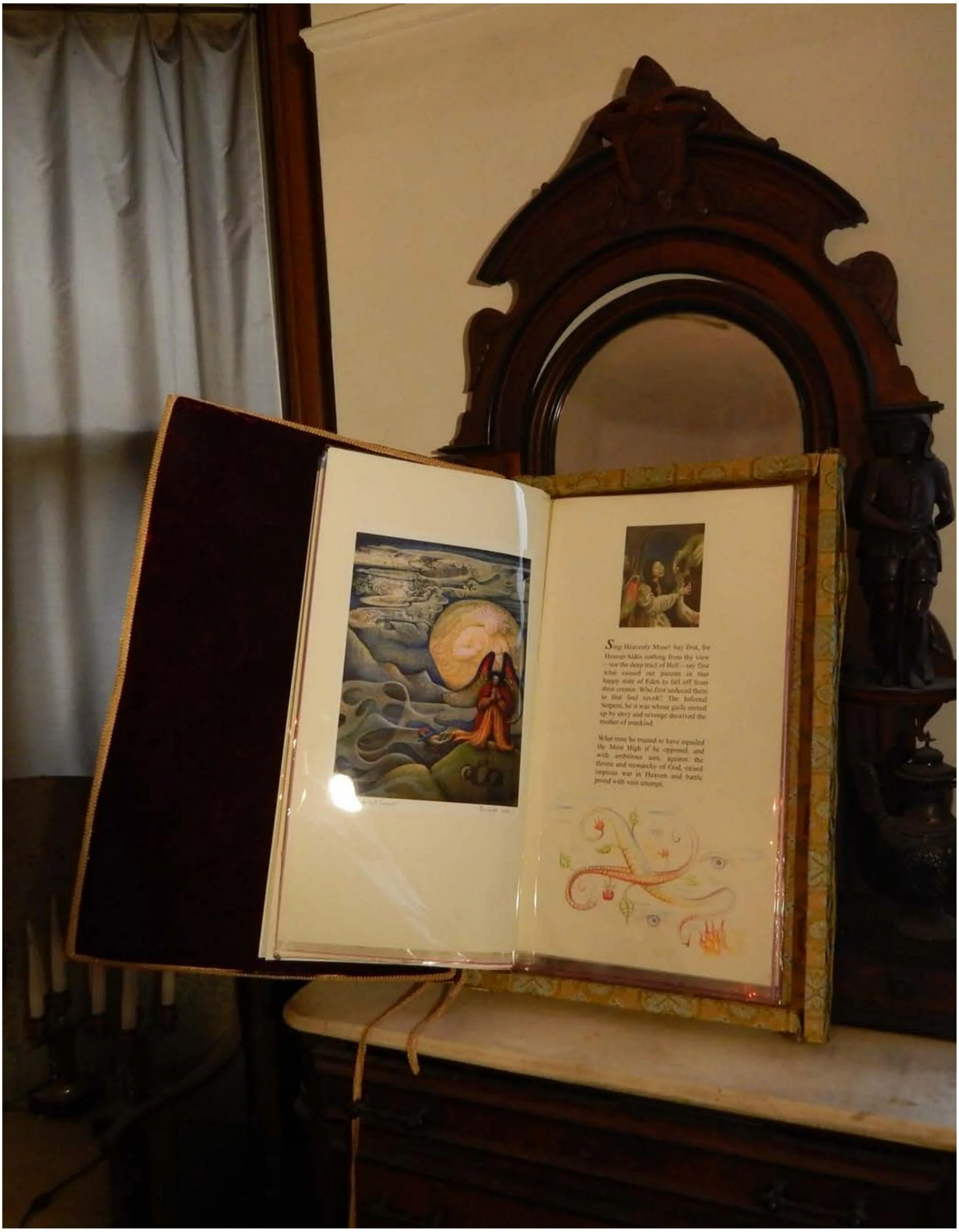
Please contribute to this historical production and be listed for eternity with other contributors to the Milton legacy!

Info: Milton@wahcenter.net

Above: Terrance receives visit from Kelly O'Reilly and John Dugdale Bradley from Milton's Cottage England material for the GRAND ELPHANT FOLIO on a visit to The Yuko Nii Foundation in 2017.


NO FISHIN
NO APPLE PICKING
A Heaven of Hell ~
The Mind is its own place and can make

Above: Cover for the Grand Elephant Folio



Opening Page of the Grand Elephant

CONTROVERSIES!

To celebrate THE 350th anniversary of the publishing of PARADISE LOST 2017 Terrance Lindall has finished his GRAND elephant folio and is producing his graphic novel, *JOHN MILTON IN OUTER SPACE!* Making more history for Milton's great PARADISE LOST, the greatest poem in the English language!

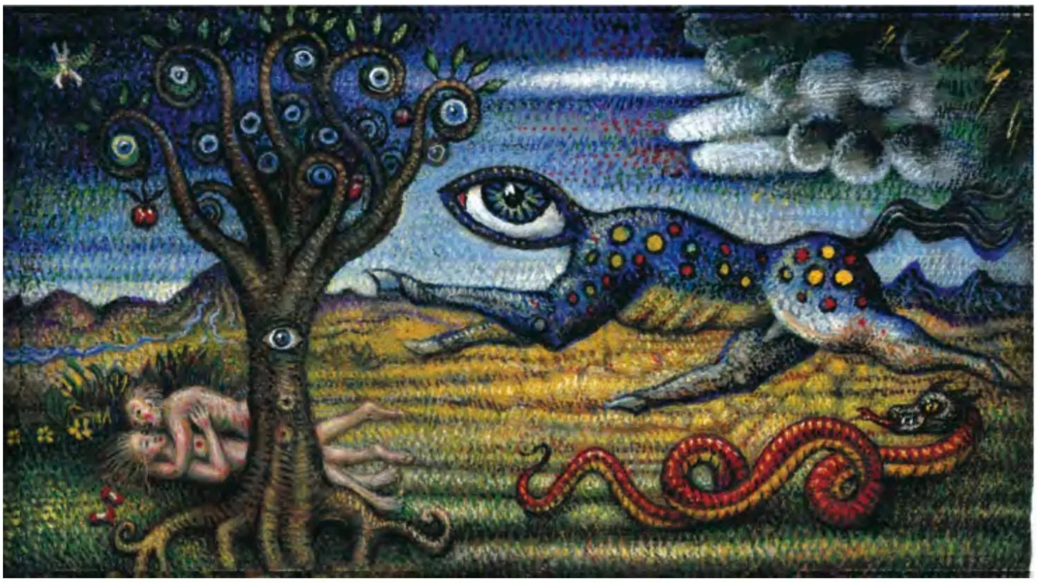
The story is fiction about the current national debate on race in the United States that has divided the country nearly in two with protests and counter-protests.

Terrance had presented the Milton "watermelon" portrait to Milton Lists, a blog for Milton scholars discussing issues on Milton's work. It was not well received by many left leaning scholars and some moderate scholars who had supported his work in the past.

One of the criticisms was that Terrance was "a self promoter." Terrance has indeed been continually promoting his Milton work since 1979. This, he believes, has created an elevated interest in Milton, especially when it appeared in the popular Heavy Metal Magazine.

There were other issues that came mostly from a total misunderstanding of Terrance's intentions. Terrance thinks that the initial reaction will give place to an understanding. Terrance was obliged to resign from the list in the uproar.

This was not the first time Milton scholars objected. They also had a lot of criticism for this:



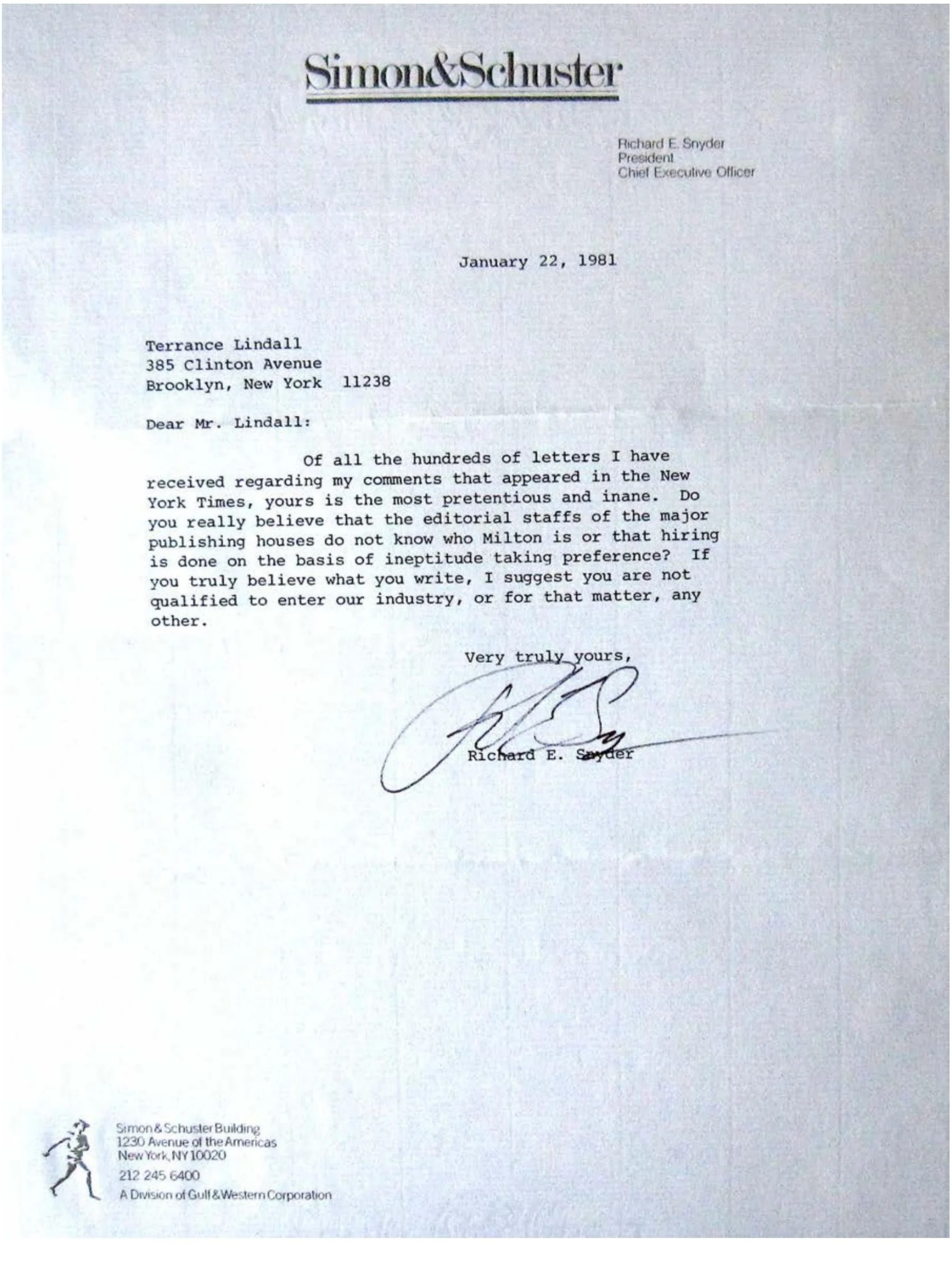
Of Eve, whose Eye darted contagious Fire.
Her hand he seis'd, and to a shadie bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbowr'd
He led her nothing loath; Flours were the Couch,
Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,
And Hyacinth, Earths freshest softest lap.
There they thir fill of Love and Loves disport
Took largely, of thir mutual guilt the Seale....

Book 9, John Milton's Paradise Lost

The Fortunate Fall of Adam & Eve, Terrance Lindall, 2010, oil on linen, 5 x 7 inches, copyright Yuko Nii Foundation 2013

SEX AND RACE ARE BOTH TOUCHY SUBJECTS!

This was not the only time I have been controversial. I wrote a letter to the President of Simon & Schuster, Richard Snyder, considered by everyone at the time to be the most powerful man in publishing, to which he kindly replied. I talk about it some more later in this catalogue. He was terminated by the company shortly thereafter, not because of this letter.



Simon&Schuster

Richard E. Snyder
President
Chief Executive Officer

January 22, 1981

Terrance Lindall
385 Clinton Avenue
Brooklyn, New York 11238

Dear Mr. Lindall:

Of all the hundreds of letters I have received regarding my comments that appeared in the New York Times, yours is the most pretentious and inane. Do you really believe that the editorial staffs of the major publishing houses do not know who Milton is or that hiring is done on the basis of ineptitude taking preference? If you truly believe what you write, I suggest you are not qualified to enter our industry, or for that matter, any other.

Very truly yours,

Richard E. Snyder

Simon & Schuster Building
1230 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10020
212 245 6400
A Division of Gulf & Western Corporation

A Chance to Teach Pretty Preppies!

Once I was recommended by the famous art critic Leo Steinberg to talk to Margaret Scalari Barr, the wife of the founder of the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. She wanted me to take a teaching position at Choate Rosemary, a prestigious girls prep school.

Up at Choate, nicknamed “Hotchkiss,” I was met by a teacher who took me on a tour of the facilities. The dean, who was supposed to meet me for an interview, had the flu and could not make it. The art department was in a new building by I.M. Pei. I was walking through the corridors of the offices and the halls were narrow and the ceilings low. I said to my guide, ”it’s like a rat warren.”

After the tour we went to the student lunch-room for lunch. They served a small overcooked burger on dry buns. I commented that this was inedible. But the young girls were quite becoming in their short-skirted uniforms.

After lunch we went to their chapel. The guide was very proud of a small painting by Peter Paul Rubens of Christ descending from the cross. I said that I did not think it was by Rubens. I also commented on the fact that it was hanging in a dim unprotected area open to the public. “It can easily be stolen,” I said.

Back home I got a note from Margaret asking. “How did your interview with Hotchkiss go?" I had already received a note from the dean saying only “Thank you very much for your animadversions.” I never heard another word.

I talk a little more about this later this catalogue.

Honesty has its penalties! Such is life. This is a road I did not travel. I have been guided by the great Hand of Fate, and I have no regrets.

PS: I seem to remember that an article appeared in the papers about a Rubens being stolen at Choate Rosemary some years later.

PS, PS: After we opened the WAH Center in 1996 I called Leo on the phone to request a lecture. He sais, "Oh yes, you're that student who gave me all that argument." I said yes and then invited him to the WAH. He said he was too old to run around, besides, he said, "I get $8000 per lecture. I said it was a bit out of our range. So we chatted a bit more and that was my last conversation with him.

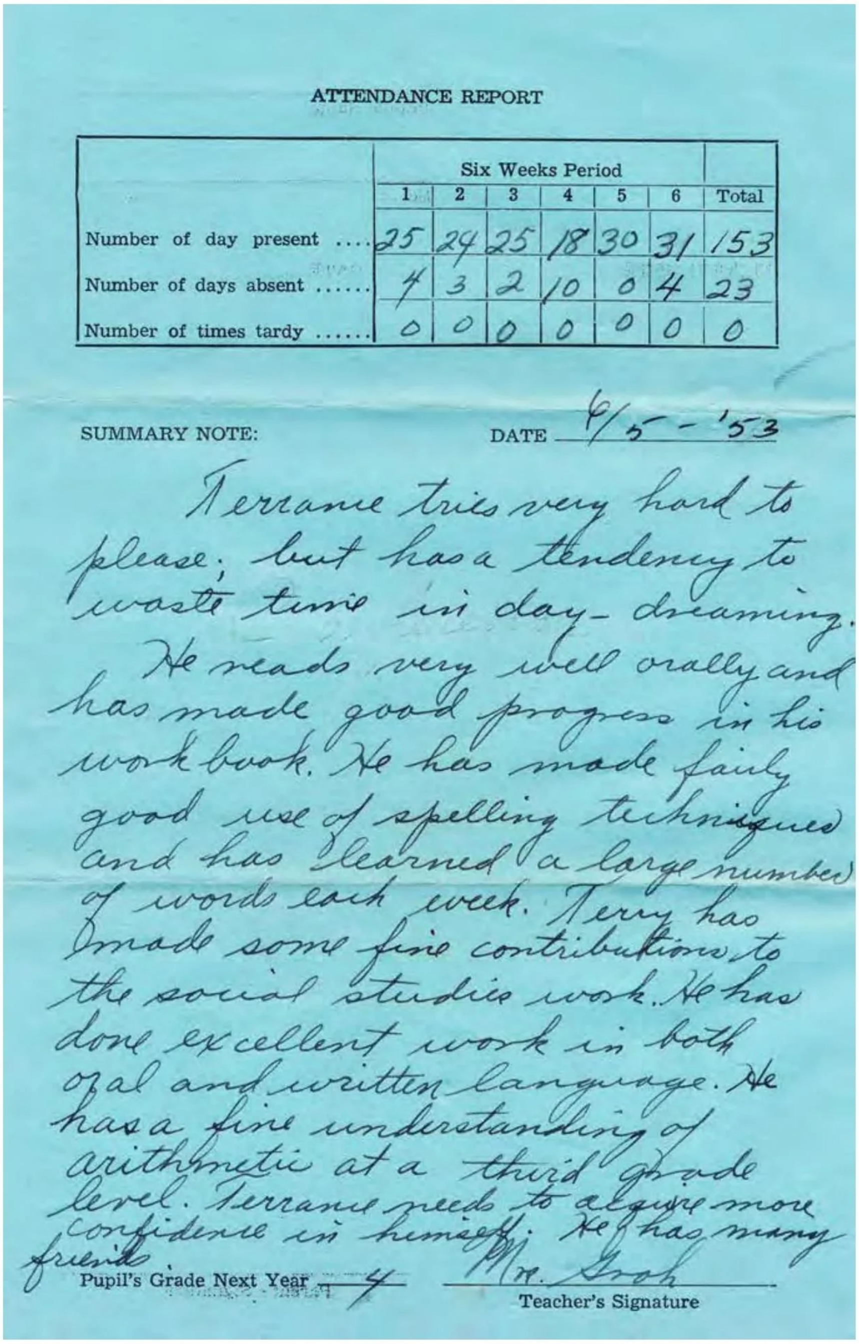
Episodes in the Great Adventure of My Life

By Terrance Lindall

Notes from the Diary of Terrance Lindall
Copyright Yuko Nii Foundation 2013

Baby Terrance: "What am I getting into?"

“DAYDREAMS”



ATTENDANCE REPORT

	Six Weeks Period						
	1	2	3	4	5	6	Total
Number of day present	25	24	25	18	30	31	153
Number of days absent	4	3	2	10	0	4	23
Number of times tardy	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

SUMMARY NOTE: DATE 6/5 - '53

Terrance tries very hard to please; but has a tendency to waste time in day-dreaming.

He reads very well orally and has made good progress in his workbook. He has made fairly good use of spelling techniques and has learned a large number of words each week. Terry has made some fine contributions to the social studies work. He has done excellent work in both oral and written language. He has a fine understanding of arithmetic at a third grade level. Terrance needs to acquire more confidence in himself. He has many friends.

Pupil's Grade Next Year 4

Mr. Groh
Teacher's Signature

Boyhood in the Swamp

From the Swamp in Afton Minnesota to the Greater swamp called "The World"

by Terrance Lindall

I grew up in Afton Minnesota from age 7 to 12. I spent most of my summers in the swamp in back of our house. I saw the spring floods swell the swamp. The fish, northern pike, gar etc. came into the swamp to lay eggs in the weeds where they hatched. By summer the floods receded and the swamp water was low, but natural springs fed the swamp with ice-cold water and huge carp dwelled in the swamp in large schools. In the mornings you could watch as their red dorsal fins stuck out of the water's surface as they moved around the shallow edge where they put their snouts into the murky bottom to stir up crawfish and insects. Summers were my joy. I would jump out of bed with my toy terrier dog Nipper before anyone else was up. I would grab a breakfast of Frosted Flakes and run across the railroad tracks down to the swamp. There I used tin cans to scoop up minnows that hid in the recesses of the swamps edge. Sometimes I would climb the old dead trees that rose up in the swamp and get the baby birds that were chirping there. They would open their mouths wide thinking that I was the mother bringing them worms. Or I would go try to capture the leatherback turtles with their long narrow snouts and evil looking yellow eyes with slit pupils. Sometimes I would find a huge snapping turtle with a beak like a hawk and haul it up to the house. That was a task since I weighed about 40 pounds and the turtles were more than I could lift. I also had to make sure not to get my fingers in their mouth or they would be chopped off by the mighty beak. Sometimes I would catch garter snakes. Once I found a beautiful spider that was pure white with a pink spot on its back shaped like a flower. I ran home to mother to show it and we kept in a bottle. Other times I would wander the hills around Afton to the apple orchards or the sandstone cliffs where I would climb up to collect tiny delicate bird bones. Other times I would bicycle up old winding roads to a deep old pond where there were fantastic frogs with bright yellow bellies. Most of the time I was alone except for Nipper, I loved it. Once a week I would take the dollar allowance that father gave me and run to Johnson's grocery and spend it all on dime comics. It was always science fiction and fantasy comics; HOUSE OF MYSTERY, FORBIDDEN PLANETS, ASTOUNDING TALES, ETC. Steve Ditko was my favorite illustrator. I would run home and read them while eating an apple, cookies or drinking cool aid.

Saturday nights in summer we went down to the park where the town would show free movies such as Abbot & Costello in the open air. We would buy candy and sodas and sit on the grass. The mosquitoes were murder. Most often I left early having been bitten all over and itching like crazy.

I never thought I would one day illustrate for famous comics. I was a boy, not too good in school, not good at making things, not good at much. I was free to roam the hills and swamps. My parents loved me, but did not expect much of me. That was fine by me. I was a happy go lucky kid who hated Sunday school, loved mom and dad, my brothers and my sister, loved trees, water in its natural habitat and comic books...and my dog Nipper (I know he is waiting for me).

Paradise Lost

My parents decided to move back to Minneapolis because Afton was too far to drive to work in winters. So, one day the truck was loaded up and away we went. I was devastated leaving my river paradise.

Nokomis Jr. High

I was 12 years old when we moved. I had to attend jr. high, 8th grade. The school had a gang run by a very tall Polish kid. They would terrorize students and teachers too.

One day a student stole my class project in metal shop. It was the last week in school and he did not create a project, so he stole mine out our open cabinet. I took it back and we started to brawl. The teacher came back so we agreed to meet in an alley after school. Kids were gathered around and we decided to wrestle. It was pretty even. Then he said let’s box. So we did. Since he was taller and had longer arms, I got a black eye. No fun jr. high!

We took an aptitude test to determine what abilities we should develop after jr. high for a future career. My counselor shook his head and said that it did not seem I had any special aptitudes. I was average intelligence and had no talents.

I had a girl friend then named Kay Kampa. We walked to school and back home together. That’s about it.

Roosevelt High School

Roosevelt was an academic high school. I was lucky! My urge to know things was developing. I used to buy many books. I bought and read ALL of Mark Twain, even a rare book of his called “A Cure for the Blues.” I read essays on Chinese history, Quantum Mechanics of Max Planck and every sort of obscure thing outside of class, besides my beloved science fiction. I took courses in Russian, college physics and calculus, although I was not very good at them.

I had a good friend David Doreau who was a very intelligent and intellectual fellow. He did not think I was too bright, I suppose. I learned a lot from him.

Summers my dad and brother Arnold went back to fish on the St. Croix on weekends. Sometimes we would go fishing on the border lakes of Canada for a week or two.

Myself and Dad with a string of crappies on Lake Mukooda, border of Canada

The University of Minnesota

After high school I could not get a job. I had no skills and no history of work. So, I applied and was accepted to the U of M, one of the best academic universities in the country. I was not prepared. I went to the classes and everything seemed in a fog. I did not take notes or read the assignments. Physics did not make sense. Cultural anthropology did not make sense. Margaret Mead seemed unbelievable and stupid. I stopped attending classes and got all incomplete/fail grades.

I could not live off my parents forever, so I tried to join the army. I was underweight. I went back home and my mother fed me until I had gained just enough. I was 17 years old.

The Army Life is Best!

So, I was a teenager in the army at Fort Knox. In my IQ tests I was qualified to go into officer's training after basic training, so I signed up for that.

In basic training, the army took care you, fed you, told you what to do and how to think.. You did not have to worry or think for yourself. You got up at 5A.M. did your S.S.S. (shit shower and shave), row call and inspection. Exercises, breakfast and then the day's routines. It was like a summer camp, all young guys from different parts of the country. I had a lot of fun hiking, obstacle courses, camping out. Even kp (kitchen police) duty was fun. We also learned to take our M-1 rifles apart and put them back together blindfolded. We had to crawl through the mud under barbed wire with live machine gun fire overhead while they tossed tear gas at us.

Then one day I got bored with the army. I went AWOL to do some painting up in Canada. After a while I came back and they decided I was not a good soldier, although they liked me pretty much. They gave ne a general discharge. I was lucky! The Vietnam war just beginning to roll. I did not have to march out and kill men, women and children in an unjust war.

Back to the U of M and NIGHT MAN IN A MORTUARY

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

624386

Report lost identification cards immediately to the Recorder. Lost cards will be replaced upon payment of a charge of $4.00 to the Bursar or Cashier. Name and address changes will be made free. SUSPENSION OF PRIVILEGES MAY RESULT FROM MISUSE OF THIS CARD

When I returned home. I applied to the U of M again. They said I had to go to a general college program first to qualify for returning to the university after my disgraceful failure the first time round. So I did and got straight “A”s. No more fog in the brain, After that the U of M took me back and I was on a straight “A” roll. In philosophy and logic class I was especially astute, always top of the class.

I was beginning to have blackouts. They were preceded by a strange spicy tang in the back of my nostrils accompanied by an odd sense of mental pleasure that would reach a crescendo until it became pain. There was also a sense that some powerful being was offering me great power if I would yield to him. I always resisted. The day we had the final exam in logic I was by the river studying. I blacked out. When I came to, there was only one half hour left of the two hour exam. I ran to class. The professor said I could take the exam later, but I stated emphatically ”No, give me the exam.” I finished before every other student and got all answers correct wherein one had to prove propositions using strings of logic. It was the highest grade in the class. After that I went to the university doctor. He gave me six pills, green on one side and yellow on the other. I stopped having blackouts.

While at the U of M then, I got a job as "night man" at Gleason's Mortuary. The mortuary had a large apartment in the attic where four university students could live. We were paid $10 a week stipend and free rent. We were on duty two or three times a week. At wakes, we had to dress in suit and tie and greet guests at the door and let them know where their loved ones were..."Mrs Johnson is in Parlor B to your left." Or "Mrs. Kearny is to your right, Parlor A."

It was a Gothic style 19th century house with gingerbread decoration. They kept coffins on display in the basement and had a hand pulled elevator for moving them upstairs. On warm summer nights we would all gather on the roof to play poker and drink beer. I used to smoke cigars quite a bit at the time. Sometimes we would invite girls over. We used to place them in the silk lined caskets for a thrill. Lifting the girls up into your arms was a thrill!

The artists found the mortuary room useful for sketching cadavers. We had a saying "Hava Cadava."

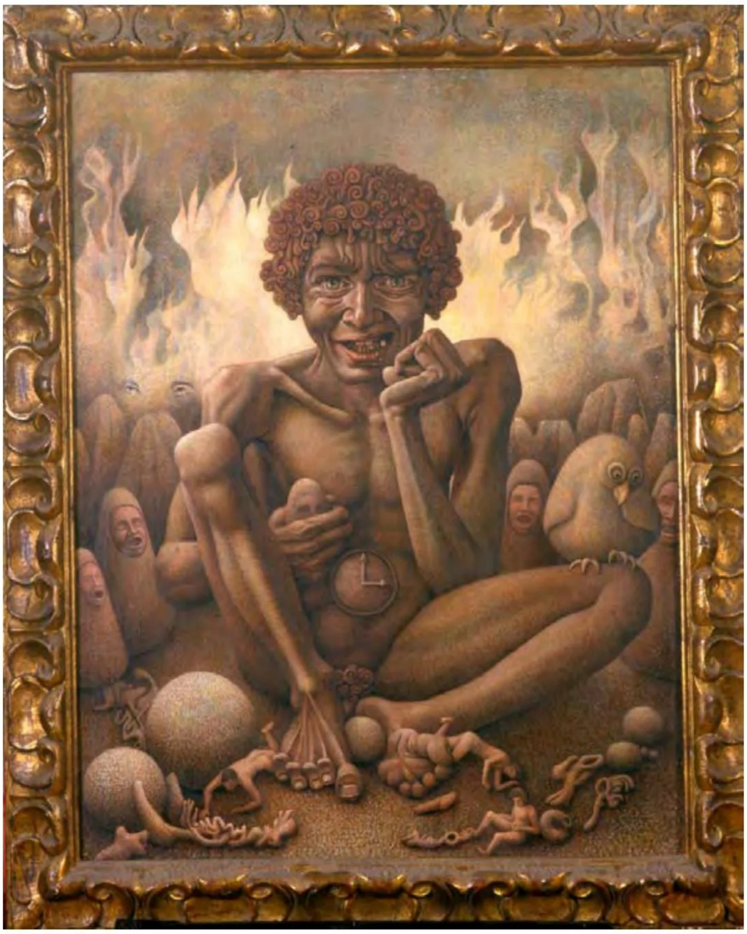
One day a beautiful artist friend of mine had to move her paintings from the Mpls. Institute of Art a few blocks away. I secretly borrowed the hearse (it was not allowed). And we drove around. All of her friends were standing on the corner gaping as we rolled by.

Next day, Tim Gleason, head mortician, came up and asked if anybody drove the hearse. I forgot to wash the mud off.

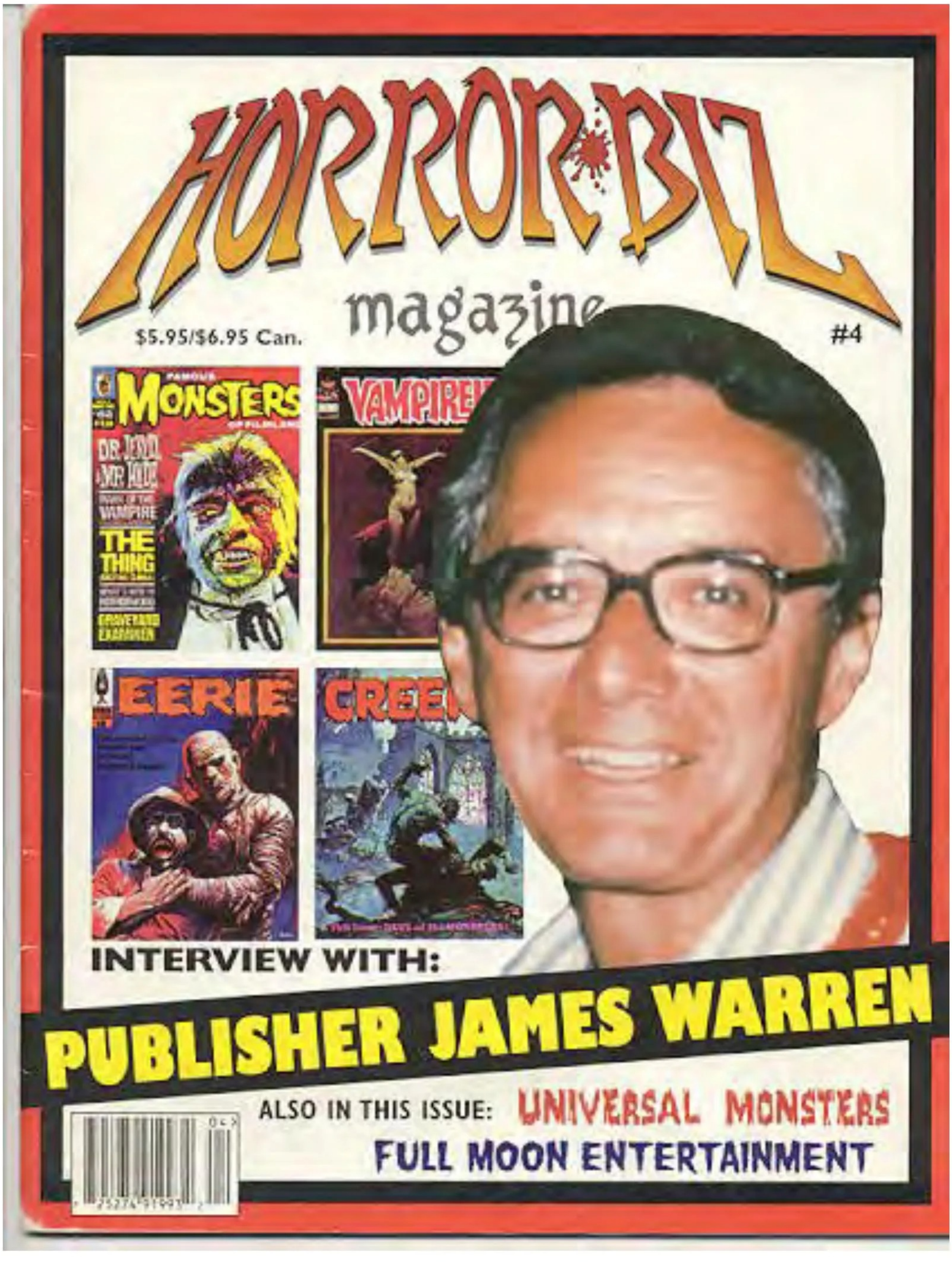
I fell in love with this beautiful lady artist. When she went to study in New York, I followed her!

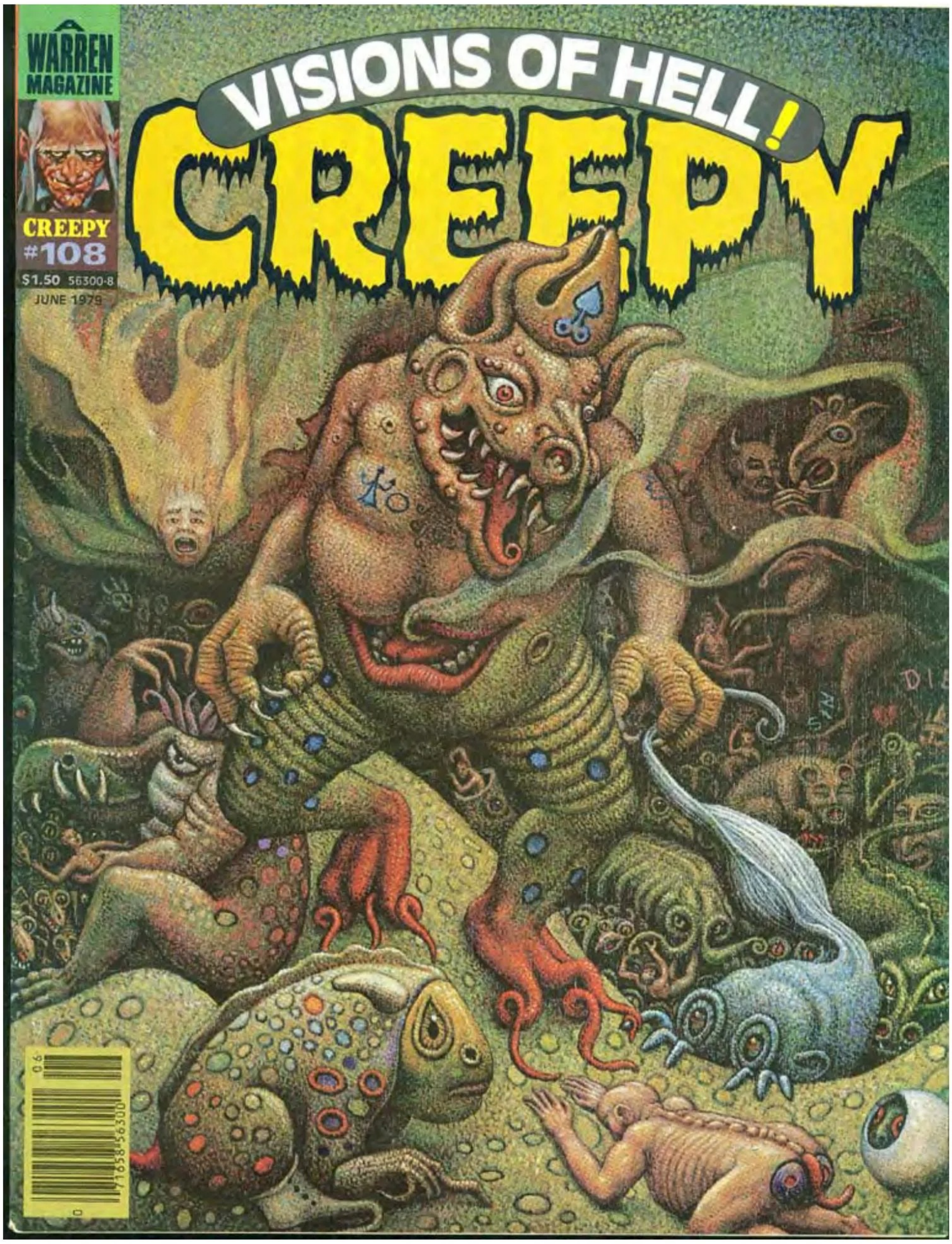
MY CARRER AS AN ILLUSTRATOR, 1978-82

When I met James Warren of Warren Publishing, I was trying to get him to advertise my Stone Eater poster. Instead of accepting an ad, he bought it for cover rights. He paid top dollar. He never did use it on any cover, but I did get several commissions for his line of horror comics. That launched my career because all the editors and publishers in New York City at various magazines and publishing houses seemed to know each other and the rumor spread that there was hot new talent. Warren was known for a fiery temper, but he was always very polite with me. Being called into his office was always an honor, although usually I dealt with Chris Adames, Kim McQuaite and Louise Jones his editors.



My First Sale as an Illustrator: THE STONE EATER


HORROR-BIZ
magazine
$5.95/$6.95 Can.
#4
MONSTERS
VAMPIRELLA
EERIE
CREEPY
INTERVIEW WITH:
PUBLISHER JAMES WARREN
ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: UNIVERSAL MONSTERS
FULL MOON ENTERTAINMENT


A WARREN MAGAZINE
CREEPY #108
$1.50 56300-8
JUNE 1979
VISIONS OF HELL!
CREEPY

My first commissioned magazine illustration

In his early years Warren was accepted into Armored Infantry Officers Training. He was deafened six months later in a night training operation when he got too close to a heavy machine gun. He was medically discharged a few months later.

In the 1950s, Warren launched his own men's magazine, After Hours, which lasted four issues and led to his arrest on charges of obscenity and pornography for featuring bare bosoms on the inside and Bettie Page on the cover. The Philadelphia Enquirer headline read "Pornographer Arrested", with a photo of him in handcuffs. The Attorney General in charge used the case to get reelected. Later, Warren founded Famous Monsters of Filmland magazine with After Hours contributing writer Forrest J Ackerman, an avid collector of movie memorabilia including stills and horror-movie props.

After my illustration career was launched by James Warren with Creepy, Eerie and Vampirella, I was hot property. The word got around that a new "different" talent was around. I attended SF/Fantasy conventions. At a small convention at Columbia University I met Stu Schiff. He sat at his table across the room from me. Stu was a dentist by profession, but was a sci-fi fantasy publisher by hobby. What a hobby! He did author signed first edition hardcover limited editions of writers like Isaac Asimov and Harlan Ellison. He also published an anthology called Whispers. Stu Schiff, a long-time art collector and at that point a dentist with the army, decided to fill the gap in the publishing industry, and in doing so became a legend. Among the fiction writers featured in the magazine were Manly Wade Wellman, Fritz Leiber, Robert Bloch, Ramsey Campbell, and Karl Edward Wagner. David Drake published much of his early fantasy fiction there. Among the artists to contribute were Stephen Fabian, Lee Brown Coye, Vincent Napoli, and many others, both legends in their own right and younger stars. The magazine won the first "Howard" or World Fantasy Award for non-professional publishing in 1975, though it was clearly on a professional level in editorial content and production.

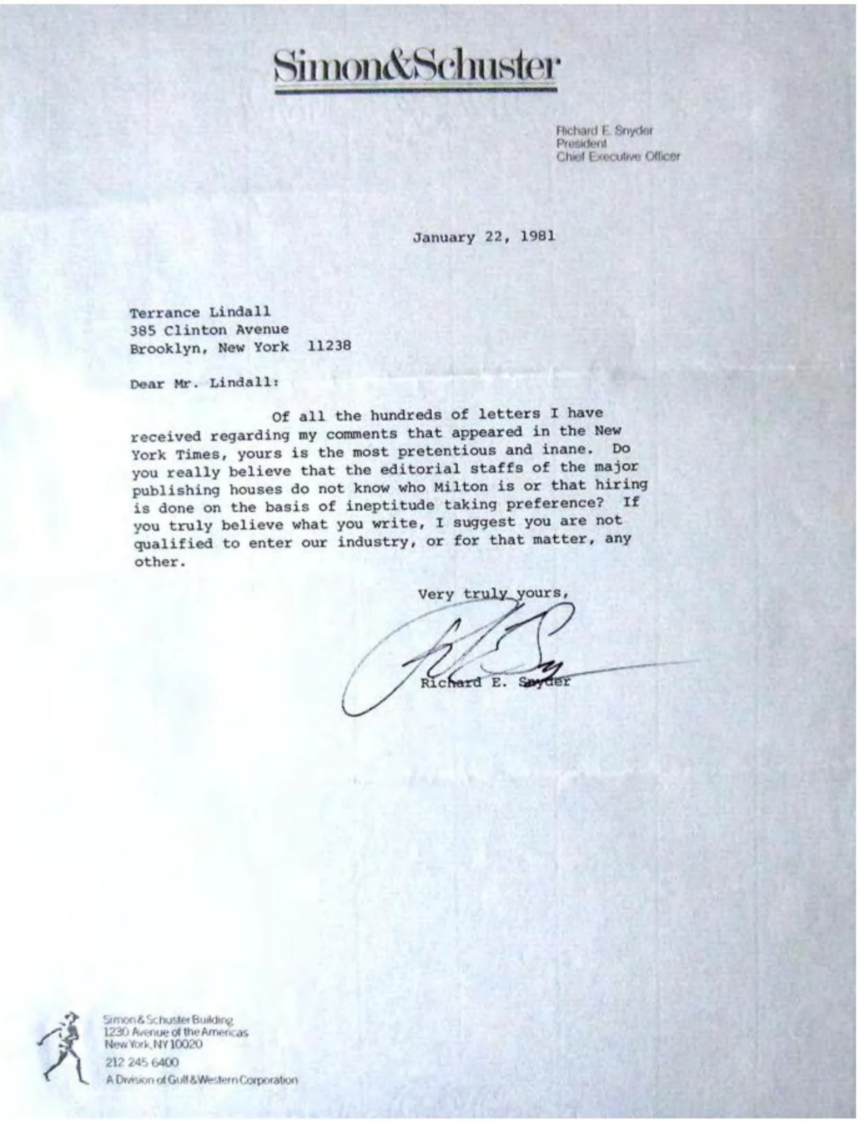
From Wikipedia: "Beginning in 1978, an anthology series, drawing on some of the best work published in the magazine and mixing some new material, was published in hardcover by Doubleday and then in paperback by Playboy Press, soon after absorbed by Berkley/Putnam, which began a trend of parallel publication of increasingly infrequent issues of the magazine and a string of anthologies with an ever larger proportion of original fiction. A total of six anthologies were published through 1987, and later a "Best of" volume was published in 1994."

At the Columbia U. convention Stu came over to my table to look at my paintings. Eventually he expressed interest in buying one. But they were too expensive. I really wanted to sell one to him since he produced great material and eventually we agreed to a small work. That was the beginning of a great friendship.

We were together again at one of the major conventions in New York City. I had up my "Visionary Foal" painting in their exhibit and won first prize for fantasy art. Stu introduced me around. The head of the Sci-Fi/Fantasy books, David Hartwell of Pocket Books asked me to drop off my portfolio. I did the following week and was called to come and talk with him about a commission. It was for Pamela Sargeant's book "Watchstar." Eventually I got another commission for a book by John Ford called "Web of Angels." It was a somewhat ridiculous book resembling in theme the very good Snow Crash by Neal Stephenson. My cover for Web of Angels got me

nominated for the "worst book cover ever done." WORST EVER: http://www.goodshowsir.co.uk/2011/04/web-of-angels/
The art director called me in to say that "someone I know is so damaged by doing comic art that he can no longer do serious cover art for us." I guess that was me.

Shortly after that I noticed an article in the NY Times about the most powerful and influential man in publishing, Richard Snyder of Simon & Schuster. I wrote to him congratulating him and remarked that a lot of his editors were so pretty damned ignorant that they did not know that Paradise Lost was not copyrighted. He sent me this letter seen earlier in this catalogue:



Simon&Schuster

Richard E. Snyder
President
Chief Executive Officer

January 22, 1981

Terrance Lindall
385 Clinton Avenue
Brooklyn, New York 11238

Dear Mr. Lindall:

Of all the hundreds of letters I have received regarding my comments that appeared in the New York Times, yours is the most pretentious and inane. Do you really believe that the editorial staffs of the major publishing houses do not know who Milton is or that hiring is done on the basis of ineptitude taking preference? If you truly believe what you write, I suggest you are not qualified to enter our industry, or for that matter, any other.

Very truly yours,

Richard E. Snyder

Simon & Schuster Building
1230 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10020
212 245 6400
A Division of Gulf & Western Corporation

Remembering James Warren
by Terrance Lindall

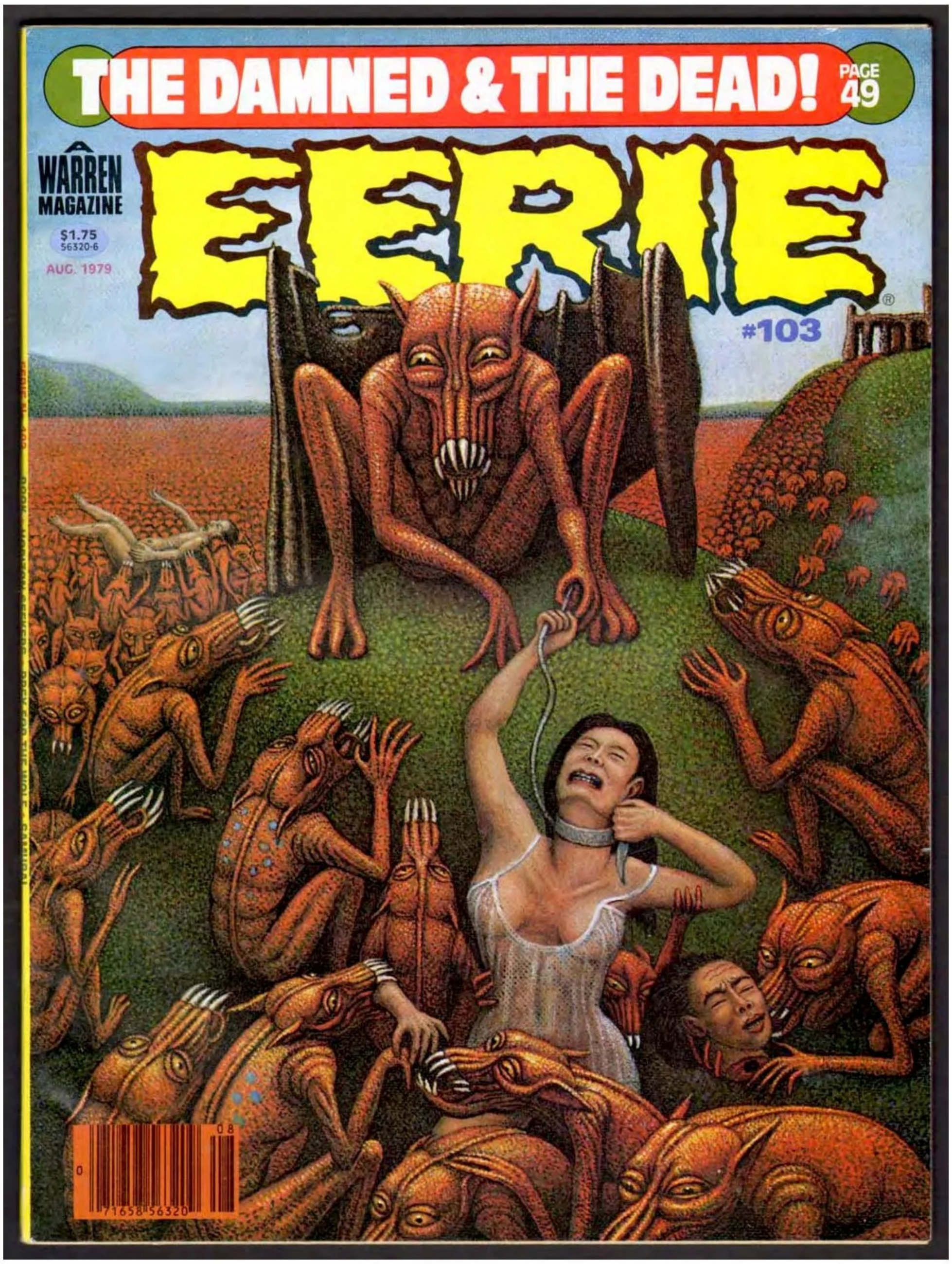
In the mid-1960s, inspired by the EC horror comic books of the 1950s, Warren launched the black-and-white horror-comics magazines Creepy, Eerie, and Vampirella for which I did covers along with such famous names as Richard Corben and Frank Frazetta. From there I went on to do work for the famous Archie Goodwin of Marvel comics and covers for Simon & Schuster, Zebra Books and Rod Serling's Twilight Zone magazine. Archie Goodwin, the hands down greatest writer for comics of the 20th century, and Ted White the famous science fiction author both wrote stories especially for me to illustrate.

During that time, from 1979-1980, I was working on my Paradise Lost illustrations. I had thought that they might be suitable for Heavy Metal Magazine. Julie Simmons, their editor in chief, did publish some it, but did not continue the series.
Also around that time I was getting fed up with New York and needed a break. I returned to Minnesota and stayed at my sister's house for a year or so. I completed the handmade frames for Paradise Lost and developed a traveling show and lecture series for cities in Minnesota with a promoter and fundraiser named Gary Kelsey. At that time I contacted James Warren about publishing the book. This is the material that is up for auction. Professor Horace Jeffery Hodges in Korea has nicely reorganized the auction material that Hake's Americana is putting up for auction http://gypsyscholarship.blogspot.com/2010/09/terrance-lindall-blast-from-past.html

Warren continued to publish a variety of magazines until the 1980s, when he left the field due to health problems. He was always trying to get Hollywood to do a Vampirella movie, but never succeeded. By the early 1980's I had left the profession of illustrating to open up my own museum in an old 19th Century Quaker meeting house in upstate New York. I was also dealing in art & antiques, building a fine collection that is now owned by the Yuko Nii Foundation. Some of the collection can be seen here: http://www.youtube.com/profile?user=wahcenter#p/u/17/RyaeIYafhv4

I remember reading in the NY Times one day that Warren had been arrested for shooting off fireworks at his birthday party in Long Island. He is said to have kept a Sopwith Camel airplane on his front lawn out there. I was also told that he had been a colonel in the Israeli air force, but I find no evidence of that on-line. He was a real character, outstanding in all ways! Thanks James!

Below: My cover for "The Damned and the Dead," considered by some the best cover Eerie ever had.


THE DAMNED & THE DEAD!
PAGE 49
A WARREN MAGAZINE
$1.75
56320-6
AUG. 1979
EERIE
#103

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FOUNDERS

Alfred H. Barr, Jr. Philip Johnson, and Margaret Scolari Barr, Cortona, Italy, 1932.

The Margaret S. Barr Papers. The Museum of Modern Art Archives:
Margaret Scolari Barr, born in Rome to Irish and Italian parents, studied linguistics at the University of Rome. After earning a master's degree in art history from Vassar College, in 1929 she moved to New York City to study at New York University. She met Alfred H. Barr, Jr., the Museum's founding director, that year, shortly after the institution's debut, and the two were married in 1930. Over the following decade the couple spent summers traveling in Europe, organizing future exhibitions at MoMA and securing the necessary loans of artwork. In summer 1940, after the fall of Paris to the Germans, Alfred began to receive desperate letters from European artists asking for assistance with emigration to the United States. "I had worked as my husband's assistant during all of our European campaigns," Barr said, "so I was not surprised when one evening he came home with a sheaf of requests and asked me to undertake the whole operation. I would do the work, and he would sign the letters that I would write on his official Museum stationery." The process of obtaining the appropriate papers from the State Department was extremely laborious, but in the end Barr's work facilitated entry to the United States for Marc Chagall, Max Ernst, Jacques Lipchitz, AndrÃ© Masson, Piet Mondrian, and Yves Tanguy. For thirty-seven years she taught art history at The Spence School in New York, and in 1963 the Museum published Medardo Rosso (1858â€“1928), Barr's definitive monograph on the Italian modernist sculptor.

1 Margaret Scolari Barr, typescript, "Rescuing Artists in W.W. II," January 7, 1980. The Museum of Modern Art Archives, New York.

Reminiscences of Life in the Fine Arts

In New York City, as a young artist/scholar one is adrift in a sea of individuals who have shaped our culture. Two such were Margaret Scolari Barr and Leo Steinberg. Leo was my professor at Hunter College. He was already a renowned art historian. He was part of a group of art critics that Tom Wolfe called “Cultureburg” in his famous satire entitled “The Painted Word.” The kings of "Cultureburg" were: Clement Greenberg, Harold Rosenberg and Leo Steinberg. Wolfe argued that these three men were dominating the world of art with their theories and that, unlike the world of literature in which anyone can buy a book, the art world was controlled by an insular circle of rich collectors, museums and critics with out-sized influence. This is not true today. The role of the critic has been diminished in the deluge of on-line criticism.

Leo was indeed a brilliant scholar, more a scholar and art historian than a mass media writer. I would debate issues with him in class and maybe later go into the professor's lounge to discuss the issue further with him. Leo arranged for me the special privilege of using the New York University Art Library at 1 E 78th on Manhattan, The Duke House. The library contains over 100,000 volumes, subscribes to 485 periodicals, and houses a distinguished rare book collection. It was gorgeous. The Director of the library showed me around personally at Leo's request. a
One day I was home at night and got a phone call from a woman whom I did not know. My wife answered the phone and was a bit nonplussed by the call. When I finally picked up the phone the woman said, "your lady friend is out of focus." The woman on the phone was Margaret Scolari Barr! It seems that Leo Steinberg had talked with her about me. She was on a search committee for a new art teacher for Choate Rosemary Hall Prep school in Wallingford Connecticut. They were a very upper class school with many famous graduates. Margaret made arrangements for me to visit.

Up at Choate, nicknamed "Hotchkiss," I was met by a teacher who took me on a tour of the facilities. The dean, who was supposed to meet me for an interview, had the flu and could not make it. The art department was in a new building by I.M. Pei. I was walking through the corridors of the offices and the halls were narrow and the ceilings low. I said to my guide, "it's like a rat warren."

After the tour we went to the student lunchroom for lunch. They served a small overcooked burger on dry buns. I commented that this was inedible. But the young girls were quite becoming in their short-skirted uniforms.

After lunch we went to their chapel. The guide was very proud of a small painting by Peter Paul Rubens of Christ descending from the cross. I said that I did not think it was by Rubens. I also commented on the fact that it was hanging in a dim unprotected area open to the public. "It can easily be stolen," I said.

Back home I got a note from Margaret asking. "How did your interview with Hotchkiss go?" I had already received a note from the dean saying only "Thank you very much for your animadversions." I never heard another word.

Honesty has it's penalties! Such is life. This is a road I did not travel. I have been guided by the great Hand of Fate and I have no regrets.

PS: I seem to remember that an article appeared in the papers about a Rubens being stolen at Choate Rosemary some years later.

PS, PS: After we opened the WAH Center in 1996 I called Leo on the phone to request a lecture. He said, "Oh yes, you're that student who gave me all that argument." I said yes and then invited him to the WAH. He said he was too old to run around, besides, he said, "I get $8000 per lecture. I said it was a bit out of our range. So we chatted a bit more and that was my last conversation with him.

LIFE AMONG THE MINNESOTA INDIANS

Back in 1982 was a kind of forlorn time for me. I was divorced. I felt that if I stayed in NYC it would kill me…LITERALLY.

I went back to Minnesota for a while. I bought a Dodge long bed van, put a couch in it; I had a propane stove. I rented a small office in a fabulous building with marble staircases in Dinkytown at the U. of Minn. where I slept in a sleeping bag nights.

I got a job at the Legal Rights Center (LRC) that served poor people with legal issues. I had applied to an ad in the paper and went down to an office in downtown where I met with the Auditor of the LRC. He drove me out to the LRC, located in a rundown part of town. We went up to the offices of the LRC and met with Ralph Crowder, their Black executive director. Without even asking if I would take the job, I was given the books and was asked to get started. I was nonplussed. I was told later that nobody wanted the job. Nobody wanted to work in a dangerous neighborhood with indigent alcoholics, drug dealers and others who were occasional clients of the LRC and came in to consult with the legal staff.

Most clients were Black, Hispanic and Indian and were involved in petty crimes and drugs, in and out of prison. The overall director was Doug Hall, a communist. A very pleasant, intelligent and soft spoken guy.

When I first sat down at one of their staff meetings I was one of three white people in a crowd of blacks, Indians and Hispanics. One of the black attorneys said looking at me, “You sure are an odd looking person.” I said back to him “you look pretty odd yourself.” He laughed.

It was an easy part time job. The pay was good enough. Nobody bothered me. Occasionally I had to drive around town to take checks or documents to have people sign.

One of the board members was one of the Means brothers, famous Dakota Indians. You may remember Russell means of The American Indian Movement and the famous Wounded Knee incident. Other board and staff were interesting characters. One black board member came into my office mad as hell one day. Someone had told him falsely that I had said something derogatory about him. He said he would kill me if I ever said anything like it again. I asked what he was told that I supposedly said. He told me he did not want to repeat it. I guess that was someone’s way of “giving it to a white man,” spread false rumors and get someone else to d the dirty work. Another time one of our Indian board members was arrested for giving Marijuana to young Indians to smoke on an Indian organizations property in Minneapolis. He got off on those charges saying that it was an Indian religious rite they were engaged in.

I suppose that in America, one can get away with breaking any secular law by claiming “special religious privilege”.

The board of the Legal Rights Center was equally divided among three groups, a Black contingent, a Hispanic contingent, and an Indian contingent. The only other board member who was white, as I recall, was the representative of the bank that supported the LRC.

Anyway, that was a time for me to make frames for my Paradise Lost paintings in my sister's garage and think about what I wanted to do. I would visit my mother's for dinner or go out to restaurants with her. My father was dead at that time. Sometimes my brother would let me take his boat out on the St, Croix river for fishing. Once during late autumn I took my van up to Ironwood Michigan on Lake Superior and camped up on Mt. Zion. I remember looking north to Canada and thought about going off into the wilderness and disappearing. A lonely but interesting time.

After a couple of years I came to a new state of consciousness and knew it was time to come out of my wanderings in "the desert" and return to New York, refreshed, a new state of mind...ready to build again! I published my Paradise Lost book and had arranged to have it displayed in the windows of B. Dalton's flagship store on fifth Avenue in mid Manhattan at 48th St. IT SOLD OUT!.

So here is a Youtube movie of THE DEATH OF ADAM AND EVE.." Even Satan weeps. He brought death upon them. You know he is a romantic because he says when he first sees them in Paradise, "If I melt as I do at your sweet innocence..."
CLICK HERE: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kUBWARLMyQ0

MY CAREER IN THEATER
ROUNDABOUT, NYC

I have been contacted by Tiffany Nixon, Archivist for Roundabout Theater for an interview in preparation for their upcoming 50th Anniversary Celebration in 2015. I guess the battle of personalities has been forgotten and old wounds have healed and now we old codgers remember the "Glory Days."

I have to say that one of my most pleasurable times working for any organization in my career, excepting the WAH Center, was with Roundabout Theater. Although I am not an actor, I am an artist and a presenter of some major international art extravaganzas one of which was BRAVE DESTINY, the world's largest show of living surrealists. We produced a fashion show, theater, film and music and drew thousands of people for the production. So theater may not be my career, but it is in my blood.

When Gene Feist hired me as the financial manager of Roundabout, the books had not been kept for over a year, because my predecessor was a manic depressive. When I came in for an interview I was shown the accounting office. The office was unkempt and piled high with papers, invoices, undeposited checks and other material. The auditors were due, so they needed to get the books in order. I said I would think about it. My predecessor was in that while I was being interviewed. Gene and Wendy Takahisa Roundabout's manager brought me into his office and introduced me to a very nervous fellow in suit and tie reeking of aftershave. He said to me “we can work this out together.” We went back to Gene’s office and I told him “no way can I work with that guy.” Gene said, “no problem, we’ll get rid of him,” and they did.

After considering the job overnight, I phoned Wendy Takahisa, the next day and told her it was not what I had in mind, id est, to do a full years bookkeeping cleanup. Gene Feist phoned me immediately and with his sly jocular encouragement convinced me to do it. I am glad I accepted because it was a rollicking good adventure.

Some of you may not know about Roundabout Theater. It is the largest theatrical presence in New York City. The company was founded in 1965 by Gene Feist and Elizabeth Owens and now operates five theatres, all in Manhattan: the American Airlines Theatre (for classic Broadway plays and musicals); Studio 54 (for Broadway musicals and special events); the Stephen Sondheim Theatre (a new theater that incorporates the original facade of the historical Henry Miller Theatre—a recent acquisition also on Broadway);[1] the Off-Broadway Laura Pels Theatre (for new works by established playwrights); and the Roundabout Underground Black Box Theatre (for new work of emerging writers and directors).

The latter two theatres are located in the Harold and Miriam Steinberg Center for Theatre (the former American Place Theatre) The Center was developed, with financial support from the Steinbergs, "to support its artistic mission of fostering emerging talent in playwriting, performance, and stagecraft."

Back to the story. The books had not been done for a year, at least. So I told Gene that he had to hire an accountant to assist me. He did. Working through the records we found many undeposited checks. Meanwhile Roundabout had trouble paying its bills. Checks they paid out were bouncing. The checking account had not been reconciled for months, possibly more. So working with the temporary accountant we slogged our way through the mess. During that time I was also allowed to hire a bookkeeper, Robert A., who was polite and clean cut and handled the Accounts Receivables, Ticket sale revenues, contributions and the like. One day Melanie, Gene's personal assistant, came in and asked if we were holding a $10,000 contribution. The contributor got the check back from the bank and found it was not endorsed by Roundabout, but by Robert A.

Robert had not shown up for work for a few days. We immediately went to our bank. They noticed that both Roundabout's and Robert's bank were the same. They immediately yanked the money out of Robert's account and put it into ours. Of course Robert was arrested.

During my time at Roundabout I made friends with many of the staff. We went out frequently for long two hour drinking lunches at a local Irish pub. Those were jolly times!

It was during this time I was working on my Paradise Lost publication that became world famous.
sites.google.com/site/terrancelindallsparadiselost/

I remember that people used to call Gene Feist and Michael Fried, "Heist and Greed." I do not think it was quite as clear-cut as that. They had to keep "the show going." They may have cut corners, even with the actors, but in the end the actors benefited by having a place to hire them and the public at large benefited by having a great cultural institution survive. In large part the survival was due to the appearance of Todd Haimes at the end of my tenure who solved the many financial woes and brought Roundabout to new Heights. But we must all remember that crazy character, Gene Feist who made the whole thing happen.

I do know as much about the finances at that time as anyone out side of Gene or Todd (I perused all the old records), but I am not sure that they want to dig up old bones like that. Among other things Roundabout had a case settled with the IRS before I got there that was the largest of it's kind. I am sure that is a matter of public record. I think that they were also under Chapter 11 or some such code that applies to not for profits. In any case that is not the whole picture of a great institution. Gene and their board, including Yale Wexler, (and Michael Fried) were a tenacious force that saved the organization from financial exigency that few other organizations could have survived.

Gene was a major creative force in American Theater and Todd came along at the right time. They both deserve high praise and I am glad to have known them.

Frying Other Fish, Empire Building, My Paradise Lost

As I said, I had other fish to fry. Most of the people in the theater had devoted their life to this profession. I was not one of them. Gene probably thought that I could be brought into orbit around him due to the gravity of his charm and personality and the enchantment of theater. As he slowly found out, this was not the case. If I was a celestial body, it was not to revolve around someone else's star.

Outside of Roundabout I was buying and selling art and antiques both at auction and in the Annex Antique market where I was a well known customer along with the likes of Andy Warhol and Peter Max, among many other celebrities. I auctioned items I purchased at various auction houses including Christies, Sotheby's, Tepper Gallery, Lubin gallery, and Habsburg & Feldman. I even got to meet and talk with Archduke Géza of Austria, Prince Imperial of Austria, Prince Royal of Hungary, Croatia, and Bohemia, while auctioning off an old master in one of their premier sales. The result of all of this was to start purchasing property in upstate New York to form a museum and park. That is another story:
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Upperville_Meeting_House

At that time too I was in the midst of publishing my synopsized Paradise Lost in a small press edition that was to sell out when it was displayed in the store window of B. Daltons flagship store on Fifth Avenue and 48th Street in Manhattan a couple of years later.

In having the book printed under my company Rodney Graphics that I created in 1968 to publish my Stone Eater poster, I had to travel to prepare the photography of my art to send down to Florida, oversee the proofs at my printing house on Long Island, and do many other things. A couple years before this I was in retreat back to my roots in Minnesota where I was getting an introduction written by Professor Thomas Clayton at the University of Minnesota and trying to get David Means of Roulette to write an opera based on my Paradise Lost.

Unfortunately, since I had to be at Roundabout Theater for my "job," I did not have anywhere for the printing house to send the books, so I had them sent to me at Roundabout. Gene and Todd were surprised and possibly annoyed. But the boxes were stacked next to my desk for the nonce.

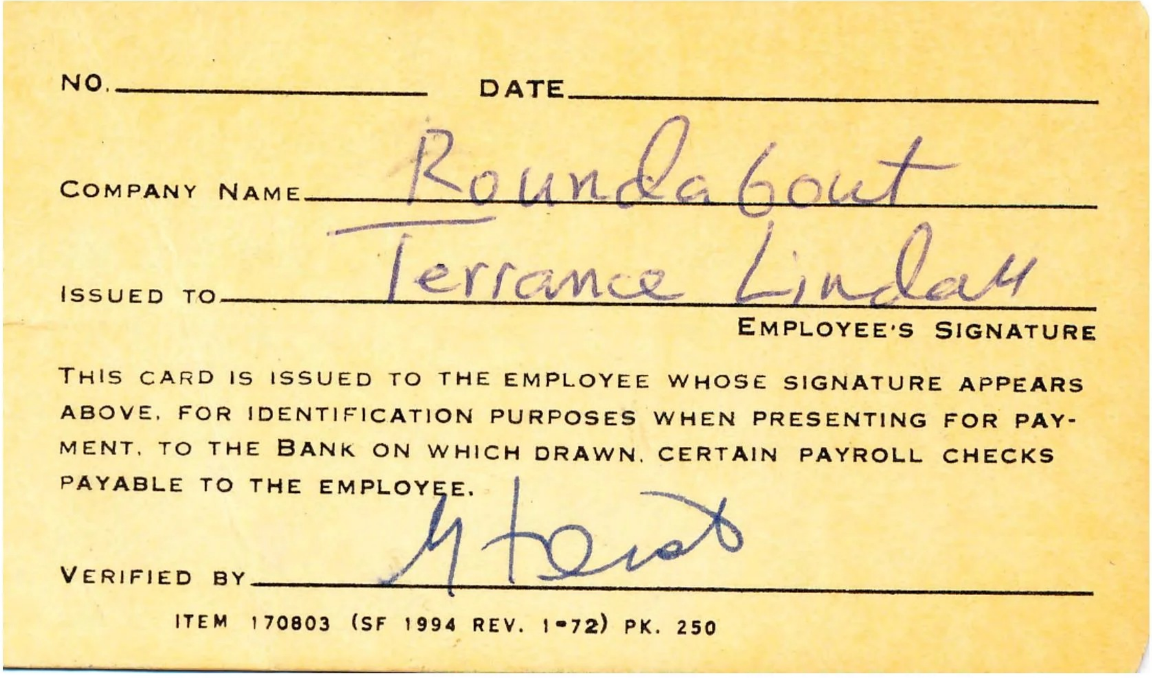
My time was running out at Roundabout. My character was vexing Gene and Todd alike. One day Gene came into my room and said, “I am writing an autobiography and I am going to devote one entire chapter to you!” I do not think he meant it especially kindly. Another day he came into my room and walked over to me with a glint in his eye and put his hands around my neck as if to strangle me. I was amused. Then an actor who was behind him pulled Gene away somewhat forcefully and said, “No Terry, he means it!”

Shortly thereafter Todd Haimes called me into his office and told me that I was fired. I took it with grace because I expected it. I always know when my time at a particular place is up. I believe in providence. I still had much to do. I was building my own empire outside of Roundabout and, as I said, they were merely a stepping stone on my journey that still has a way to go.

In my records. I still have my memo to Chris Yegen. when I tried to take over Roundabout, the world's largest theater. Good thing I keep copies of everything. As I understand it, many of the records of that time were ordered destroyed, although Yegen and Rayhill may have copies of this in their files. I kind of forget what I had in mind, but considering my track record of success it might have worked.

I think that Gene Feist told me that Chris Yegen's son was an actor and it was how he got involved in Roundabout.

I do not think they took me seriously. In any case I am glad they did not, because I am in a much more prosperous position now.



NO. ______ DATE ______

COMPANY NAME Roundabout

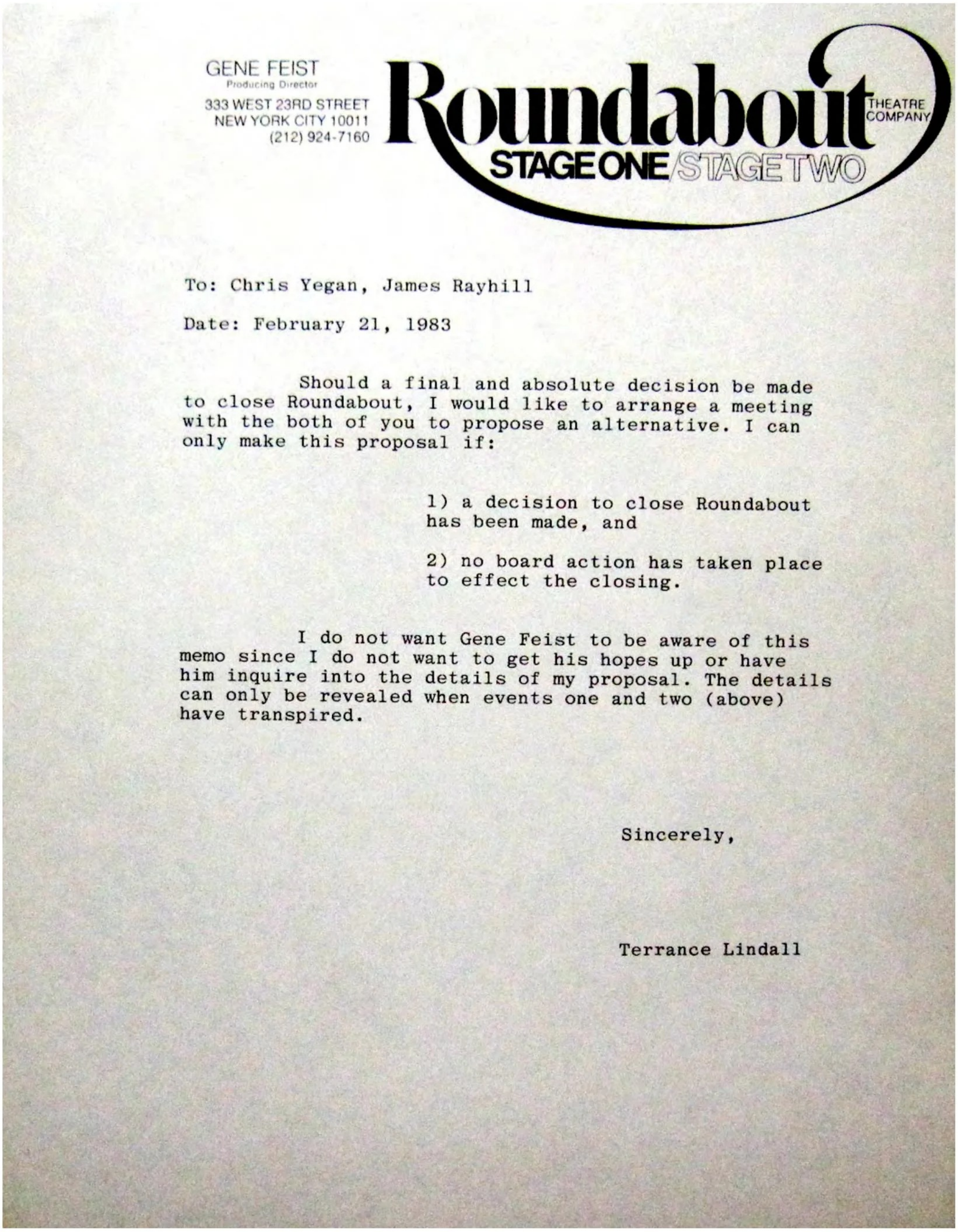
ISSUED TO Terrance Lindall

EMPLOYEE'S SIGNATURE

THIS CARD IS ISSUED TO THE EMPLOYEE WHOSE SIGNATURE APPEARS ABOVE, FOR IDENTIFICATION PURPOSES WHEN PRESENTING FOR PAYMENT, TO THE BANK ON WHICH DRAWN, CERTAIN PAYROLL CHECKS PAYABLE TO THE EMPLOYEE.

VERIFIED BY G Feist

ITEM 170803 (SF 1994 REV. 1-72) PK. 250



GENE FEIST
Producing Director
333 WEST 23RD STREET
NEW YORK CITY 10011
(212) 924-7160

Roundabout THEATRE COMPANY
STAGE ONE/STAGE TWO

To: Chris Yegan, James Rayhill

Date: February 21, 1983

Should a final and absolute decision be made to close Roundabout, I would like to arrange a meeting with the both of you to propose an alternative. I can only make this proposal if:

1) a decision to close Roundabout has been made, and

2) no board action has taken place to effect the closing.

I do not want Gene Feist to be aware of this memo since I do not want to get his hopes up or have him inquire into the details of my proposal. The details can only be revealed when events one and two (above) have transpired.

Sincerely,

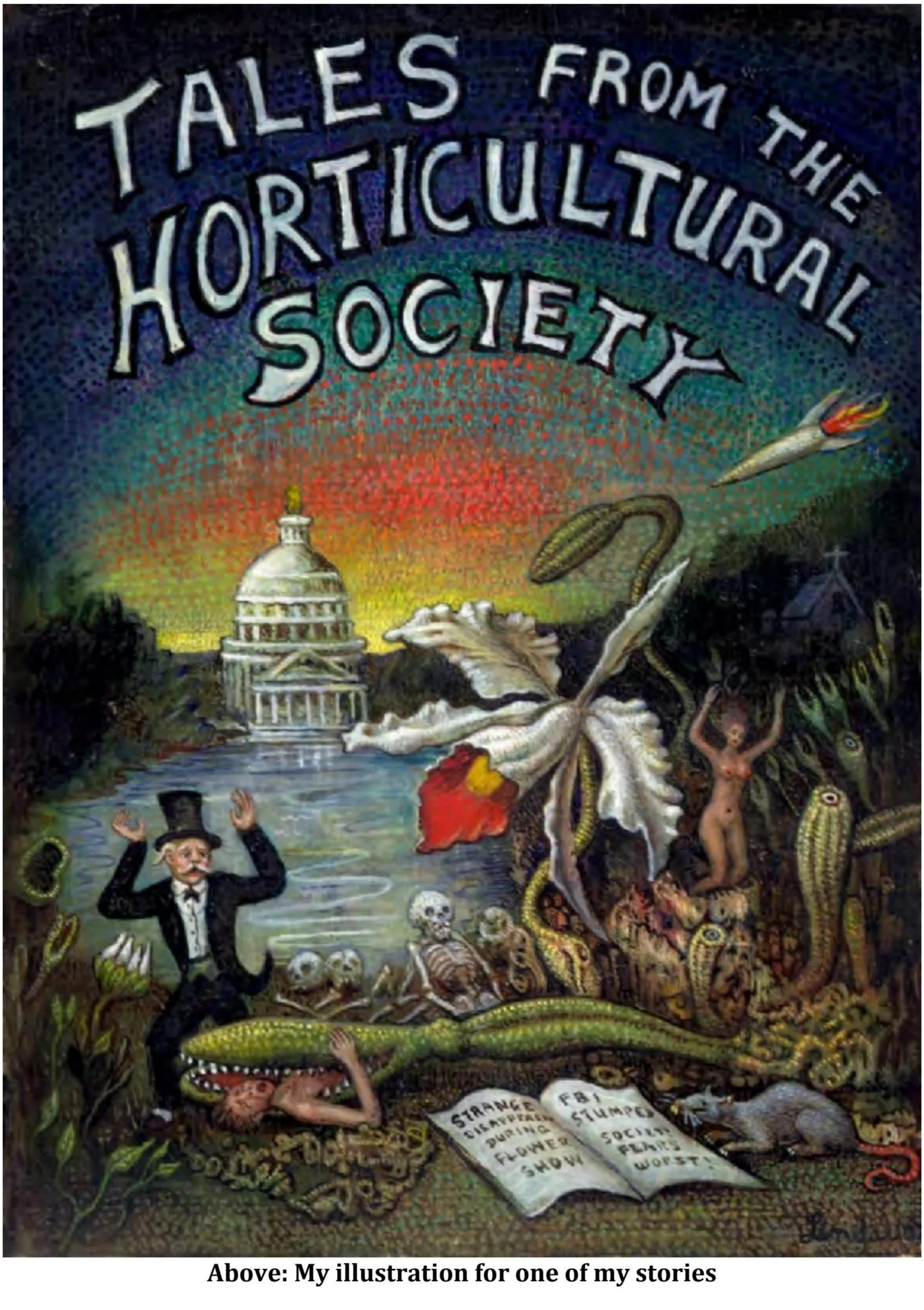
Terrance Lindall

Epilogue:

I met with Tiffany Nixon on Monday June 4th. She is a slim dynamic and vivacious personage in tennis shoes, not what one expects an archivist/librarian to be. I think that she gave me more insight into Roundabout than I did. Her impression was that the board and staff of Roundabout are blasé' about her project that was funded by an outside grant. Tiffany and I talked about this disinterest in their own history and the immediate self-absorption and self-aggrandizement of the types who haunt the corridors of theater, including actors, producers and directors.

Under Todd Haimes the theater developed. It moved from the rat warrens of 23rd street to 14th Street. The records of Roundabout were eventually transferred off site to a storage facility and eventually were ordered destroyed. That is why Tiffany said there were no records of that time and why she was interviewing the people who worked there. It is possible that the destruction of records was ordered because of that IRS case or some such and they wanted to bury a shameful past. After all, it was a messy and regrettable time. Even though they were producing excellent plays under Gene Feist, the whole Roundabout contraption was like something out of Mel Brooks comedy "The Producers."

After reading my little history of my time with Roundabout, Yuko Nii, Founder of the Williamsburg Art & Historical Center, pointed out that in saying that I now had my own theater, the WAH Royal Theater, I was not stating the truth, but was inflating my ego and taking credit that was not mine. I was being vainglorious. She is absolutely right! That was a silly thing to say. The WAH Theater (we dropped the "Royal") is the product of Yuko's creation of the WAH Center with her own financial resources and dedicated hard work. Yuko founded the WAH Center as a multifaceted production having theater, dance, music, art, an educational program, lectures, symposia, film and several more dimensions. I have helped, in part, along with all of the artists and performers and volunteers to make it what it has become. The WAH Center still has a long road ahead of it and Yuko along with myself and all of the volunteers, artists and performers who have stayed with us to help us grow will be enjoying this extraordinary journey in the arts. We hope that you who read this will join us.


TALES FROM THE
HORTICULTURAL
SOCIETY
STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE DURING FLOWER SHOW
FBI STUMPED
SOCIETY FEARS WORST!

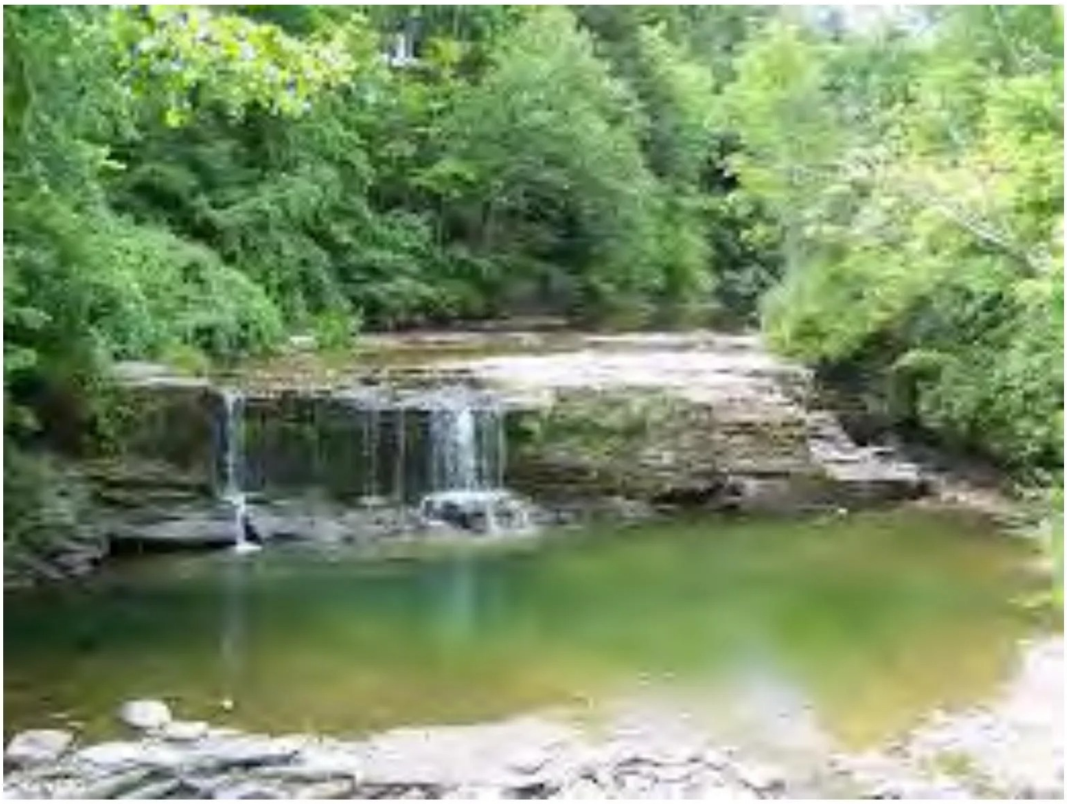
Above: My illustration for one of my stories

FINANCIAL MANAGER OF
THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF NEW YORK (HSNY)

I needed a job. I got one at the HSNY. The executive director was Larry Pardue, a very interesting character indeed. Besides being the executive director, he had a radio talk show on horticulture. He was from Florida.

The HSNY was essentially an old WASP club. Some lived in Greenwich Connecticut, some in other exclusive and privileged areas in the east. Ann Bucknall was an important lady on the board, whom I admired. My private office contained some of my art & antiques and she would come in to visit occasionally. I had just acquired properties in upstate New York. It was a 19th century Quaker meetinghouse with a separate rectory overlooking a waterfall.

The Waterfall:



I bought another property contiguous to it and turned it into a park. I would go up weekends to work on the project. I would tell Ann about it. One day she said "I'll do your house if you do mine." That was an invitation to see her estate. I never did. She was a friend to Queen Elizabeth, so it was a distinct honor to be so invited.
I made the Quaker meetinghouse into a museum named The Greenwood Museum. It is on the National Register of Historic places.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Upperville_Meeting_House

Below: Reception at the Greenwood Museum:

I bought a classic 1971 Mercedes and had it restored. This was a time I wanted to collect some interesting cars to drive around in. Another was an MG Midget. My big project was a 1956 Mercedes 300C Limousine. Only 10,000 of this car were ever built. It was the preferred car of Kings and dictators. The German Chancellor Adenauer had one, so it became nicknamed “The Adenauer.” I called mine “Fafnir.” It contained the most powerful engine of its kind that was also used in the renowned Gull Wing Coup that won the Grand Prix. It needed a lot of restoration. The fellow who was doing the work gave up half way through, so I had it stored for several years. The storage company went out of business. By that time I was totally absorbed by my helping Yuko Nii develop the WAH Center (Williamsburg Art & Historical Center) in Brooklyn. So I sold it and gave the money to the WAH Center.

Below me and my 1971 Mercedes that I named "Brunhilda"

The Horticultural Society and the New York Flower Show

The Society had owned one of the great collections of botanical books, rare books going back to the 15th century and probably further. You can buy a book about it: **Printed Books 1481-1900 in the Horticultural Society of New York**

The HSNY was not in good financial condition when Larry took charge. The book collection was on open shelves with no security and no environmental protections. So he convinced the board to sell the collection. It was a crime in my opinion. It was sold at a private sale for $1.6 million. Today it would be worth a lot more. The NYS Attorney General was informed of the sale. They did not stop it since it was in progress, but required the HSNY to put the funds into a permanent endowment. The HSNY did that.

Now Larry convinced the board to revive the defunct NY Flower Show. He said they could raise funds for the HSNY programs.

Here is a listing in the NY Times 1992:
"DISCOVERY '92: 500 YEARS OF FLOWER AND GARDEN EXPLORATION," the annual flower show sponsored by the Horticultural Society of New York, Pier 92, 51st Street at the Hudson River.

To finance the launch of the show they borrowed from the endowment created from sale of the book collection. The show lost money and for a couple of years more the show lost money. Only one year do I remember where it did well. I produced a spreadsheet projecting that the HSNY would be bankrupt in a few years with no endowment. I think they took me seriously. I advised them to buy their own building with the endowment and rent out part of it to support programs. They did not do it. I do not think they were good managers, but they were old moneyed and privileged WASP eastern high society and did not seem to think it important. They probably thought they could always raise money. I am sure they were right.

Being the person I am, I wrote a little horror story about the New York Flower show called “The NIGHT PRUNNER.” It told the strange goings-on in Central Park after a board member devised a park beautification project. It involved kidnappings, gigantic flowers created by a strange scientist, Dr. Liverwort, for the flower show and a monster like “The Blob” that devastated the park until the army was called in. It did not go over well with the board. I got a letter one day from an irate board member saying it was “…lurid, disrespectful; and disloyal!"

My character in my novella was a Dr. Liverwort and was based upon the fascinating character of James Jesus Angleton (December 9, 1917 – May 12, 1987) who was once chief of the CIA's counterintelligence. Angleton was a poet and, as a Yale undergraduate, editor, with Reed Whittemore, of the literary magazine Furioso, which published many of the best-known poets of the inter-war period, including William Carlos Williams, E. E. Cummings and Ezra Pound.

According to Wikipedia, Angeton carried on an extensive correspondence with Pound, Cummings and T. S. Eliot, and was particularly influenced by William Empson, author of Seven Types of Ambiguity. He was trained in the New Criticism at Yale by Maynard Mack and others, chiefly Norman Holmes Pearson, a founder of American Studies, and briefly studied law at Harvard. James Angleton came to public attention in the United States when the Church Commission (formally known as the Senate Select Committee to Study Governmental Operations with Respect to Intelligence Activities), following up on the Warren Commission, probed the CIA for information about the Kennedy assassination. Because Angleton was a member of Yale's long Secret Society Skull & Bones that has deep roots in CIA, some conspiracy theorists speculate that his selection as investigator was an effort to whitewash the findings of the Warren Commission with respect to involvement by CIA members. He was known to *raise orchids* and was the renowned "mole hunter" of the CIA thought to have had many CIA agents executed if he thought them involved in reveling secrets to the Russians.

Time to move on…Meanwhile, it was a good rollicking time. I got to know some members of the Irish mafia on the west side piers. The big boss gave me his name card an said it would get me into any show on Broadway FREE!. They ran the ticket taking union! And I used it. They ushered me to the head of the line and right into the best available seats.

ODD MAN OUT IN THE WORLD'S LARGEST ART COMMUNITY

WILLIAMSBURG
BRIDGE
BROADWAY
ONE WAY

When we first opened the WAH Center I had assumed that the artists were an open minded lot. It turned out that many of the ones in Williamsburg were an arrogant and downright mean bunch who ragged anyone outside of their 'gang.' The attitude of these people was written across heir brows: "I'm important, you're NOT!!!" They did not like the fact that the BIG ROCK of the WAH Center was dropped into their little pond making some of the "big frogs" mad because we were stealing their thunder. They spread vicious rumors about us. Joe A., their defacto leader, told one artist who eventually became part of our Salon, "Don't go to the WAH Center, you'll ruin your reputation." So I took them on, never afraid of a good fight...just me alone against the many. It was an uneven fight and I got the better of them because they were not especially smart.

I remember coming to Williamsburg one night from my job as business manager of the American Numismatic Society, America's oldest museum. The community had been gathered together to help brainstorm on what programs the WAH Center should have. Since I was the president, I presided over the meeting. I was dressed in my pin stripe suit and vest. It was obvious that I was a bit out of place in a meeting of working artists. At the end of the meeting one of them turned to me and said "I do not believe in you!" I told her "that's ok, you do not have to come to any more meetings." She was stunned.

One person, famous for being on the Johnny Carson show, wanted to be president. He talked to Yuko behind my back saying "who is that guy...he will ruin you. Make me the president." The fellow looked like a used car salesman and his hands had grease under the fingernails because he worked on cars.

A year passed. The art cum gallery owners, including Joe A., gathered one night at the Williamsburg Gallery Association with Yuko present. They all surrounded her with sheaves of printouts of the emails I had sent to them over the past couple of years demanding that she "do something" about me. I was ruining them!
Most of them are gone or gone under. They now have time to repent at leisure. I never suffered one bit from anything they said about me or tried to do to me. I just kept working to help Yuko's WAH Center and to help good artists promote their careers. That established us as a credible venue.

YOU CAN READ MY HISTORY OF THE WILLIAMSBURG ART COMMUNITY IN

Carter Kaplan's Emanation: Third Eye, release September 2013
Info: iasumbissions@hotmail.com

My letter of apology to the WGA:

To Ed Winkelman
Becky Smith
Williamsburg Gallery Association
c/o Bellwether Gallery

July 31, 2003

Dear Ed and Becky,

This letter is in way of an apology for any disturbances I may have caused the members of your fine organization over the past year in my freewheeling e-mails. I had not realized that artists and gallery owners were of such delicate sensibilities. I thought straight talk was the best talk.

Since I have always freely spoken my mind, it always comes as a surprise to me that people might not want to hear what I have to say. I do disagree with people most often because my philosopher's nature is to engage in a dialectic that is supposed to result in truth. I forget that this might not be of interest to gallery owners.

In any case I do humbly ask forgiveness of you and your members. And further, I will not send any e-mails to any of your members except from Yuko or on very specify business related matters. And I personally will not attend any of your meetings. Only Yuko or other designated WAH Center representatives will attend.

As for any material regarding the WGA on 11211 Magazines web-site, It has nothing to do with me. I suggest that you begin to engage in a positive dialogue with Breuk about any matters that concern you in that regard.

You may show this to all members of the WGA, if you so wish.

Attached is my statement for the record on the WGA and the new "Alliance."

Have a pleasant summer, all!

Sincerely,

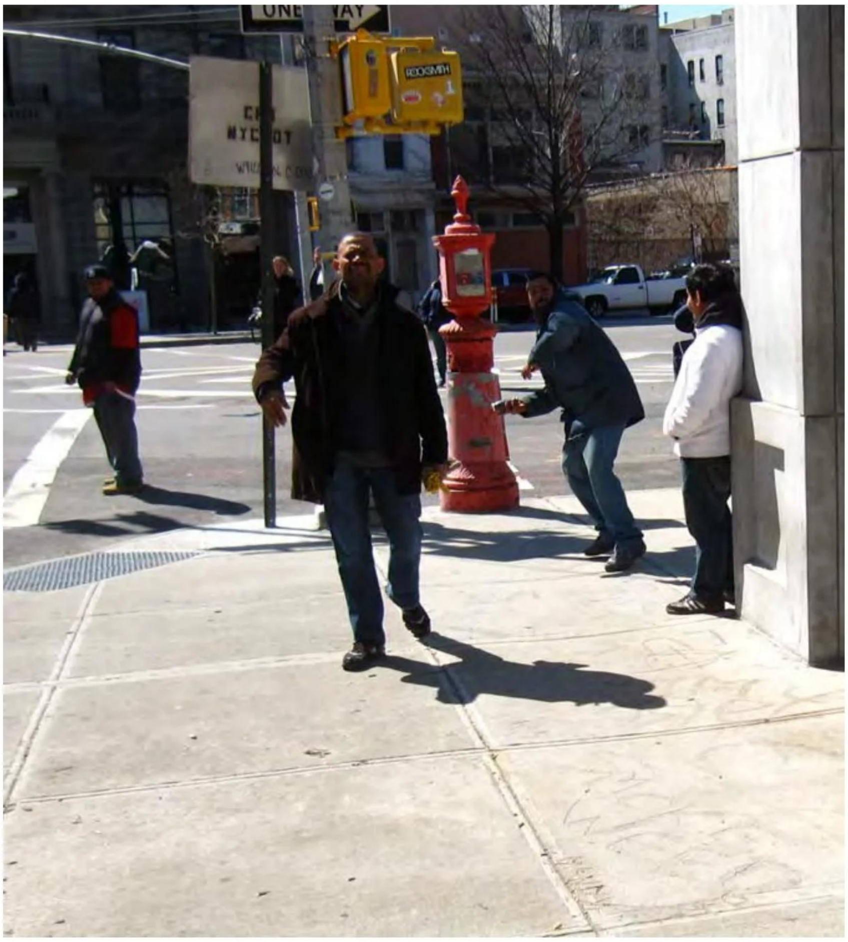
Terrance Lindall

Hasidic Jews
Tribal Positioning and cold wars in the pre-apocalyptic world of 2011

I live next to a very interesting tribe in Williamsburg Brooklyn. They are waging an ongoing war against anyone who is not Hasidic. It is done by tricks, just plain old human craftiness and swindling, damaging those they send in as fronts and those who are sent against, leaving themselves undamaged to lick up the pieces they are going after. Admirable! It is well known that they act collectively. The elders determine general protocols of behavior and action with regard to the outside world. They have needs. Since they have large families in order to increase their population and control over the community in which they live, they need housing and of course money. In the cities in which they live they bribe politicians to provide to their needs more than any other groups, and since hey vote in a block, they have the attention of the politicians. They engage in money laundering, drug dealing and even recently, human organ trafficking at gunpoint. And they want the building on the corner of Broadway and Bedford that my art center occupies. What does that mean to me. Right now it means that I will probably not live to see the completion of my most important project in decades, the completion of my paradise lost elephant Folio. Here’s why:

Life next to the Hasidim in Williamsburg Brooklyn

Today at about 12:15 PM Saturday March 26th, 2011, Hispanic day workers standing on the corner of Bedford and Broadway accosted me after I got out of my car. I was lucky enough to get pictures of them as they accosted me. One threw a bottle that hit me. They told me quite directly they were going to eventually kill me. I called the police who finally came after about 20 minutes and they spoke to the prime character a bit in Spanish. The said they told him not to hang on my corner.



Above: I photographed day workers on my corner as they attacked me.
I actually believe that they will try to kill me. I take it as no empty threat.

The day worker problem started a few years ago. At that time we had not day workers standing on our corner. Then suddenly they started showing up in droves, 590 to 100 of them. The said that the Hasidic on Division Street where they used to wait for work did not want them to stand there any more. I drove down to Division Street to find a couple of Hasidic men telling day workers to wait for work on the corner of Broadway and Bedford avenues. They aid that if I wanted to talk to the main guy he was Isaac A. Eventually I found him and asked him about it. He said that day workers were a problem in the Hasidic community, defecating on the street and in the foyers of apartment building. He said the community had had enough, so he encouraged them to move to our corner. Since Hasidic construction people pick up most day workers there, they complied. Isaac A. would not help, although he asked for money top see what he could do legally.

True to what he said, the day workers urinated and defecated in the street. One day leaving our building I put my foot out the door to have a stream of urine run on my show from a day worker urinating in our doorway.

Finally we wrote to David Yassky our local city council member. He did not reply to our letter. We called his office and his assistant said rather coldly that there was nothing David Yassky could do and that it was city sanitation problem. In other words, having received support from the Hasidic community he was in no way going to help us.

All the meanwhile since this large contingent of day workers began sitting on our corner leaving beer cans, garbage, boxes to sit on, people from the Hassidic community began to call both Yuko and myself day and night saying they wanted t o buy the property. Apparently they thought that they could drive us out with day worker harassment and acquire the building. One person who came over to talk was Solomon D. who eventual offered us $4.5 million all cash fast close. We refused.

So now it is on my mind that perhaps the Hasidic will try to have some day workers kill us on order to acquire the property. If that seems so fantastic, one has to remember the recent incident where in the FBI caught a local Hasidic who trafficked in Kidneys, taking confused poor people from Eastern Europe, paying them $10,000 for a kidney, flying them to he USA for surgery and if they refused, holding a gun to the head of the victim who was in a strange country and could not speak English. He sold the kidneys for as much as $160,000 each.

So what crimes will avaricious people perpetrate to acquire money and property in New York City. Do any of us have any protection? Probably there will be much crying and hand ringing when we are dead and maybe the Hasidics will find a way to cajole or threaten the remaining board of the Yuko Nii Foundation to relinquish the property them.

The day worker problem was not my first encounter with Hasidim. Back around 1999 or so, a Hasidim named Kramer bought the Gretsch building on Broadway down from our WAH Center. A lot of artists had been renting spaces there along with Yuko who had an artist in residence program on one half of one floor. It is a huge building. All of the tenants got a notice saying that the electricity would be cut off in a couple of weeks. We did not realize what it meant. Kramer had wanted to drive out all the tenants so he could renovate and develop the property. He found that the leases did not say that he had to provide electrical service. So he cut off al the electricity to the non-Hasidic tenants. The Hasidic tenants still had service. This caused great problems to all the artists doing business in the building since they were required to ay rent even though they could not function because they had no electrical service. By attrition the artists had to move and Kramer succeeded. If we had the building and turned off all the electricity to the Hasidics only, we of course, would be called anti-semites.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SURREALIST PAINTER WHO FALLS IN WITH THE HIGH FASHION SET

by Terrance Lindall, Copyright 2004

Above: Terrance Lindall at the Robert Fulton mansion reciting Paradise Lost during a Kate Spade fashion shoot photo by Tim Walker

Tom Sawyer Comes to New York

Just to put this in perspective, I happen to be an artist, well known in some circles. I am also the President & Executive Director of the Williamsburg Art & Historical Center in Williamsburg Brooklyn, USA, which is the world's largest artists community. This is one of many tales of serendipity and adventure of a Minnesota river kid (myself) who came to New York City as a young man to follow an exotic and beautiful woman, and ended up in enough fascinating adventures for several lifetimes. While in my teens, I was in the army. I have been a cover artist for famous comics. I have hobnobbed in High Society. I have created my own museum and park in upstate New York. I have been involved in New York theater, written art criticism, and philosophical tracts (I was in the Ph.D. program in philosophy at New York University), and done many other things, always on the move. For this particular true story I am a fashion model. Each part of my life has its own unique set of people with events or happenings which are sometimes fun, sometimes thoughtful, sometimes glamorous, sometimes harrowing, but never without a rollicking tale to tell and few dull moments. Sometimes my friends ask me why I am always in a hurry. It's because there are so many things to do and there is so little time. So here is one story about my life in a high fashion photo shoot.

Film & TV at the Art Center

As I recall, I was minding my own business (or getting into everybody's business) one day hanging around in front of the art center. The Center's building is not just an ordinary building. It is a national treasure and looks rather like a millionaire's mansion. It is actually an old bank building from the Civil War era. Anyway, that day I was chatting to passersby on the street. It was also the day a major film studio happened to be shooting a movie scene at the Center...I think with Robert DeNiro. So there was a lot of commotion with movie directors, extras, production crew and the like. A lot of movies are shot here because it is an interesting location. We have had police dramas for TV's "Third Watch," rap video shoots, and even fashion shoots with Vogue Magazine, among others. A complete film, "Pooty Tang," with Chris Rock was shot here a couple years ago and Fox Films used our space for holding while shooting the film "Siege."

Discovered

Anyway, a few days after the Robert DiNiro take, I got a call from a photographer who said he wanted to drop by and get photos of the "guy who paints elves." I replied that I am sure that there is nobody here who paints elves, and after a bit more chat, I realized he was talking about me (they thought my famous "Stone Eater" painting looked like an elf). So he dropped by, snapped my picture as I played "fashion model" and posed in karate positions pretending I was James Bond. I never heard from anybody for a long time and I had completely forgotten about the incident, until about nine months later when Jennifer Venditti, a talent agent, called. She asked if I was free to be photographed for a Kate Spade fashion catalog. They told me that I would get a couple thousand dollars per day for three days. I figured that this was probably what I was worth, since I rent out one floor of our building for fashion shoots for about the same amount. So I agreed.

Kate Spade, Fashion Phenomenon

In case you are not a person who buys or follows pricey fashion or are deep into the fashion and glamour business, let me tell you who Kate Spade is. She is a beautiful and energetic lady who has created, with her husband Andy by her side, a meteoric career in the world of high fashion through her "classic" sense of elegance in design for handbags (and now shoes and paper as well). The story goes that she started off as an assistant editor at Mademoiselle Magazine. One day she said to her boss, "I am going to try designing and marketing handbags. In case it doesn't work out, I hope I can get my job back." In a very short few years, Kate Spade was grossing millions and her boss was working for her. In the world of Eastern high society, at the gala charity affairs and the "coming out" debutante balls, a Kate Spade handbag is a mark of belonging to that social stratum. In some photos of Jackie Onassis, you can see her with a Kate Spade handbag strapped to her shoulder.

TV, High Fashion & Make Believe

On with the story! So, I got the call for the Kate Spade fashion shoot. Up early one morning at 4:30 A.M. and a cab to a parking lot in Manhattan where the models were arriving one at a time. None of us spoke to each other much until we were on the van heading 150 miles up to Hudson New York where the shoot was to take place. We started asking each other "What do you do. Have you modeled before?" One model was the beautiful Sarah Lamm, whose picture I had seen recently on the side of a bus. Another was Sunrise who was then doing a half-hour police drama on TV. Hey, I was now in the world of TV, high fashion and make believe!

Smoked Salmon, Strawberries & Tweed

On the Kate Spade shoot we were at the Robert Fulton mansion in Hudson New York. I remember that they had a personal chef who provided the best cuisine I have ever had. Mornings in the drawing room provided mounds of fresh baked cranberry muffins, croissants, smoked salmon, cheeses, gallons of coffee, strawberries, raspberries, eggs cooked any way you requested. Pretty much all day I had the fun of posing as the head of an upper class family in my tweeds, strolling down the garden paths, sitting around in chairs on the lawn and playing games like charades, while the photographer, Tim Walker, shot pictures.

All that was two years ago. Since then I have modeled for Bergdorf Goodman Magazine, IBM and others, always posing as someone with an aristocratic look, which pleases my vanity.

The Mysterious Professor Lawrence Barnaby is Conjured

A few weeks ago at this writing, Jennifer Ruske of Kate Spade called me and told me that everyone there thought I was the perfect choice of their next fall catalog shoot. So I went down for a fitting with the costuming director Karen Patch, putting on various outfits and hats that might suit an upper middle class, well-to-do, WASP professor. I was to play the part of Professor Lawrence Barnaby, Ph.D. Mythology. I posed for some Polaroids so they could determine which outfits they would finally select. I pretended to be fly fishing or skeet shooting or playing golf for the camera. We all laughed and smiled at the different costumes and enjoyed the whole affair.

They told me that I was to play the part of the head of an upper middle class family from the north shore of Chicago on a trip to New York. They have definite story lines for their catalogs, probably targeted to the clientele they wish to attract. In this case, the family in their catalog is “well respected but one that the rest of the community views as slightly mysterious and quite unique. An invitation to their annual holiday party is coveted, as the event is always a flamboyant all night affair. There are inevitably ‘tales to tell’ after each year’s party...enough to fill a short book.”

The Cast of Characters:

Terrance Lindall as Professor Lawrence Barnaby

Ann McGowan as wife Althea Lawrence
Isabel Penzlien as daughter Tennesee Lawrence
Matthew Gray Gubler as older son Toby Lawrence
Gray Gubler as younger son Gray Lawrence

Powdered and Preened, and on to the Carlyle

The first day of the shoot was actually pretty ordinary. Each of us was given our costumes, and the hair stylist and make up artist worked on us. We were powdered and preened. Soon we were the high example of an upper middle class American family.

Our first shoot was at the Carlyle Hotel pretending to be greeting the older son who was studying at a university in New York City. While shooting at the entrance, guests of the hotel were coming in and out and hailing taxis. One guest asked what was going on. Matthew pointed to Gray and said “Oh, that’s McCauley Culkin and he’s doing some press shots for an upcoming movie.” The lady was totally gullible and started chatting with Gray. Apparently she did not realize that McCauley Culkin was now in his twenties, and this eleven year old could not possibly be McCauley Culkin. We really got a hoot out of that! After that, we went down to the East Village for some shots, and then on to Gallery LeLong in Chelsea where I got to see Ursula Rysingard’s work, a Williamsburg artist whom they represent.

At the Carlyle with Mathew Gray Gubler

Getting to Know You, Getting to Feel Free & Easy

The models were just getting to know each other a bit, chatting between shots. Asking the personal background questions such as "Do you have children? Are you married. What are you studying in college. What does your father do for a living? " As it turned out, my beautiful "wife" Ann was a professional tango dancer, and right off the mark I managed to recruit her for our Williamsburg Dance Festival. Over the two days, she also showed us videotape of some of her experimental films. I am not big on experimental films, but her work was very pleasing, reminding me of the swaying fields of grass in the Japanese movie "Oni Baba," about a Demoness who lived among the grasses. Very surreal! Matthew Gubler (one of my "sons") was about to graduate from New York University and had just received several awards for his filmmaking. He had to miss the awards ceremony because of the fashion shoot.

This Record is a Piece of Shit

The last shot on the first day was at a record store in the East Village. One of the shots was of my "daughter" Isabel trying to convince me to buy her a record. Andy Spade instructed me, "I want you to be looking at the record as if it's a piece of shit." So I screwed up my face with a doubtful look, cocked my eyebrow skeptically, and put my hand to my chin, while Isabel (my "daughter") looked on eagerly and encouragingly.

The Professor Looks Rather Stiff

Larry Sultan, the photographer, is a great manager of the talent on the set. He encourages and jests and gets the talent moving. When I was standing with Isabel, Larry noticed that I was "posing" rather than acting natural. "You're too stiff professor!" he said. So tall and lanky Isabel pushed me around a little bit and got me laughing, and I became relaxed. It's good to joke and have fun. It loosens one up.

Marlena Dietrich Appears

As the photographers were setting up their next shot, I took a good look at Isabel sitting over near the window. She had a sad and faraway look in her eyes. It struck me then that she looked just like a young Marlena Dietrich. I pointed that out to the creative services director, Julia Leach, and also Karen Patch, the costuming director. They absolutely agreed. I said, "I would like to sign her to a contract. She is unique." After the last shot, We were instructed to arrive at 6:30 next day.

Rotten Frogs & Squirming Eels

Next morning we rolled down to Chinatown in our location van where we were photographed at various unique shops and a noodle factory. Video and 16 mm film recorded the entire production throughout the two days. During the shoot I met several people on the street who know me. I shook hands and chatted. The beautiful Isabel Penzlien, who played my daughter, and who lives in Chinatown, took me and Matthew Gubler, who plays my son, on a little excursion through the exotic Chinatown shops while the shooting crew was busy doing something else. We visited the fish stores where we saw live frogs and eels. Looking at the frogs, we thought of our "McCauley Culkin" and his video game holder. Matthew said "we should put a frog into his holder and surprise Gray when he opens it up." Then he said "No, I don't think so. Gray probably wouldn't open it up for a few days, and he would find a rotten frog in it."

The eels lay there squirming, and then suddenly one showed a little more life, flopping out. Matthew and Isabel jumped back. "Looks like one of those H. R. Giger creatures from the movie 'Alien,'" I remarked.

Scene-sters

We and had a rollicking time on the sidewalks in Chinatown, cracking remarks and laughing our way through the streets. Whenever we saw a group of people who look like the pretentious artist types we sometimes see in Williamsburg, we went up to them dressed in our "out of town society costumes" and asked "Are you Scene-sters??? The reason we did that is because many of the young artists in Williamsburg are proud that they have created an “art scene.” There was even an e-mail debate in one of the chat rooms of Billburg.com on who belonged to the scene and who did not, rather like a puerile high school discussion of who was “in and out” with the cliques.

Gray was having a fine old time watching for types we could identify as "Scene-ster." He would throw the door open on the van and yell out "are you Scene-sters???" There was a point at which we had to restrain him because the people he was gong to yell at had tattoos and flabby bellies and surly looks, and seemed the types who might take umbrage, and beat the hell out of us. Anyway, it was fun while it lasted.

Running for Congress in Chinatown

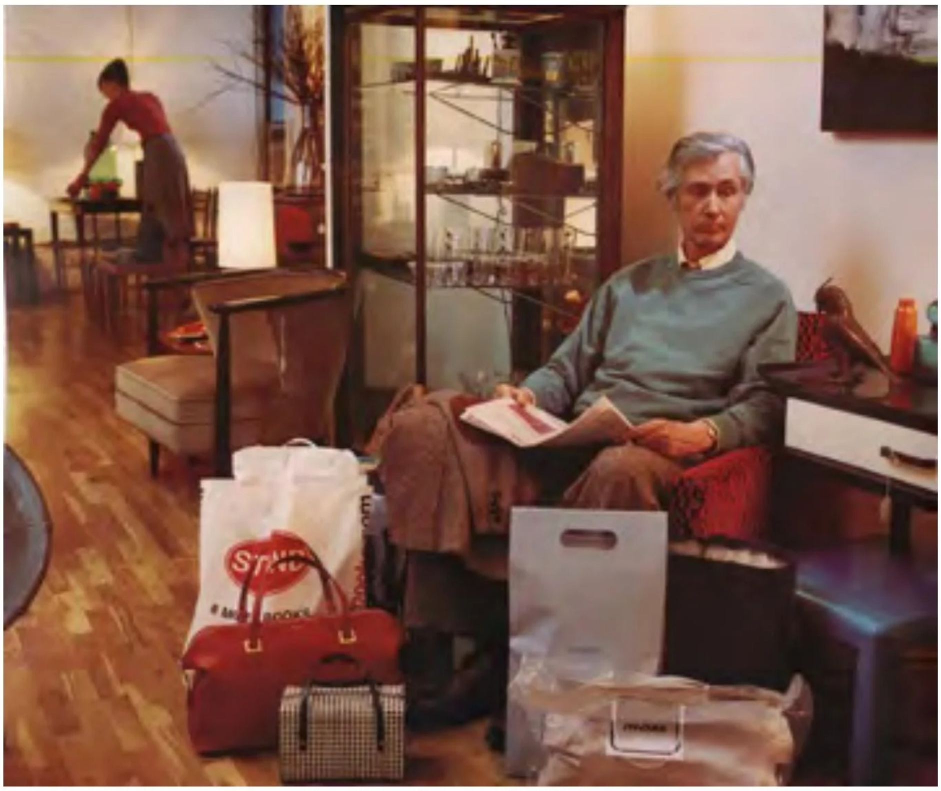
At one point I was having so much fun that when we were waiting for the production crew I started making a speech on the crowded sidewalk: “Ladies and Gentlemen, my name is Lawrence Barnaby and I am running for congress. I want your vote...!” and on and on. A short while later the creative director, Julia Leach, came up behind me, to my surprise, with a comical quizzical look that said “sunstroke perhaps?!”

The Bulgarian Waiter Takes His Chance

While being put on hold while they were shooting other members of my "family," I was sitting outside of the world famous Ferrara's cafe in Little Italy, when one of the waiters dressed in a precisely fitting red jacket, black pants and white shirt with bow tie came over. He was a stocky young fellow, about 5 foot 8 inches, dark hair slicked back, bulging muscles, rather Transylvanian in aspect, like Bella Lugosi. He asked me what we were doing out here on the sidewalk. I explained that we were doing a fashion shoot for Kate Spade. He said, "That’s exactly why I came to New York from Bulgaria. I’m a karate expert and I want to get into movies." We chatted a bit, and I saw Andy Spade over near the shoot. I pointed Andy out to he waiter and said, "go over and talk to that guy who looks like he just got off his yacht, and ask him if he can use you in a shot. Andy also does films. This could be your chance." The waiter hesitated, because Andy was intent on watching the shot. I told the waiter, “Hey, you've got to be a little bold. If you don’t take your chances when they come, you’ll never get where you want to go." I forgot about the waiter. But a little while later the waiter, dressed in his street clothes and smiling, came up to me and said that he had talked to Andy, and he was very grateful to me for encouraging him. Later, on the van, Andy said, "Hey, you know this Italian guy came up to me and gave me his card. Says he wants to be in a movie or photo shoot." Andy thought the guy had a "look" he might use for something. I wonder if I helped some star struck lug get his chance.

The Professor’s Stare Down with the Maltese Falcon

So, we went to a '50s antique furniture store. By George! If I did not meet someone I had collaborated with on a film festival at our art center in Williamsburg! It's a small world here in New York, even with eight million people. At this furniture store, I posed as the father waiting for his family to return, with all of the shopping bags and Kate spade carrying bags cluttered around him. The father is bored to death waiting for the wife and kids to return. He is so bored that he begins to get into a staring contest with a bronze bird on the table. That staring contest I did with one eyebrow cocked broke up the photographer.



Staring down the falcon

The Mythological Family

After that we went out for a shoot at a restaurant. At the "dinner" shot we got wrapped up with playing the part of the family of Professor Barnaby, Ph.D. Mythology. I played a game with the family, asking questions such as "who is the Nordic counterpart to Zeus?" or "who is the Roman counterpart to the Greek goddess Hera?" Once I asked, "Who stole fire from the Gods and was punished by being chained to a rock with the eagle of Jupiter tearing out his liver for all eternity?" Unfortunately, this professor Barnaby forgot the answer himself and none of the rest of the family could answer. Gray said, "you're not supposed to ask questions you can't answer yourself! Only after I returned form the Fashion shoot did I remember that it was Prometheus.

Dinner with family, Ann McGowan left & Isabele

Professor Strangled by his Daughter

So the photographer Larry had us do more poses. One was of the waiter delivering a birthday cake to Gray while we all smiled and cheered. Another was Isabel fixing the old professor's (my) tie. She started pulling on my neck. I thought this was so funny that I started clowning around about my being strangled and puffed up my face as if I could not breath. We all laughed. I admit that at the dinner we became so engaged with our repartee, we forgot that we were being shot for the fashion catalog.

That University in Massachusetts

Isabel, being German, has a slight accent. She speaks quietly and enchantingly. We noticed that she said the word “Harvard” in such a charming way that we wanted her to repeat it often. We would coax her, “Isabel, what is that university up near Boston?” She would avoid the answer by saying “Boston University” or some other college. Finally she would relent and say “Harvard,” and we would all giggle and laugh. What fun!

Lifeboat with Talulla Bankhead

One of the psychologically interesting aspects of modeling with complete strangers is how quickly one accepts the other models personally. Probably it is because we want the shoot to be successful. Also, we know that we are going to be in close quarters for the next couple of days, and we want to make the best of it and not cause any unpleasantness. I can liken it to being on a lifeboat and being adrift for a couple of days. Remember the movie LIFEBOAT with Talulla Bankhead? Because of the intensity of our interactions, by the second day we could really live the part of father, sons and daughter in a very personal and loving way. There are times when you are asked to pose with your faces close to one another and stand there for short periods, so you are looking into the other person's eyes. And you chat very quietly and personally about film or books or ideas. The result is that we become more personal with each other.

Your Choice: Friends or Money

While standing around at one point, I decided it would be fun to engage my family in a debate. I said "What would you rather have, friends or money, if you had to make a choice?" I started the whole debate off by saying, "I would go for the money, because you can always buy friends" —a very cynical answer, which I thought would spur them. Ann, Matthew & Isabel said "Friends rather than money." Gray chirped up "I would rather have friends with money." We laughed, and all thought that Gray’s answer was the best answer of all.

An Unusual Beauty

My “daughter” Isabel is a remarkable beauty. As I said, she looks a bit like Marlena Dietrich as a young lady. But she is 6-foot one-inch tall. And she has some oddities of feature that take her out of the realm of ordinary beauty you see in fashion magazines, and makes her, in fact, a *remarkable* beauty. And I think that she does not even know it. According to her, this was her first fashion shoot. I do not think she is suitable as an ordinary fashion model. But she does make you want to look at her. Ann, on the other hand, has classic beauty.

Larry Sultan & Andy Spade check shots, I sabelle looks on and Ann gets a powder

The Soprano Mafia Family Glides in on a Gondola and Greets the Barnabys

The evening of the last day we were at Central Park at sunset on a bridge overlooking a small pond. This was one of the most glorious moments I have experienced in New York... the wide sky overhead, the perfumed air, the birds singing their songs of the warm spring evening. And me with my beloved "family." A gondolier was guiding a couple under the bridge singing "Santa Lucia." Part of our crew called down to them. They were part of a cast from "The Sopranos."

Steak & Lobster at the Carlyle

After the park, back to the Carlyle Hotel around 10:30 P.M. for a few more shots, and the closing party where we all did a lot of networking, and we drank champagne and Guiness and ordered steaks and some kind of lobster dish. We all saluted Andy Spade and Kate Spade and thanked Andy for a great shoot. One last time we asked Isabel to say "Harvard." She relented, much to our delight. Gray said to her "I will never forget you, Isabel...never the rest of my life!" So, ultimately, I left my wonderful family behind. As Gray said, I will never forget them. The rest is glorious history

Epilogue:

Andy Spade Becomes an FBI Agent and Runs a Criminal Out of Business

Andy Spade had a lot of stories to tell about his life in the fashion business, such as the time he was walking down the street and saw a man selling fake Kate Spade and Gucci handbags. He told the fellow "I am with the FBI, and you are in trouble!" The man took off running. People on the street were asking Andy if they could buy a handbag, so he sold a couple of the Gucci bags and then called a policeman to gather up the Kate Spade bags.

Andy showed us a promotional video which included clips from the Kate Spade video they did during my modeling for them at the Robert Fulton mansion. It was a kick. Kate Spade and their whole team are a class act. There was not one moment of rancor or tension during the whole shoot that I was aware of. It was a fantasy come true for a kid from Minnesota now in his fifties.

Post Script

A month later, Julia Leach of Kate Spade called and asked if I could come down to Soho with Ann McGowan for a "voice over" for a video they are doing on the fashion shoot. Another bit of fun! I will show the video at the Center this Fall.

In 2004, this photo shoot was documented in "Fashioning Fiction" at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. The show included such famous names as Cindy Sherman and Steve Meisel. A review of the show appeared in Art Forum and many other magazines and newspapers.

http://74.125.47.132/search?q=cache:XkQ
Mvvj7QgJ:findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_m0268/is_9_42/ai_n6081702/+fashionin
g+fiction+in+photograpjy+kate+spade&cd=5&hl=en&ct=clnk&gl=us&client=safari

Matthew Gray Gubler. who played one of Terrance's sons became a well known TV star , and is best known for his role as the young genius Dr. Spencer Reid in the CBS television show *Criminal Minds*.

DINNER WITH THE DOWAGERS

The LAMBS CLUB

Having been invited to a look-over for membership in one of America's oldest clubs, The Lamb's Club, l I was feted to a theatrical production of one of Victor Herbert's musicals followed by a gathering in their pub where we discussed an upcoming event at our art center. As we hobnobbed with these folks we got into a discussion with two 80-year-old Brahmin dowagers who were having dinner and were well into their third glass of good whiskey. Above them hung a portrait of George W. Bush.

We were discussing the issue of support for the arts. We very much agreed that more than government support, the arts had always been supported by private wealth. This is true. The Metropolitan Museum, the Guggenheim and every other major collection is founded upon private collections and support of the wealthy. The dowagers were enthusiastic supporters of the National Arts Club and the Salmagundi Club and would have no truck with abstract expressionism and the like, nor even Jazz. As the evening pressed on, the ladies each ordered a fourth glass of whiskey, One, probably a beauty in her youth with her bright blue eyes peering out of sagging skin (who had studied music and did some singing in her youth) began to croon to me and press her hand to mine. With some delicacy I begged another engagement and left the club.

I am not unfamiliar with this type of Brahmin society, which lives in the 19th century, and finds even 1940's jazz vulgar. Their husbands are CEO's of some of the greatest corporations in the world.

Such Brahmins have employed me over the latter part of my working career to manage their charitable activities, my being acceptable to them. Unfortunately I have found them amusing rather than awe inspiring and have from time to time run afoul of them. I still have an irate letter written by one of them in response to one of free wheeling satires o their activities and proclivities. My admonisher said and I quote" "…having in the past received several of your lurid fictional adventures of the Board and Staff, I was aware that you were seriously lacking in good judgment…I am appalled that you have allowed yourself to express derogatory and disloyal opinions."

In promoting my satirical writings, I have often used the following quote to describe them : "…derogatory, disloyal; and seriously lacking in good judgment." It worked, my writings gained in popularity!

Yuko Nii & Terrance Lindall in their BROADWAY EMPIRE

Essays of Terrance Lindall

THOUGHTS ON RELATIVISM AND HUMANISM AND THE MERITS OF ELITISM
From Terrance Lindall

“If a long, sophisticated, tapestried, beautiful, meaningful narrative like Paradise Lost can be interpreted any way one likes, then it means nothing at all and is just a mirror of the reader's mind, and most professors of classical literature are out of a job.” Professor Roy Flannagan, The Milton Lists, November 19, 2008

Humanism is a rather gratifying idea in a democracy whose population comes from all corners of the world, from uniquely different cultures, religions, races. It essentially means that no matter what the individual values or does, the values or actions of that individual are neither better nor worse than any one else’s belief of actions. Cultural relativism - the non-relative absolute value of the Western world today.

In Brooklyn, an art critic recently wrote on the topic “you are your own art history.” It was a reaction to the fact that the commercial world has cornered and controlled, as a nearly absolute dictatorship, the art world of galleries museums and magazines and only allows selected artists, who are now money machines, to be recognized, to dominate and be historicized.

Well, that’s an interesting reaction from the art critic, that “we are our own history.” Indeed! And we are our history in our own groups locally, artists or not. But are not these only small histories? Is it not true that the commercial world of major galleries, museums and money machine artists, who are so much in the eye of the mainstream art world, are being judged too by a larger meta-historicity: the history of ideas that shape the world as seen only over a longer time frame? Do all ideas shape the world? Do some have more influence such that the idea is “greater?’ Making a big diamond ring, as Jeff Koons has done will probably live in history of the arts, because it is the icon of our times, if our times are to be remembered at all. Our times are such that the sole value of art is measured by money and is equated with diamonds, gold and other substitutes for cash. The actual idea in a work of “art” that resembles a large diamond means little. It is a joke, a jest. A joke has no particularly deep spiritual or intellectual message, as I personally believe great art has, unless the jest expresses a deep sadness over what human beings have become in the capitalist society.

The artists today who believe that all they have to do to live in history forever as great is to be advertised heavily, sell for a lot of money and have work in a major museum collection or a famous person’s collection are likely mistaken. There are always new and ambitious young artists around. There are always new wealthy collectors, there are always new museum curators who revere the new artist, new writers up and coming that want to make their mark, and some will. They will in their own time in the future be the Young Turks. The ones who were famous before them will become obscurities. The avant-garde marches out to obliterate the achievements, so called, of those who have gone before.

There have been recent discussions on the Internet about the fact that colleges and universities are discounting the classics in literature, such as Milton's Paradise Lost, as irrelevant to students in today's world. If yesterday's great writings are not relevant for those who live today, then the art & literature produced today will not be relevant to those who live tomorrow. "Not today and not tomorrow," nothing is of lasting value. It is a throw away world. There is no absolute value for the striving human spirit. The quality of thought is relative and irrelevant. One thing is as good as another. The dignity of the human being is lost and we are damned to spiritual emptiness. In the humanist world, men have become the criterion of perfection to themselves alone. If we rob, kill or torture, whether it is good or bad is all relative. After all, we believe that if we do it to protect our family it is good. There is no absolute law that compels "thou shalt not kill." Humanism in its absolute form is not even absolute. It is a scorpion that will sting itself to death.

Just to make it clear, I believe in the classics and I believe that some works of artistic achievement are superior to others and should be remembered and revered over time. It may be that those of us who believe this are elitists. Perhaps only 5% of the human race has the judgment to know what is worthwhile in human achievement. Perhaps we will have to maintain elitist universities for the preservation of high human culture, possibly hiding them from society at large. After all, in the communist/humanist world, "tall poppies must be cut down." We alone will revere the great achievements and the rest of humanity will have to be comforted by society's system of values whose god is money.

TODAY IN ART by Terrance Lindall

“If yesterday’s great writings and the art of the past)and the art those who are over 40) are not relevant for those who live today, then the art & literature produced today will not be relevant to those who live tomorrow. “Not today and not tomorrow,” nothing is of lasting value. It is a throw away world.”

A recent visitor to the art center whom we were considering for a position was introduced to one of our octogenarian artists. Later over tea he expressed his concern about working with the WAH Center because "the mainstream art world, whether you like it or not is all about youth and emerging artists...that's where the action is." He specifically mentioned that were too many 80 year old ladies around. He did not think the WAH Center was "in touch."

All of that when we had just finished a show of very emerging, youthful trendy Japanese artists, all in their 20's, one of many diverse programs that the WAH Center has, ranging from old masters to, yes indeed, the new emerging technologies, new horizons in music, etc.

The especially funny thing is that his gallery just went out of business, I assume because nobody was interested in his view of "emerging, trendy, chic, avante garde, youthful, in your face." His emerging art gallery had become "submerging, GONE WITH THE WIND."

The problem with emerging, chic and trendy is that trends come and go. It was true 100 years ago and it is today.

To succed as an artist, make art that is familiar to the yuppie Lawyers, architects and decorators. If you are a truly original artist people will not be able to recognize it as a “current trend.” Do not make it too expensive, because the yuppies are building their own careers too and live on a budget. 1960’s post modernism is the current hot market in Williamsburg. Call it “avante garde” and you can fool the art buyers, even though it is hack derivative trash. Call it “neo-Pop” or some such thing. Most The worse the art the better. That way nobody will understand it and with a little flim flam you can make them believe it is IMPORTANT because it is so “avant garde” it its over their heads. Nobody dares say 'the emperor has no clothes.'"

By the time they catch on, everybody will be too terrified about the bubble bursting to say anything. Truth would leave their collection of emerging art worthless.

The museums, will pursue the money crowd (the collectors) and so they will exhibit the same unfortunate "art" purchased by the lawyers architects and decorators. And the major auction house work hand in glove with

"As long as money, vanity and fear rule, and not taste, you've got it made!"

The Post Art World by Terrance Lindall

According to Donald Kuspit “The radically contemporary (in art) can never be delimited to any single historical reading.” Quite right. And yet museums, heavily engaged in interpreting and historicizing contemporary postmodern art right up tot the moment with shows like “Greater New York 2005” at the New York Museum of Modern Art are doing something, which is by its nature is contradictory and absurd. It is, as Kuspit says, “a “premature attempt to weed out and devalue the overwhelming Many so that the happy Few or One and Only truly and abosoutely significant artists can be put on glorious display.” This is all because the museums are now in bed with the marketplace. The blame lies with the board of managers who have forgotten the mission of the museum and probably own contemporary art they want to historicize and wish to sanctify as highly desirable and of significant monetary value.

The museum is naturally the repository of dead things, be they dinosaurs, ancient artifacts, or art of a time past. Their job is to preserve these things for current & future generations to study, and it is in part to celebrate the glory of the earth & the human condition. Museums are not contemporary art galleries. The job of the avante garde contemporary art gallery is to present new art which has not yet been fully interpreted or historicized. After the art is presented and tested in the field, in active human life, its impact on society is measured. If it has impact, that impact can be interpreted, historicized, laid to rest in a museum.

Unfortunately, some museums of fine art think that they also represent the community of new ideas, but that is the delusion of those curators or museum directors who wish to think that they can recognize new ideas. Some can, but for the most part cannot. Which is why movements like Impressionism had such difficulty with the inert institutions of the late 19th century. And although museum curators and directors think, "today is different," (that we live in an enlightened age) it probably is not the case. Most galleries in New York City are "post modernist." This is a hodgepodge of art that covers many interesting but also many badly done things. “If it is badly done, the artist can theorize it that he is "protesting against the McDonaldization of the art world," (a phrase that was used in a recent show in Williamsburg).

Let us understand the problems of the museum. The museum curators, in order to acquire their positions are educated at colleges and universities and are taught by persons who espouse the credo of their own time. In today's world the credo is that post modernism is the final and glorious summation of all art, there is nothing new on the horizon. The young student of art history or museum studies then graduates. If he got "A's" and graduated summa cum laude it is because he was able to regurgitate what the professors taught and by supporting the current hype. They are then hired by the museums to perpetuate the status quo. You can bet that if there is anything new in the art world, it is neither found at the schools, discovered by the museum managers, nor supported by them. Most artists, especially the career oriented artists of today want to have their work in museums like the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney or the Guggenheim, and so they paint in the style which is acceptable to the curators: Today it is postmodernism. But post modernism is dead (id est., there is nothing new here) and has not been for years. Unfortunately we are living with the corpse of post modernism in New York and the international art world at large. A few of these galleries have friends who are major museum curators and they all form a blockage of creative flow in the arts, wishing to perpetuate their own dominance of the commercial (includes museums) world. But these are imitators of imitators, the third generation and mostly third-rate galleries by quality standards. These gallery owners have friends who write reviews for the magazines, curate the museums. They are all part of a decadent world of dead art. Post modernism in its third generation spin offs stinks, because it is a walking corpse among. us. It looks alive and well...but it is a ZOMBIE.

If there are avante garde artists, they have not been encouraged by the commercial mainstream that looks to the auction for its cues to what is “important.” It is simply a fact of the human condition that the Kudzu plant of craftless “in your face art” of the postmodern world with its easy production is becoming somewhat stale. Money does indeed prop it up. Huge investments have been made by museums supported by wealthy collectors in the last 40 years. And the auction game has created a gambling scenario reminding one of Los Vegas. In an age when mastery of technique seems disparaged and the only value a work of art seems to have is its price at auction, it is a wonder that there re any artists seriously concerned with art at all! The true avante garde, if there are any, are not artists who pander to a market, as Arthur Danto said in Artnews in April 1988, “defined by John Maynard Keynes…” in which, …”drawing must be slack, the application of paint desultory and tacky, and the choice of colors rebarbative.” For the artists not interested in art, as long as money, vanity and fear rule, and not taste, you've got it made!

The subject of creativity in the art world is an interesting one, mostly because there is so little of it. Many would be artists growing up are influenced by the work of other artists, which makes sense. A creative artist is one who diverges from what he sees and ventures into "new " territory. But how many artists really do this? It is far easier if one wants to be a successful artist, to imitate success. And imitating success is what we see in the fine art world of the great metropolis of New York City and the emerging art community of Williamsburg Brooklyn. Some of the galleries that have managed to be around for a while are followers of a postmodern tradition that had its first successes in the 60's & 70's. They are a good example of how to succeed: "Do not innovate, IMITATE!" Also, socialize and make friends of museum curators & art critics... the artists will stampede to your door. If one does that, the art does not have to be good, it will SELL by association with influence. But this credo is not about art, it is about having a successful commercial career. Art is something else, I think. Most of these artists & galleries, curators, art critics will fade away. If you are part of a popular mass, you can bet you are mediocre. Unless you are a towering artist or writer who stood apart from the rest, you will be relegated to being a minor artist at best, or even a "would be artist" doomed to oblivion. But that is fair & just, it is historical will in the development of future possibility. If you enjoy being trendy, great... it is indeed enjoyable...it is fun to be part of a mediocre mass. If you have great ideas, be prepared for some pain.

The philosophers of our time suffer the same fate. We are in the Analytic and Post Analytic age of philosophy, which has reached a dead end. The only thing that they really agree upon in the Department of Philosophy up at Harvard is that they despise Heidegger, not on the basis of this thinking, but because he once belonged to the Nazi party, which he later disavowed.

Questions of Terrance Lindall

What is the Difference between a “revolutionary” and a “genius” in the arts?
What does it mean to be avante garde? For example, some galleries say they represent the avante garde, yet their artists are well regarded by the mainstream galleries, museums and art critics. Are they really avante garde? Isn’t the idea of the avante garde to be ahead of the mainstream and not quite accepted yet?
Are the people who run the galleries and museums just ordinary well educated men and women? How then can they really identify new genius?
Can genius only be recognized by genius? How then can the mainstream accept “genius,” something they cannot themselves identify as “genius.”? It seems that it is possible to convince the public that the emperor is wearing clothes when he isn’t! In other words, if the mainstream ordinary people cannot identify genius, are people simply following the leadership of someone who claims to recognize genius because most people need to create and follow a leader right or wrong?
Can one be a revolutionary or a genius and really be accepted by the mainstream? Does being a revolutionary mean merely to take the lead of the mainstream from someone else? Do the ideas of the revolutionary then become ordinary and not extraordinary? Perhaps the revolt was extraordinary and the resultant change ordinary? What is the difference between the ordinary and the extraordinary in culture? Are these nonsensical questions?
Why do artists and the public think that to be a great artist means to do something entirely original? Can something be not very original and still be great?

Surrealist Anarcho-capitalism
By Kapitalisimo
From the talk page of Wikipedia's Surrealism article, July 2006

With the fall of the Soviet Union, and the rampant growth of Democratic Capitalism, the developed countries have witnessed the highest point in the satisfaction of human needs (food, shelter, clothing) and also human desires (entertainment and leisure). The investment of man's labor and intellect into products for sale, such as automobiles, real estate, computers etc., investments made because of the possibility of harvesting profits, have caused a blossoming of the human condition unthinkable in centuries past. The unconscious desire, the surreal freedom of "DESIRE UNBOUND" to reap the possible utopia of abundant food, abundant leisure, and abundant capital has driven mankind toward a future of freedom quite beyond imagination. With the ultimate and absolute triumph of democratic capitalism or surrealist capitalism in both the East and the West the world is shaking off the tyranny of a failed Marxist struggle for an absolutely controlled economy which delivered only human misery, falling behind the West in the competition for improvement of the human condition.

Capitalism is by its very nature "surreal" because it represents the "practical" surrealist revolution of the dominance of the id (subconscious) over the ego and superego in achieving its unfettered desires. The ego and superego were always meant to be slaves of the id! "Freedom of Desire Over All!!!" Without desire, we desire nothing, not even to live. The very definition of id is "desire." What service can the superego provide to the self (ego) without the id. The id is the GOD of the ego, and the superego is the soldier in the service, a "capitalist tool," as it were! Democratic (Surrealist) Capitalist wars, to suppress the silly aspirations of ""Liberal/International/Marxist/Progressive//Socialists (or "LIMPS")," are good and moral wars. "LIMPS," in fact, have produced most of human misery in the last century. Persuading its enemies, Democratic Capitalism bequeaths the peace and richness of surrealism, id est, a true and abundant surrealist "DESIRE UNBOUND!" I had hoped that the educated among you recognized the revolution of the free individual in society which is what surrealism is about. The surrealist revolution is not for chaining of the individual under a Marxist yoke and having a Stalin or even Chicago's "Black Stalin" Franklin Rosemont and his white slaves dictate how one may think and behave.

"With the rampant growth of Democratic Capitalism, the developed countries have witnessed the highest point in the satisfaction of human needs (food, shelter, clothing) and also human desires (entertainment and leisure). Also "the nations of Eastern Europe are engaged in revolutionary programs of economic, political, and social reform moving them toward the combination of democracy and market economics." The Social Critic, Winter, 1998, The Conceptual Foundations of Democratic Capitalism by Dr. Edward Younkins, author of Capitalism and Commerce [7]

Yours, Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow and Forever! Kapitalisimo

After Kapitalisimo wrote this, a note was sent to the talk page:
Professor "Kapitalisimo" is dead! He was shot at his desk by an intruder while he was finishing up his latest book on "Frauds and Buffoons - a look at Midwestern Surrealism in the United States." A note was left on his body, "How many times do I have to repeat that surrealism is not an art movement." The professor's last words were something about "that Surrealist Sambo out in Chicago." I am the professors wife sending this last message to all you dear people. Sincerely, The Widow
By the way, the ceremonies will be held at another location. Professor Kapitalisimo was a Hasidic Rebe, and so on Saturday there will be a day of remembrance at Congregation Y L Satmar in Williamsburg Brooklyn, USA. All of you are welcome to attend. Services begin at 10 A.M. Wear a hat!! No Nazis please! Love, Dowager Kapitalisimo

From Daniel C. Boyer:
Terrance Lindall has specifically disclaimed being a surrealist, as you well know. --Daniel C. Boyer 23:28, 13 July 2006 (UTC)
Terrance lindall is not (according to my husband, the great Kapitalisimo). Why don't you all get along, as Rodney King would say. New Surrealism or old, you are all God's Chil'un. Bless you. After sunset I cannot send any more messages. My 5 year old grandchild is doing this for me because I do not know how to handle a computer. Being Hasidic, Sabbath begins at sundown and we are not allowed to use a computer or talk on phones, etc.. Bless you all, and especially Israel as she defends herself in her time of need against the Israeli Government, and see you tommorrow! Dowager Kapitalisimo

ESSAY:
The Fate of the Very Greatest, a quote from Poe

> "I have sometimes amused myself by endeavoring to fancy what would be the fate of the individual gifted, or rather accursed, with an intellect very far superior to that of his race. Of course, he would be conscious of his superiority; nor could he (if otherwise constituted as man is) help manifesting his consciousness. Thus he would make himself enemies at all points. And since his opinions and speculations would widely differ from those of mankind – that he would be considered a madman is evident. How horribly painful such a condition! Hell could invent no greater torture than that of being charged with abnormal weakness on account of being abnormally strong.
>
> "In the like manner, nothing can be clearer than that a very generous spirit – truly feeling what all merely profess – must inevitably find itself misconceived in every direction – its motives misinterpreted."
>
> EDGAR ALLAN POE

Commentary by Terrance Lindall

As Poe points out, very gifted persons are often misunderstood. One wonders how many of them, gifted far above ordinary genius, have fallen by the way, their discoveries or creations doomed to oblivion because they are not of a nature to be understood by even the wisest of us. In O'Henry's "Valley of the Blind" we see another writer comment on some such idea – if a man with sight found himself in a country of blind people, could he not make himself king? No indeed, as is the point of his story. Sight was considered madness and they attempted to remove the tumors (his eyes) that caused it, because his description of sight was beyond their comprehension.

The very greatest among us, must sometimes guide ourselves by a kind of caution in order not to draw attention to our true opinions of the world around us. We would otherwise violate the principles and passions that guide the masses. There have been many throughout history who have been executed, imprisoned or tortured for their beliefs, so there is great incentive not to be too original in one's expressed thoughts. If you want to be accepted, loved, make money, you should…be ordinary…be the lowest common denominator…be a rock star.

On Slavery by Terrance Lindall

"Slavery is the first step towards civilization. In order to develop it is necessary that things should be much better for some and much worse for others, then those who are better off can develop at the expenses of others." Alexander Herzen, 1812-70

The modern day slaveholders use the chains of mortgages owed the bank, the loan on the car, the unpaid credit card bills, the requirement to pay property taxes if they own their own home and many other subtle and not so subtle forms of economic and cultural pressure to exact the majority of our life's time and use it to their ends. The art dealers, collectors, museum curators, museum board members are all slaves too…to the money game.

“Slaves know when they are slaves, regardless of the words used to describe their slavery. And they will seek escape from the slavery, be it in increasingly powerful drugs, increasingly intense "entertainment, or psychopathic or violent behavior." Thom Hartmann, "The Last Hours of Ancient Sunlight," 1998.

ON THE SURREALIST MEANING OF WIKIPEDIA, DESIRE AND GOD COMPLEXES

By Terrance Lindall

When Wikipedia opened, a swarm of people with many things to say and a need to become important began editing. It filled a need, a subconscious DESIRE, from "the mass of men [who] lead lives of quiet desperation" (Thoreau). Here they could write in the guise of serious editors, creating, destroying, and tampering with the history of mankind. Some created articles about themselves and some defined things in a way to suit their loves, hates and biases. The article on surrealism in Wikipedia is one such article that has been taken over by the sheer number of those desperate men, arguing to put this or that name in the article or remove this or that name, whom they like or dislike for one reason or another. I noted that one such editor was editing one article after the other every few minutes, day in and day out. I realized immediately that this was an obsessive-compulsive disorder. This disorder is rampant today since the invention of personal computers. People spend inordinate hours daily on their computers or cell phones. For this editor it also is attached to a "god complex," to quote from Wikipedia itself: "A god complex is an unshakable belief characterized by consistently inflated feelings of personal ability, privilege, or infallibility. A person with a god complex may refuse to admit the possibility of error or failure, even in the face of complex or intractable problems or difficult or impossible tasks, or may regard personal opinions as unquestionably correct.[1][2] The individual may disregard the rules of society and require special consideration or privileges.[1]"

Thus has Wikipedia become a questionable source. Wikipedia itself has an article on its reliability, for which I salute them.

From my time in government I know what Wikipedia and the Internet in general is a means to the New World Order. Information is power. But in the case of Wikipedia it is power for the men who must maintain order in a world always on the "the verge." All of the entries, every single one, is assessed and monitored by a supercomputer to note trends. It is a means of assessing the general attitudes of people with a view to what can be presented to them through media (education, news and entertainment) to modify their behavior for the good of society in general.

Terrance Lindall and Hermeneutical Surrealism
Style, Technique, Methodology and Meaning in My Paradise Lost Illustrations

By Terrance Lindall

My style
My style has been variously described by others as Surreal, surreal/visionary, or even visionary/fantasy art. I call it Hermeneutical Surrealism Interpreting the meaning of [John Milton's Paradise Lost] through illustration by an amalgam of intuitional surrealist methodology and conscious operational philosophical analysis.
Other, not unique, terms used to describe my work have been:
Neo- Narrative Surrealism
Visionary Narrative Illustration
Conceptual Surrealism
Conceptual/Philosophical/Fantasy Illustration
Hermeneutical Surrealism might be the best "term" because I have a pressing need to continually derive fresh new hermeneutical understandings of the meaning of this particularly rich and engaging poem, helping me to approach the unreachable subject matter - the numinous – as is revealed by great thought and art. This hermeneutical drive, the aesthetic response, merges philosophy with art and sustains a consciousness-molding activity.

Methodology Technique and Materials
I use oil paint on gessoed linen canvas. Oil paint has a translucence that gives a richness to a painting that acrylics and tempera do not have because light penetrates oil and refracts. I never draw on the canvas before I apply the paint. I apply the paint directly from the tube and then scrape over the paints to flatten the gobs over the entire surface of the canvas. The colors blend in interesting ways. What happens then is that I see forms and ideas in the paint just as Leonardo would see forms and ideas in stains on the wall - this is the surrealism in that one is allowing one's subconscious to "find" forms and ideas, like a Rorschach ink blot test. You might say that I am "inspired" to see what the forms suggest. The intuitive subconscious is what forms dreams wherein "impossible" associations are made. This is the creative act in all the arts. It is also the way of scientific creativity wherein one makes and tests propositions that might not conform to or might even be contrary to accepted theory. So the surreal urge is important to waking life in finding solutions to problems in science and industry by free association of ideas until a solution is found…or in art when one is finding pleasing associations of color or form. In other words, the practice of art is also finding "solutions" to "problems." The "problem" of making a good or great work of art out of plastic materials is done by making associations of forms and colors that become "satisfying" to the artist.

After application, I let the paint dry for day so it is more tactile. When I am illustrating specific concepts as with Paradise Lost, I outline in paint, for example, the general image of Satan conceiving of Sin and then eliminate the unnecessary elements and bring out and embellish the forms of Satan, Sin etc. thus slowly bringing forth the finished product. Sometimes the initial product does not seem to be moving in a satisfying direction and I try other formulations.

I use very fine brushes (#000) to create fine lines and dots and sometimes scrumble (I have larger stiff scrumbling brushes) to create effect or use "layers" or "glazing,"what the old masters used to create sfumato. To generate excitement to the eye, which also excites the emotions on a subliminal level I sometimes juxtapoze contrasting colors, but not everywhere, because I want to create pools of activity. The rest is using light and dark to create depth and atmosphere, lines and dots to lead the eye to focal points in the picture, etc. No area of a painting is unimportant.

As with the perfect Word of God, in a perfect painting nothing can be added or taken away. Thus I paint until I am satisfied that nothing more can be done (added or taken away), or else cannot figure out what more to do and that I have done all I can do to approach the unreachable subject matter - the numinous – as it is revealed by great thought and art.

WHY AM I FASCINATED WITH PARADISE LOST:

I love well told tales that take us out of the realms of the ordinary (although every day in this ordinary every day world is extraordinary to me). Of all the great works I have read, Marlowe, Goethe, Shakespeare, and thousands more, no writer has put great enduring philosophical questions (good vs evil, free will vs determinism, duty, honor, truth, ontology, etc.) so well, all entwined with remarkable, compelling and colorful superhuman characters whose thoughts and actions move inexorably to their necessary destinies because of the very truth of the concepts they and their actions represent. All of this is done by Milton with the greatest poetic art, use of language in it's highest form.

In my having "cathected" Milton's Paradise Lost in an unending fascination and love affair, I have never fully realized in my art and philosophical commentary an end or a completion. There are always more ideas to explore. It draws me on like a Siren. There are always more ways to render the happenings in the epic and more artistically visionary ways to put them down on canvas. Thus no one artist can ever be said to be the final word in illustrating Milton's Paradise Lost. The opportunities for future generations who want to explore great enduring philosophical thoughts presented in one of the most exciting and colorful stories are there, and I have no doubt that artists will come forth over future generations to add to the glory of Milton's enduring legacy.

Thoughts On My Paradise Lost by Terrance Lindall
Only a visionary visual artist and a philosopher can really completely understand Milton's Paradise Lost. There are not too many who combine both realms in any depth. Yes, the scholars of English literature and poetry do indeed delve much further into the reaches of the Greco-Roman mythological sources and biblical sources and have analyzed the use of meter in depth revealing the essential structure of Paradise Lost. It is something I never had time to pursue in my many different careers. But all the Greco-Roman sources and brilliant meter alone cannot produce a great poem like Paradise Lost unless there is a Great Idea or an astounding philosophy interpreted through the BRILLIANT visual conjuring of Milton's words. Many scholars of English literature do indeed reason soundly and come up with insights on the philosophy of Paradise Lost. They ALL realize that it is not just a fantastic and colorful story. For example, one scholar correctly points out that Paradise Lost is not a religious poem. That is true. But it is a philosophical poem. Milton, though blind, had an "eye" for the visual and a mind for the philosophical and the God given "UNIVERSAL TONGUE!" That is why Milton can boast that he is REVEALING THE WAYS OF GOD TO MEN through the glory of mind, art and the axiological issue of Ordo Amoris, the Order of Love.

An example of a 'simply visual' or literal storyline that is actually more is when Satan falls headlong flaming from the ethereal skies…nine times the space that measures night & day to mortal men… " A lot of readers, even scholars, take that to be a literal storyline event. But actually it is a metaphor for the degree to which Satan had turned from God. Perhaps scholars have pointed that out before me, I do not know not having read the research of 300 some years of scholars in depth. What precisely are the significances of "nine"? Perhaps Milton had an idea. Here are some significances: Nine is a composite number, its proper divisors being 1 (God?) and 3(The Trinity?).

There is much still to uncover …in the way "Milton thinks" rather than merely in the way "Milton works." What is certain is that Satan is NOT completely fallen. That is his ultimate tragedy! The pain and anguish of desiring the love of God and having Another put in his place caused his fury and rebellion. Herein is the greatest pain and suffering: loving Good, desiring the love of God and perversely pursuing Evil to do injury to Good and God… fractionated.

Jesus too not only suffered in his physical form, but mentally like Satan as demonstrated by his words on the cross: "Oh Lord, why hast Thou forsaken me?" The ultimate Pain and Anguish, loving Good and God and being forsaken, abandoned.

Massurrealism and the Death of Art

A New International Surrealist's Look at Progress, Overcoming and the Irreversibility of the Avante-garde, Massurrealism and The Death of Art, by Terrance Lindall , Provocateur

Enrico Pedrini, Italian theoretician and curator, who wrote a thesis on "Irreversibility and the Avante-garde" once created a show by placing books on physics on pedestals in an empty room. This was a show of art without the artist. "It is the inevitable end of the progress and overcoming represented by the avant-garde in art," he said, "... the artist is no longer in the picture."

Yes, the nature of the avant-garde in art is that they, who ever "they" are at the moment, will be superseded by the next avant-garde. And the "progress" it represents is happening faster and faster. So after an artist is out of school and has his first show, assuming he has "gone beyond what has gone before," or has made "progress," he and his work must immediately be disregarded and placed in the dust bin of history because behind him is the new avant-garde with a show ready to go up. You cannot reverse the progress of the avant-garde. You cannot make it stop where you are at, to be revered for all time. To historicize it means it is not avant-garde. It is a contradiction that exists today in the notion that museums are exhibiting the avant-garde. In point of fact, if museums are exhibiting it, this proves that it is not avant-garde, but rather history. The idea of the avant-garde is that it is something that is happening that has not yet been recognized by the "establishment" or the mainstream.

The avant-garde artist today is a sacrifice to the moment, to be superceded instantaneously, and cannot even be placed into history except by some very bad thinkers, because if something is avant-garde, it cannot be history and if it only exists at a moment to be superceded instantly, it will not have had time to be historicized in the sense that it meant anything to culture at all. Essentially the avant-garde artist is unimportant. The only important thing is the IDEA of the avant-garde artist. So, Pedrini, eliminating the unnecessary, displayed books on physics, demonstrating that the "notion" of entropy in physics was the final culmination in ART to the progress of the avante garde in the art world.

Such strange material are these notions of "progress" and the "avant-garde." Progress implies that we reach a goal or a place of ease and contentment. Instead, today it represents only continual dissatisfaction with the "Now."

In order to have this headlong rush of progress, we must not only continually topple what has gone before, but also give up all contentment in the "now" in order to pursue the future.

And so, I, the observer, must amuse myself with watching the masses of avant-garde artists and art institutions making a life and a practice of being dissatisfied, while I, in my more primitive way, find peace and contentment by retiring to my "Treasure Room," to look at my not very avant-garde works of art, drink a brandy, smoke a good cigar and listen to operas which are not very avant-garde at all. And sometimes I free my libido and renew myself in the excercise of Surrealism as applied to my art.

Regarding the death or decline of Art, Vattimo remarks that "the death of art is a phrase that…constitutes an epoch at the end of metaphysics." The introduction to the books says that the death of art takes place in three different forms: First, the work of art ceases to be a specific fact; there is no longer an autonomous realm of ART, isolated from all other forms of discourse, and instead calls into question its own status and traditional institutional framework, exemplified by body art, street theater, and earthwork. Secondly, the technologies of mass production in 20th century Western culture, such as photography, also significantly contribute to the death of art…we must look here to our own Massurrealism to see what part it plays here in the age of mass production where an infinite number of identically reproduced images can coexist, subverting the notion that art exists in a domain apart from that of the rest of existence and the aestheticization of experience at a mass level (through television, advertisements, etc.), breaking down the notion that art is sealed off from the rest of mass culture. And thirdly, high art has regularly sought to commit suicide in the 20th century!

On September 8th, 2005 I myself made a pronouncement that "Art is Dead." It was not a frivolous statement, although I presented it as a bit of fun. Yuko Nii, a fellow thinker in the arts, and I are in fact writing the thesis. The history of the death of art can be traced. There is a timeline of events. There were portents and augerings. One was when Enrico Pedrini curated an art show in 1992 wherein there was no artist, as described above. In any case, here is the Death of Art encapsulated:

"Art is not merely an imitation of the reality of nature, but in truth a metaphysical supplement to the reality of nature, placed alongside thereof for its conquest." Friedrich Nietzsche

"As Gregor Samsa awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a gigantic insect." Franz Kafka, The Metamorphosis

Art is dead. It has something do with Nietzsche and others in how they define art, and how artists of the past and their public viewed what they were doing. It has something to do with Vatimmo's augerings in his 1985 "Death of Modernity." It has something to do with James Seehafers final revelation of Massurrealism in 1992. And Massurrealism, as art, is a most important thing at our time. As an idea come to fruition, it is glorious. I wrote about the entry of surrealism into the mass media in my Art & Antiques (world's largest magazine of its kind) article in March 2006. The great thing is that James Seehafer, Massurrealist, was the one to have made the key statements that announced the end of art, although he did not say that "art has ended." And James is free to disagree with me! And I am the coroner, so to speak, confirming the death of art. But understand the meaning!

Essentially all of the augerings were correct. Art has now become something else...a "gigantic insect" as it were. It has become a vehicle for mass entertainment and a commodity for investment. For the mainstream, the art is gone, although they still call it "art."

All of the heated buying and selling of art at the end of the 20th C. and the beginning of the 21st are indications of a high fever, of the disease of avarice, and art has been swallowed whole.

I do not mean to say that there are not those who still practice true art for its own sake and not for fame or money. But fewer do. The fevered eye is on the money. And in the larger mass society art IS DEAD.

It is inevitable that the successors of DADA, WE, the New International Surrealists, would have something to do with the recognition and proclamation that art is dead. The surrealists were the true romantics. They can see the great loss for what it is, and yet continue. As Keith Wigdor the leader of the International Surrealist Movement says,"this is what I see: art has been stagnant too long! It has been overwhelmed with 'La Fausse Industrie', a term that I borrowed from Charles Fourier. We need to attack and negate everything! That has been my plan all along. If others cannot understand that, then they are just polished "totems of illusion, no real threat. My declaration must be shouted to the rafters: ‘Swim against the current and Return to the source of Everything!' That is what SURREALISM IS ALL ABOUT!"

Out of the ashes of the death of art, a greater Art will be reborn. Art will come into itself again! A new Man (and woman) will come into being. The disease of avarice and thirst for fame and power will give way to a Greater Man. However, the time may not be in the immediate future. Another event(s) may have to take place first.

Two postscripts:

1) Before the Death of Art, there was the Death of God. This occurred when thinkers began to rely more on a created system of value than on the absolute and unchangeable Values of the idea of God. Humanism was born and Nihilism was at the door. The value of anything became interpretable. Belief systems were to take the place of God's Word. Think about this. I have more to say at another time.

2) In my opinion two of the greatest art shows ON the avant-garde in the arts (that I know about) were the ones by Pedrini, the art show without an artist, and Breuk Iversen's Offalist art show where he sold money for half price. Great statements on the avant-garde in the arts are rare. Savor them!

Dear True Believer in Democracy:

So after 2500 years, we find Plato was right about Democracy. But we never listened. For 40 years I kept hearing about government improving education in America. I am sorry to say that I think we will not succeed. We will hear a lot of talk, money will be spent, the public will believe the promises...and go back to the football game.

In a democracy, to get elected one must appease the greatest number. If the population does not want their children to fail at school, they demand standards that fit their children (even if they are dullards) so their children can advance. When the children become adults and are unemployable in jobs that require skill and education, the population demands government jobs that require little skill or force a productive company to hire incompetent workers as a matter of "social justice," resulting in companies not being able to compete. And then we will impose tariffs and create economic embargoes on foreign goods against which we cannot compete because of the lack of quality of our production....It may be slow to start, but a downward spiral is in the making. "No child left behind" that our leaders have been talking about means that the intelligent and able must be held back because the slow would never be able to catch up.

Plato's Socrates:
"A man who really fights for justice must lead a private, not a public, life if he is to survive for even a short time." (Socrates - Apology 31e-32a)

And of course Socrates drank the hemlock after the citizens condemned him. Aristotle fled so the citizens would not commit the same crime against philosophy twice. Davinci died under protection of a French king, etc. Many great sayers of truth fled or were executed. Life goes on.

"Unless the philosophers rule as kings or those now called kings and chiefs genuinely and adequately philosophize, and political power and philosophy coincide in the same place, while the many natures now making their way to either apart from the other are by necessity excluded, there is no rest from ills for the cities, my dear Glaucon, nor I think for human kind, nor will the regime we have now described in speech ever come forth from nature, insofar as possible, and see the light of the sun." (Republic 473d-e)

EDUCATIONAL REFORM IN AMERICA

There have been recent discussions on the Internet about the fact that colleges and universities are discounting the classics in literature, such as Milton's Paradise Lost, as irrelevant to students in today's world. If yesterday's great writings are not relevant for those who live today, then the art & literature produced today will not be relevant to those who live tomorrow. "Not today and not tomorrow," nothing is of lasting value. It is a throw away world. There is no absolute value for the striving human spirit. The quality of thought is relative and irrelevant. One thing is as good as another. The dignity of the human being is lost and we are damned to spiritual emptiness. In the humanist world, men have become the criterion of perfection to themselves alone. If we rob, kill or torture, whether it is good or bad is all relative. After all, we believe that if we do it to protect our family it is good. There is no absolute law that compels "thou shalt not kill." Humanism in its absolute form is not even absolute. It is a scorpion that will sting itself to death.

On the Eve of Destruction, an essay in sociological philosophy for the 21st century America

by Terrance Lindall

Those of you who have seen American Sci-fi cult films may remember 1958 film entitled "The Blob" starring Steve McQueen. The advertizing read: “Beware of the Blob! It creeps, and leaps, and glides and slides across the floor. Nothing Can Stop It! Indescribable... indestructible... insatiable... bloated with the blood of its victims! An alien life form consumes everything in its path as it grows and grows.”

Well, consider the US government:
Since World War II the vocabulary level of the average American has shrunk from 25000 worlds to 10000 worlds. Nationwide, 7,000 students drop out every day and only about 70 percent of students graduate from high school with a regular high school diploma. The ability to read and understand what one reads is critical to deciding how government should be behaving in our interest in a democracy.
If a group were to decide to take over the world’s largest economy and military and enslave its people, the best choice would be to infiltrate government...destroy education and the ability of the people to reason. It would make the population dependent on government jobs, government handouts, and government health care so the population will not dare to rebel. After all, a dog is wise not to bite the hand that feeds it. And we are becoming dogs. Who then are the masters and who are the dogs? ? Well, who got the bail out? Who will pay for the bail out (who is going to be taxed, or fined and imprisoned if they do not pay?)? In Korda's movie "The Thief of Bagdad" the hero says when thrown onto prison "only little thieves get hanged."

In order to finance the deficit, the American people must be taxed. According to the Wall Street Journal "The numbers -- including a White House forecast of $9 trillion in additional debt over the next decade -- could affect Mr. Obama's efforts to increase spending in a host of areas, from education to foreign aid. Some budget experts also reiterated their belief that tax increases may need to hit families that the president has vowed to protect." All of this with a loss of American jobs and Sunken home prices have left millions of homeowners under water, owing more on their mortgages than their homes are worth.

According to USA Today "The problem of negative equity is getting worse. The average equity amount that an underwater borrower was in the hole for in the fourth quarter of 2009 was $70,700, up from $69,700 the previous quarter. Without equity in their homes, many homeowners no longer have collateral for personal loans that financed new cars, vacations, home improvements and college educations before the housing bust.

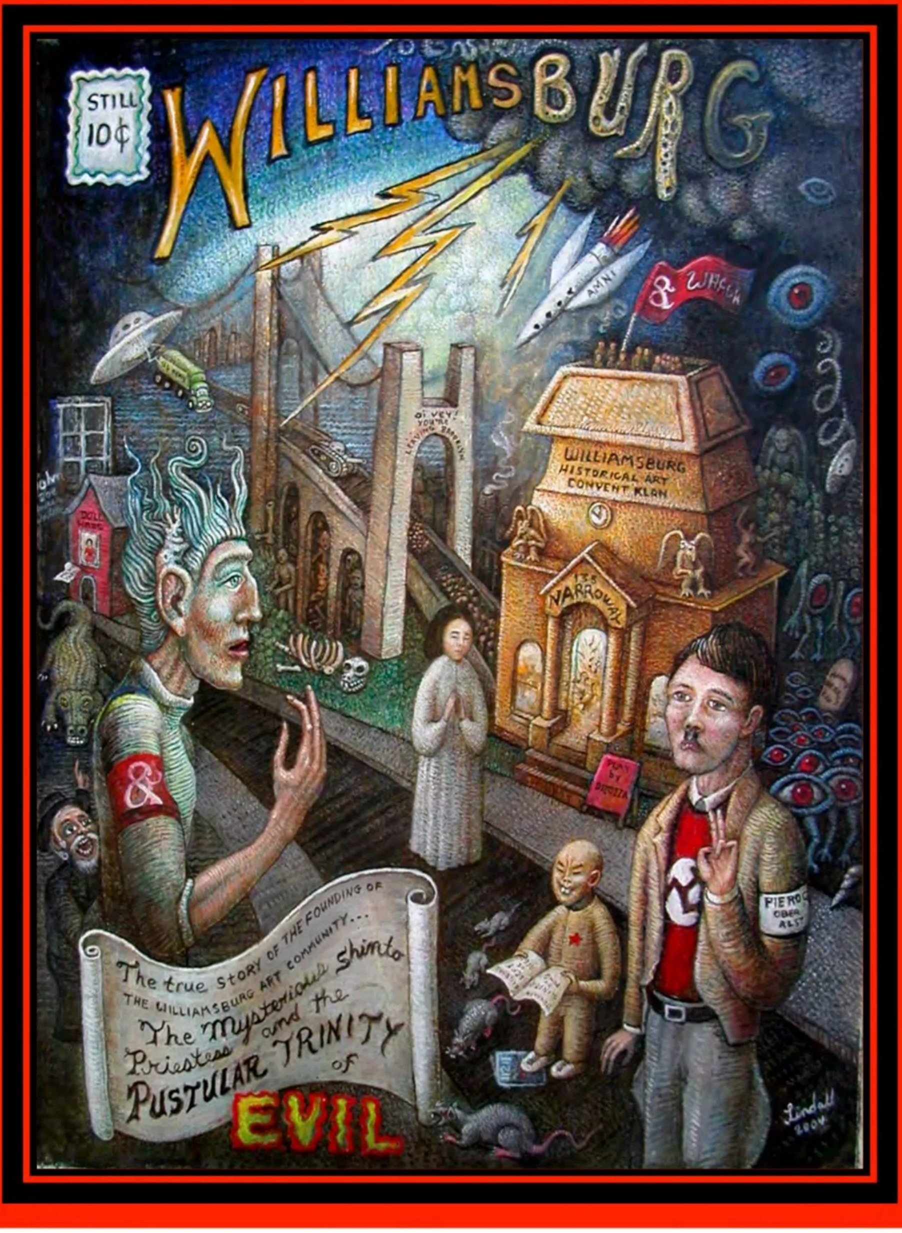
"Home-equity lending has plummeted. Lenders made $77 billion in home-equity loans or lines of credit in 2009, down from $430 billion during the housing boom in 2006, according to Inside Mortgage Finance."

"That's not likely to change any time soon until equity picks back up," says Guy Cecala, CEO of Inside Mortgage Finance.

Will there be a revolution? The government will enforce gun control for the good if its citizens. And as long as 80 % of the American population is fed, entertained and distracted, NO. Government has the guns, the police and army that guard the freedoms of the people...and the police and the armed forces answer to the men who bailed out Wall Street.

And the slide is toward more and more government control of our economy, making our very lives dependent upon that government until the day we wake up and find that we were wrong...IT CAN HAPPEN HERE! The BLOB has swallowed us!

WILLIAMSBURG CHRONICLES


STILL 10¢
WILLIAMSBURG
WILLIAMSBURG HISTORICAL ART CONVENT KLAN
The true story of the founding of the Williamsburg art community... The Mysterious Shinto Priestess and the Pustular Trinity of EVIL
Lindall 2004

"The WAY It Is" Excerpt From Lindall's Williamsburg Chronicles:

For a couple of hundred years now the Western world, the individual nations that call themselves democratic, have been ruled not by men elected (elections are an illusion) from among their ranks, but by the ever unchanging same type. . Yes, the members of the political parties change, and new recruits are found. But it is a type, which controls all the political parties, and it is the same type that has existed for centuries...like the Mafia. They were generally men of the noble ranks in European and Eastern Society...well educated, worldly, born to rule, as the English would have put it.

The Ruling Class, realizing that war and the struggle for land and world domination would destroy the world they wished to dominate, invented democratic principles to satisfy the masses and prevent revolutions. It was to be their way of modifying or mollifying human behavior by smoke and mirrors rather than though the drastic methods of genetic engineering for which they had no science yet anyway.
Here is what the Ruling Class, the bankers, industrialists and politicians did: by press and propaganda they succeeded in forming the big classical parties in every country. Even then, they formed two or three groups, which apparently combated one another, but which actually hung by the same golden thread, all attuned to a single trait of the human character, i.e., that a man easily loses interest in a thing and desires something new. So when one party rules, the other carries on the opposition. When the one party makes a mess of things, which it does in the zeal of its greed, the opposition takes control and the government party goes into opposition. And round and round it goes, a clever mill, sapping the energies of the working class!

And then the ruling class laid hands upon the fourth estate. With extraordinary dexterity they played the fourth estate against the democracies of the West in a cold war that kept the masses hypnotized with fear of total annihilation by atomic destruction. Later, as an opiate for the emotive and sometimes violent urges of the population, they introduced television and movies with sex and violence and sports such as football or basketball in order to opiate the people and keep their minds off matters of state. It all worked like a charm, until the Soviet Union fell and upset the equilibrium and then Israel could no longer stem the tide of an aroused Arab world, a world of seething hatreds and a willingness to sacrifice their own lives and those of their children to defeat their oppressors. Before this, the Arabs could look to the Soviets to eventually win them back their land. Now they had nothing but their balls!

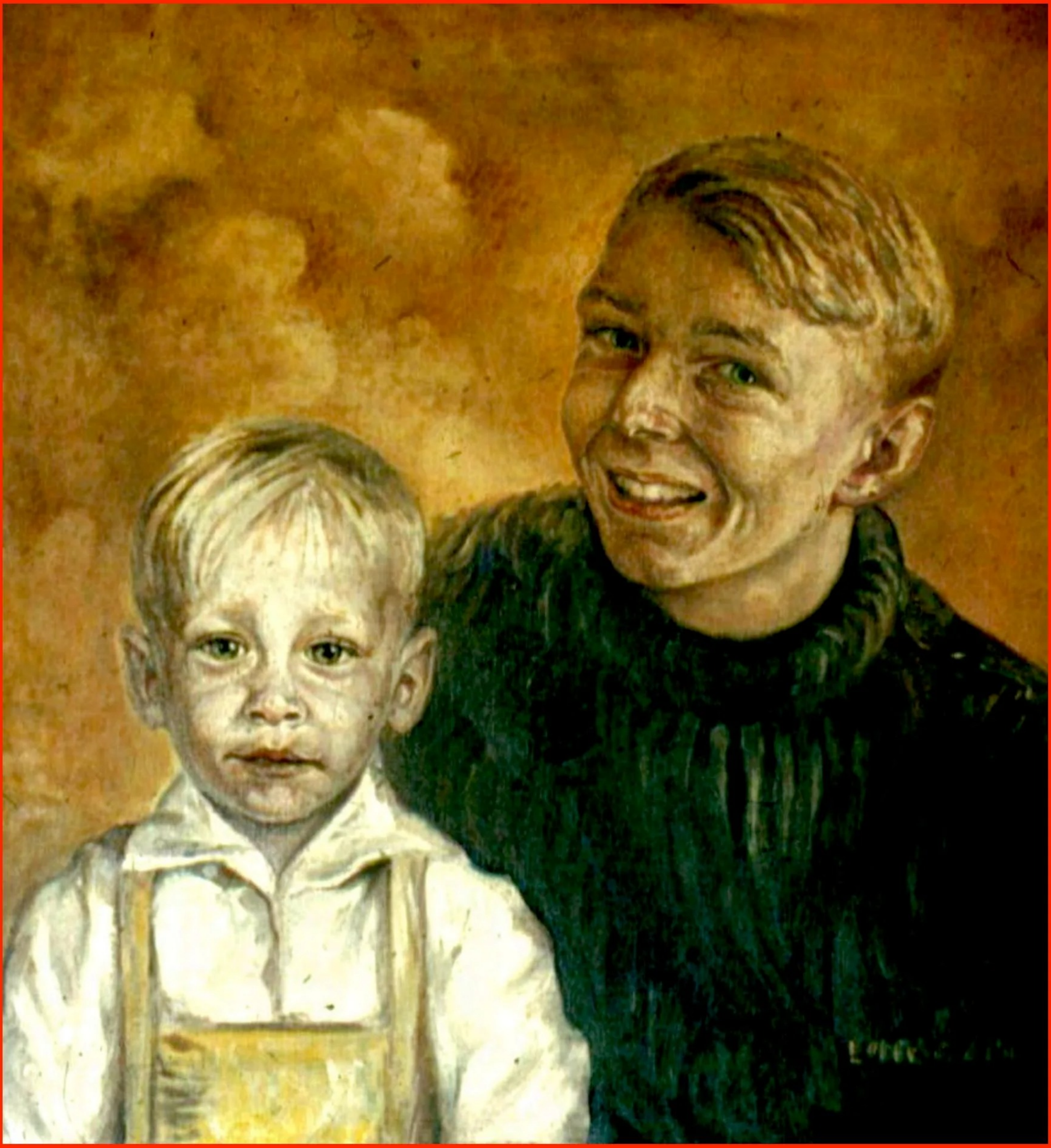
The Arabs are very much like the Germans, who, humbled and enslaved to interest bondage by the greedy French & Western Powers after the First World War, finally achieved their "great idea." Armed with nothing but their "balls in hand," since the Western powers controlled everything, they took back a vast chunk of what they lost by rebuilding their military with smiles and assurances and had a good chance of taking it all, losing not because of lack of will, but because of a lack of natural resources, oil mostly. They knew that if they were willing to confront their oppressors, willing to sacrifice anything, they might achieve freedom. Can you imagine a people willing to do unthinkable things, as the Germans indeed did? Many Arab peoples think this now. It is frightening indeed! Today Iran (Muslim but non-Arab) is building an advanced fortress much like Germany did. It is a different world though and the results will be interesting to watch as it plays the West.

If the ordinary man in America today could regain his courage, if he would cast aside his fear of losing his little luxuries of sex filled afternoons of talk shows and soap operas on TV, and a paycheck which is just enough to pay a mortgage interest to the rulers and still buy beer, he could perhaps be great as in a "great civilization" in the best meaning of the term. Having great machines, or luxuries does not make a civilization great. What then is greatness? Try to answer that!

It is so easy to be a slave to the mind control of the media who give the masses their dose of corrupting "mind heroin" so they will keep on working for their masters. Man, even with the weaknesses he possesses now, can be great if he takes to task the well being of his fellow man. If he can hold high virtue as his goal and peace and harmony among men as his prime directive instead of self indulgence, personal gain, and the exercise of his petty antipathies, he would be happier than he has ever been...or ever could be.

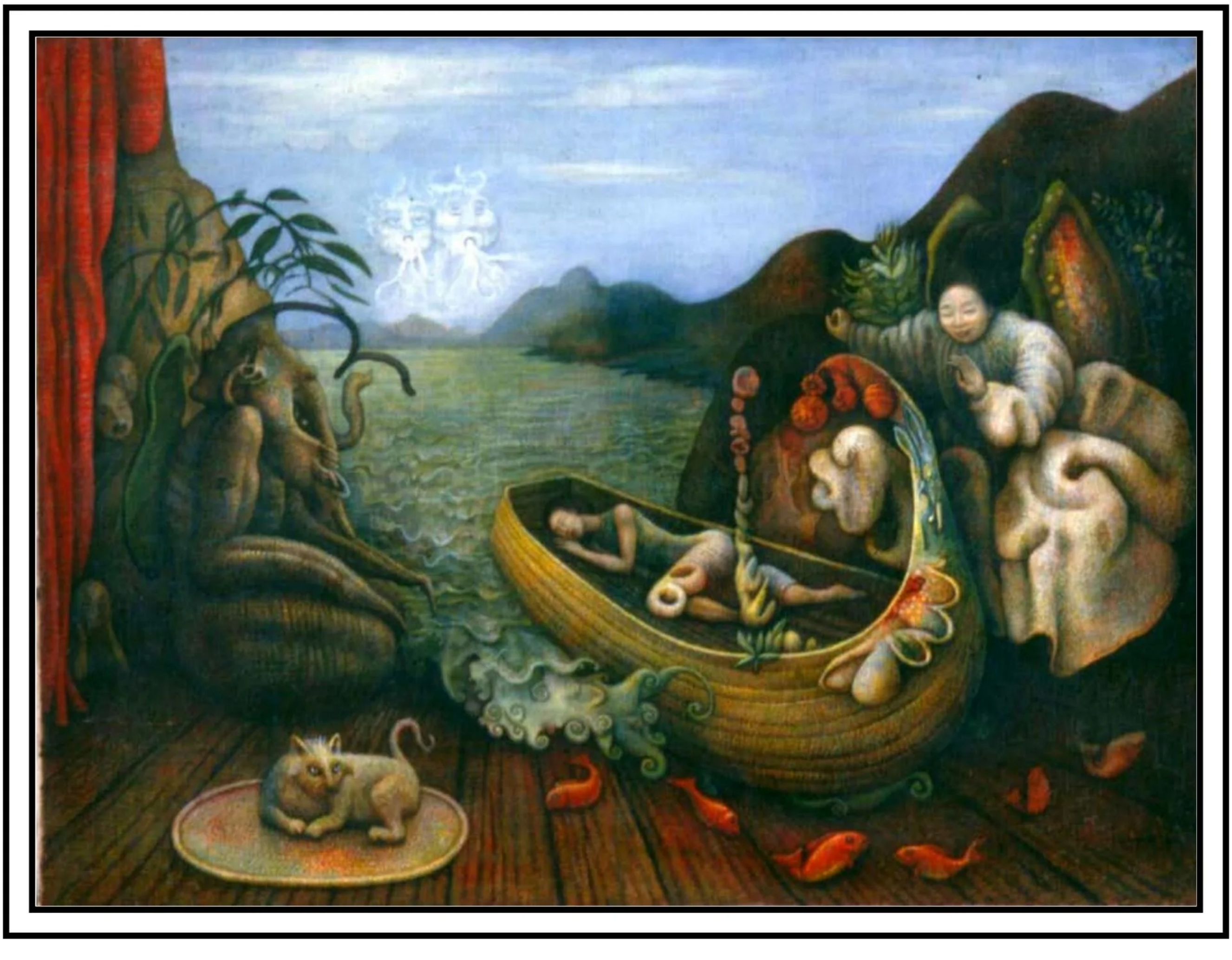
Perhaps though, neither by a broad socializing education nor by any other means can the world be brought from the brink of destruction in a destabilizing world. What do you think?

Unknown works of Terrance lindall

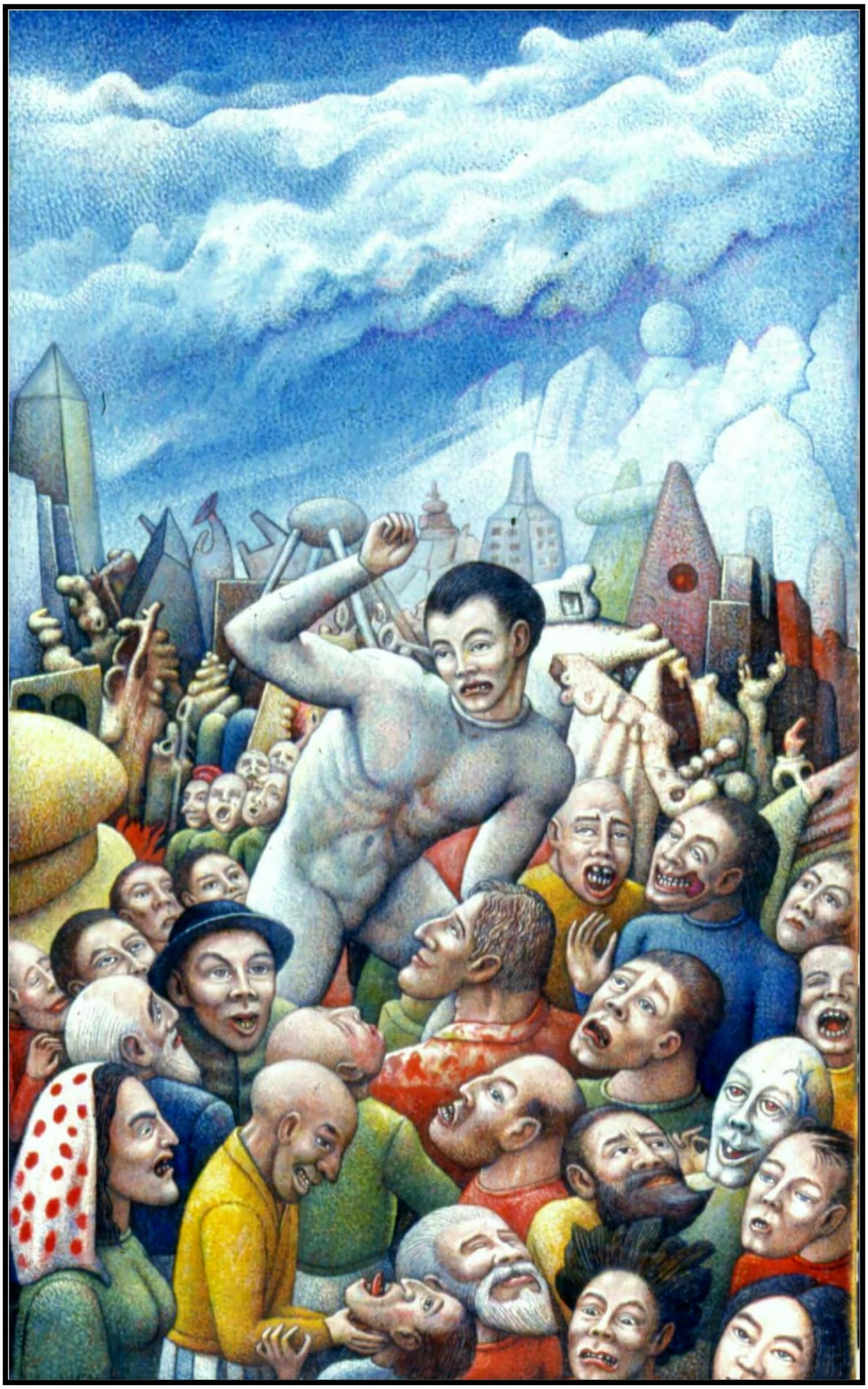


Terrance with his Nephew Scott

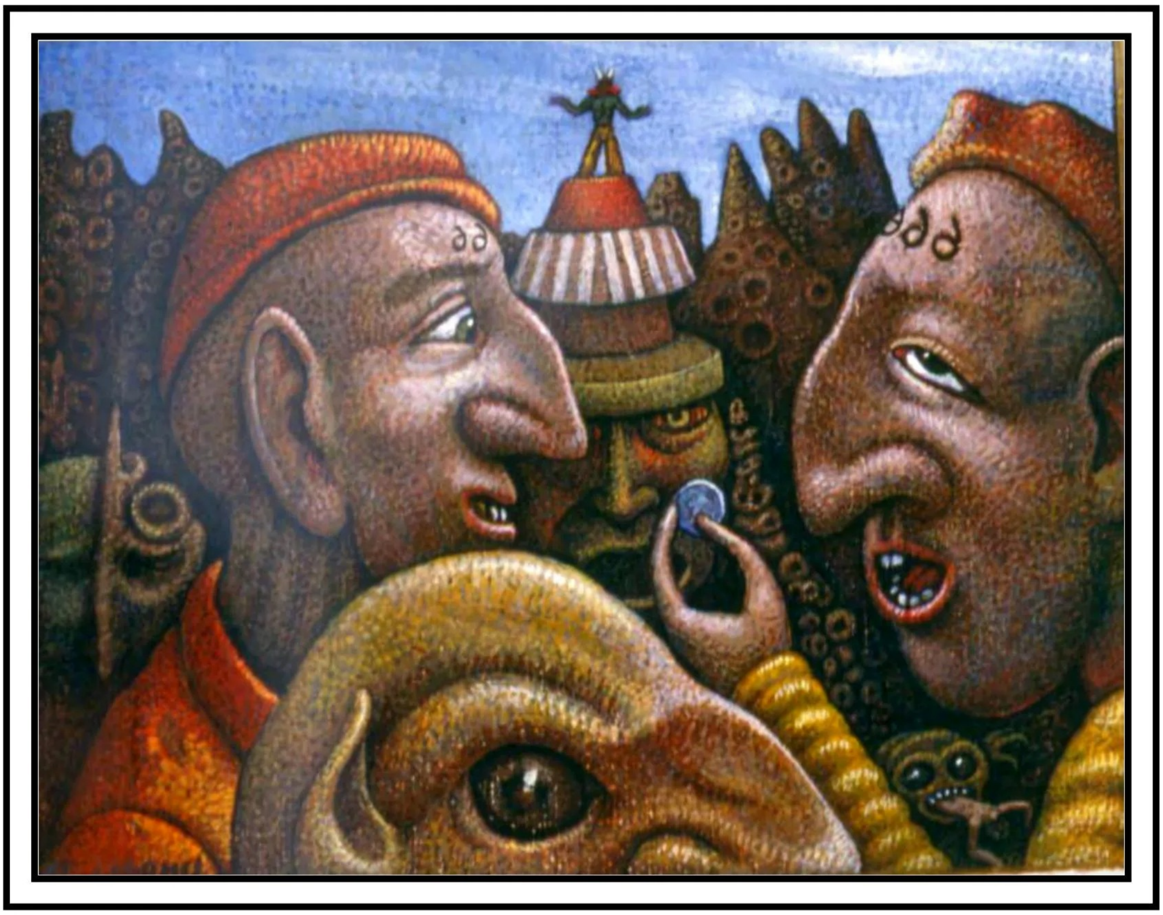
Terrance Lindall is an American artist who was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota in 1944. Lindall attended the University of Minnesota and graduated magna cum laude from Hunter College in New York City in 1970, with a double major in Philosophy and English and a double minor in Psychology and Physical Anthropology. He was in the Doctor of Philosophy program in philosophy at New York University from 1970 to 1973. He is listed in Marquis *Who's Who in America 2006.* Information about this artist is also on file in the Smithsonian Institution Library Collection. Lindall's art has been on the covers of numerous books and magazines and has been exhibited at many galleries and museums, including the Brooklyn Museum, Hudson River Museum, the Museum of the Surreal and Fantastic and the Society of Illustrators Museum. There is an artists file on Lindall in the Thomas J. Watson Library of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. [1] Lindall is currently president of the Yuko Nii Foundation and a member of the Milton Project at the Townsend Humanities Lab [2], University of California, Berkeley.



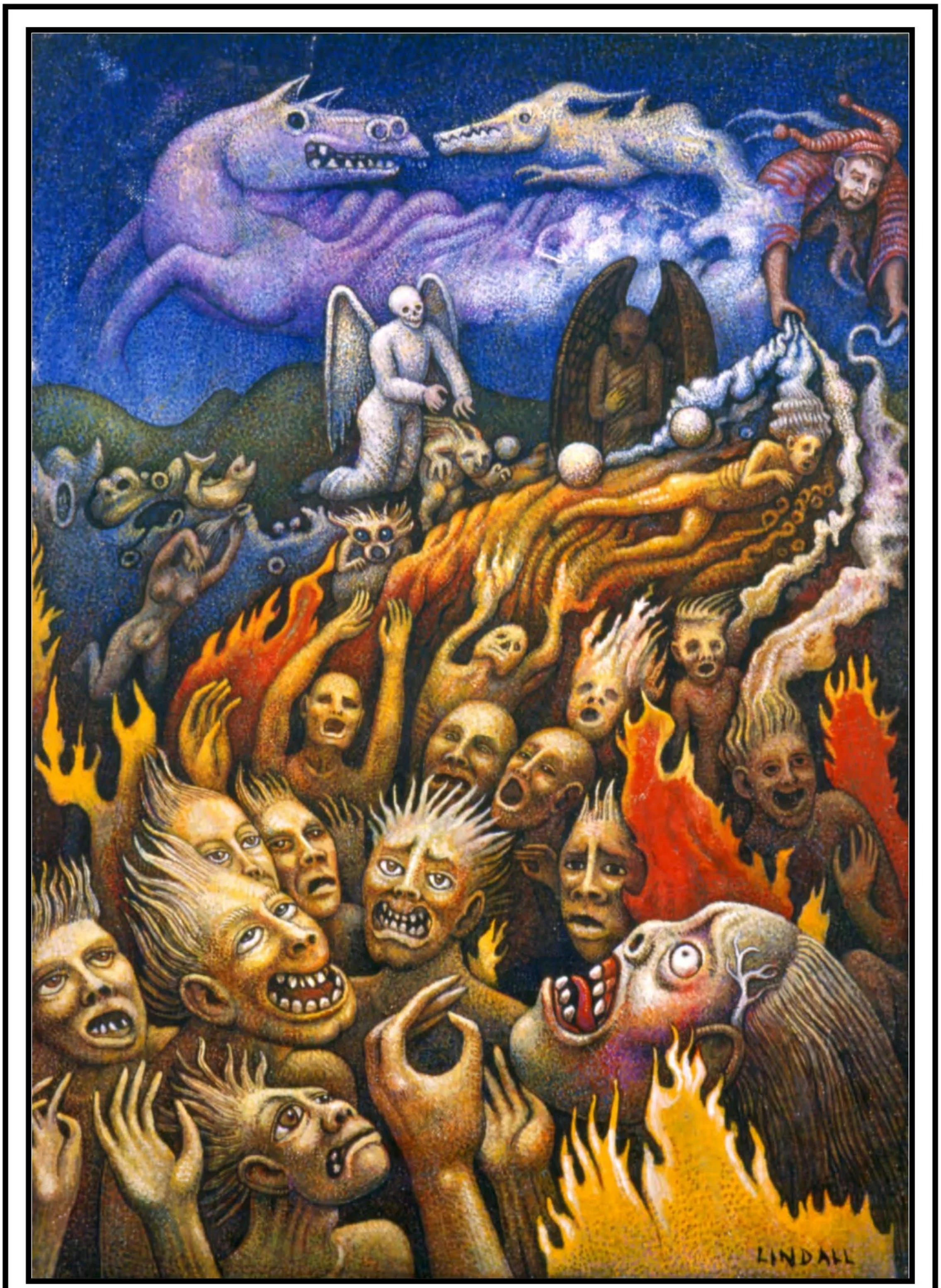
THE PEOPLE TRAP
Collection Tom Samii, Prague



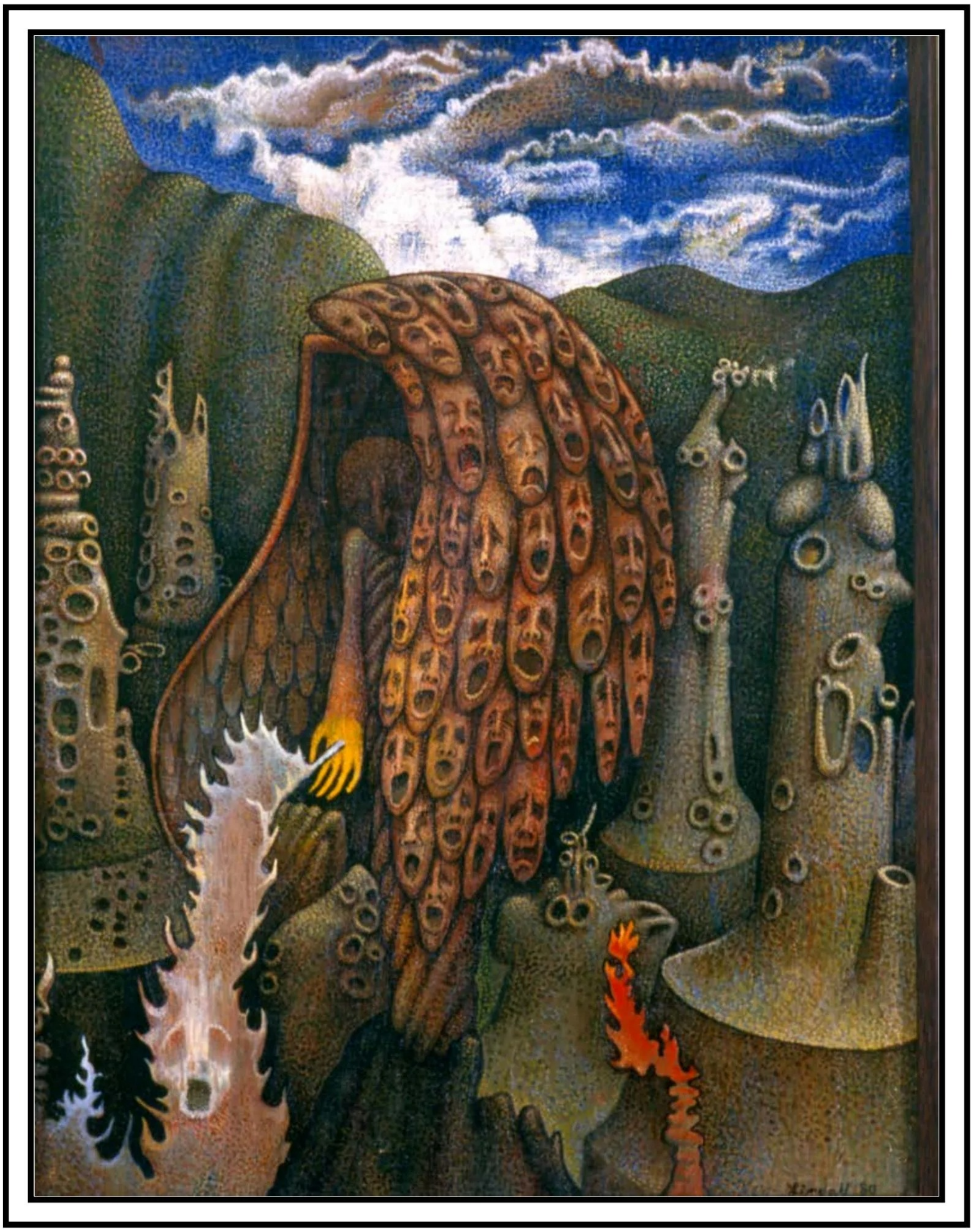
THE MONEY CHANGERS



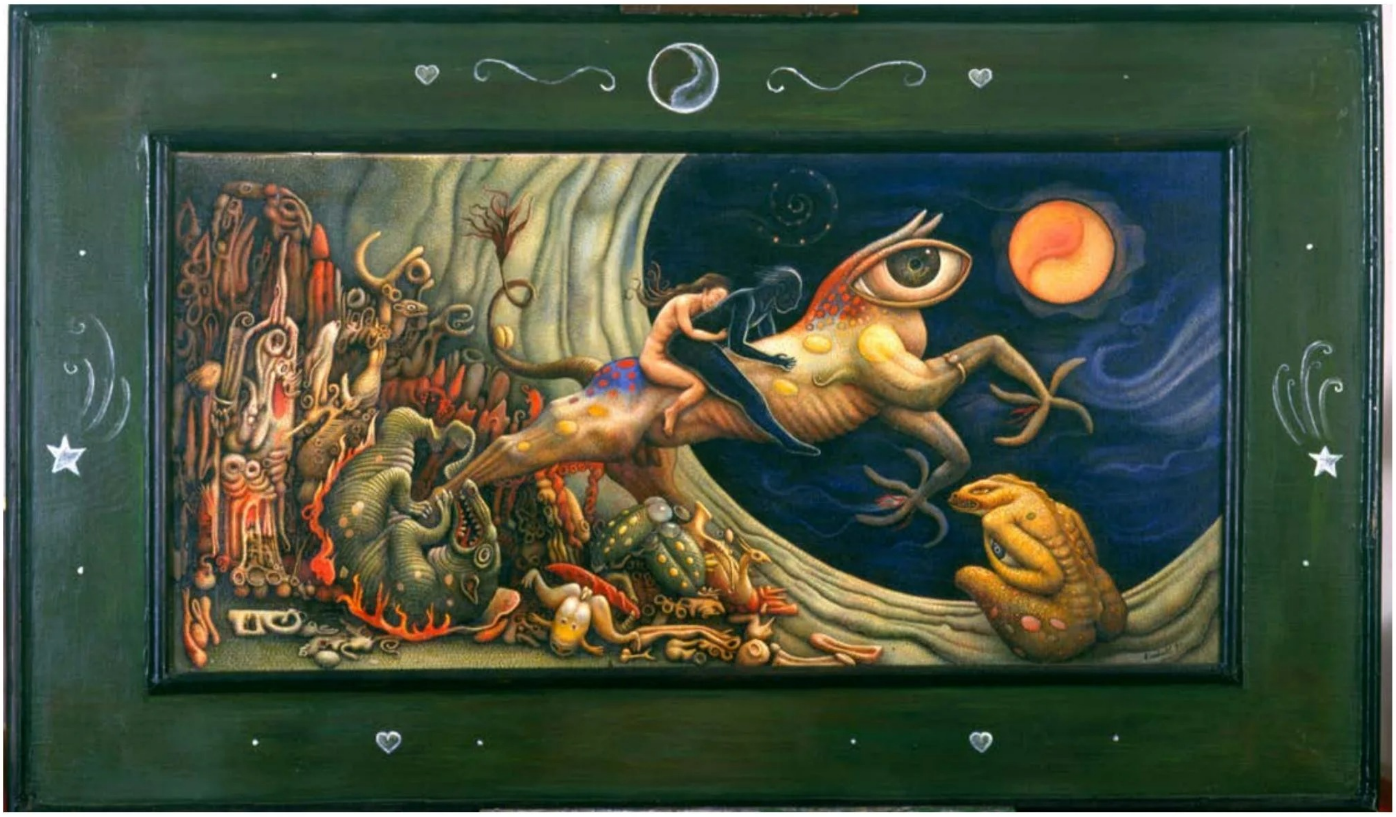
THE APOCALYPSE

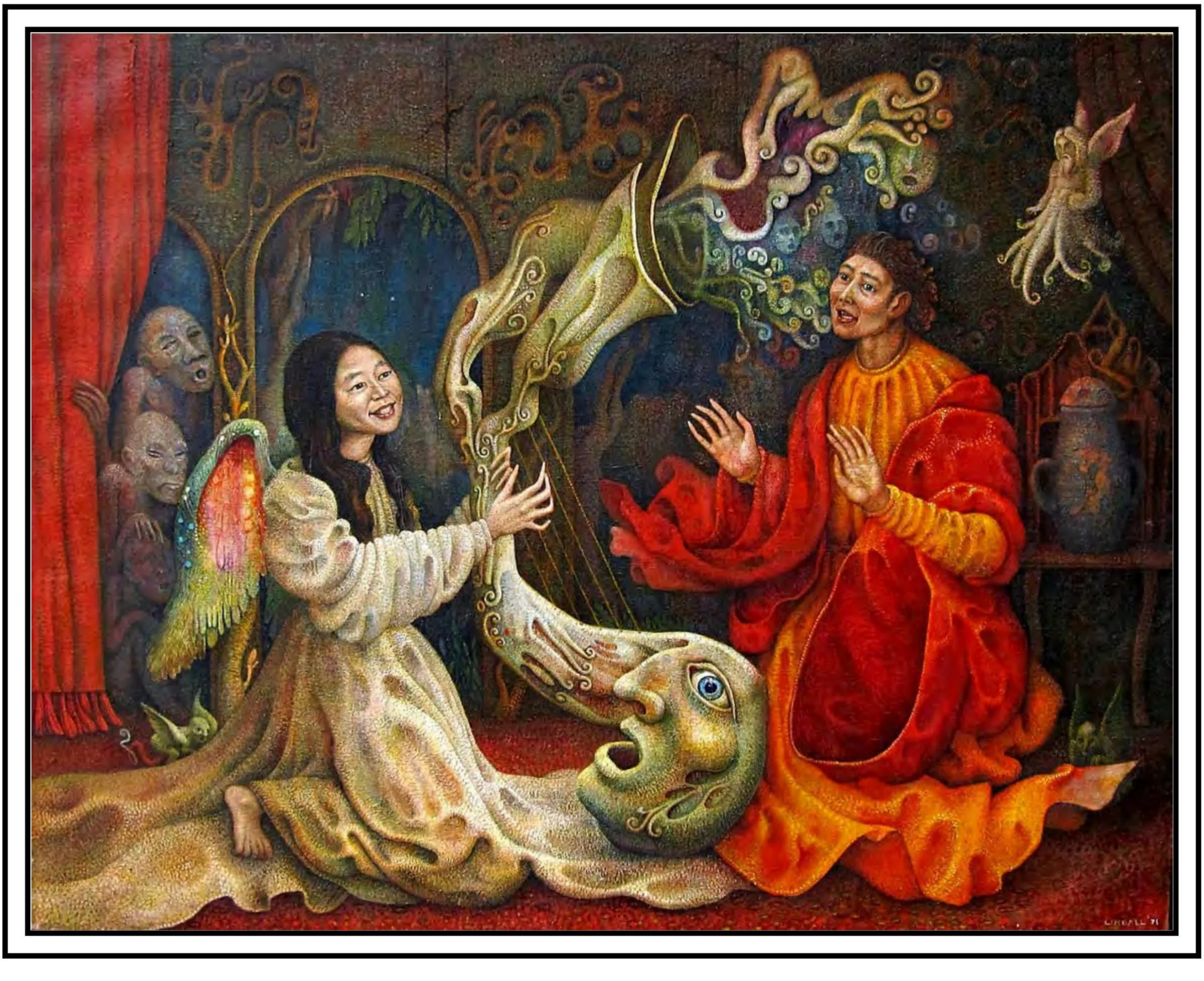


ANGEL OF SORROWS

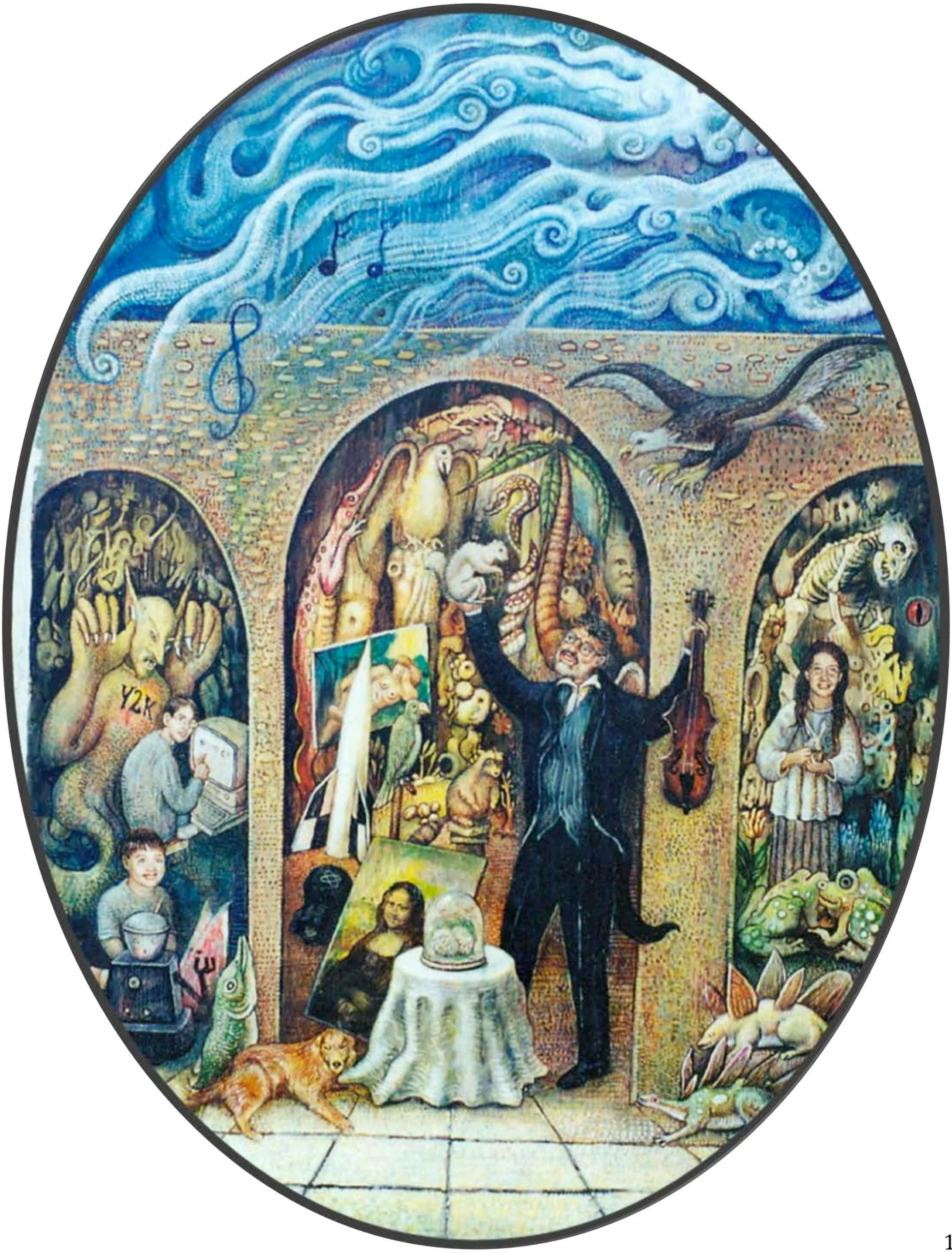


VISIONARY FOAL
As seen on Oxford University's website





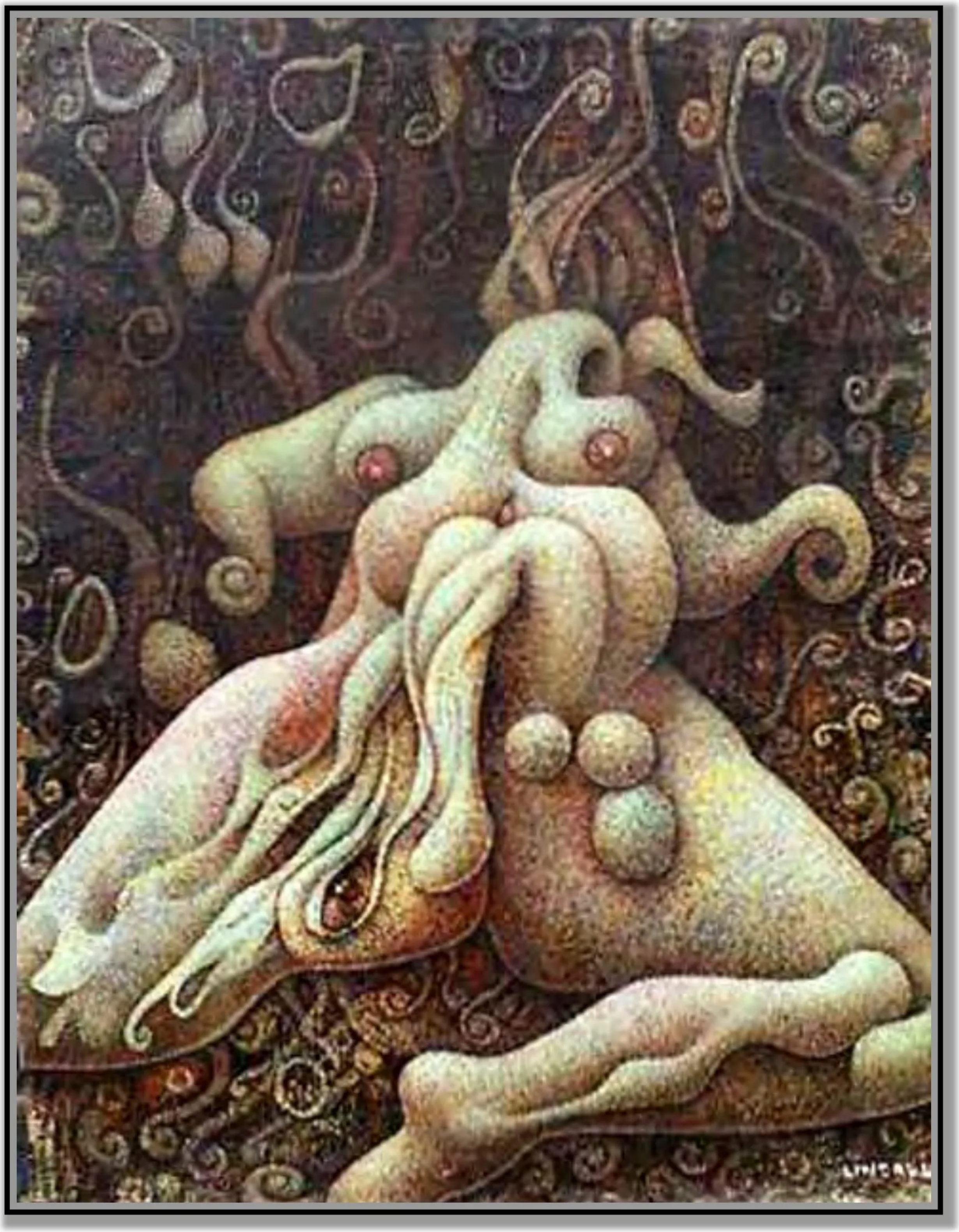
PORTAIT OF COMPOSER MICHAEL KARP'S FAMILY

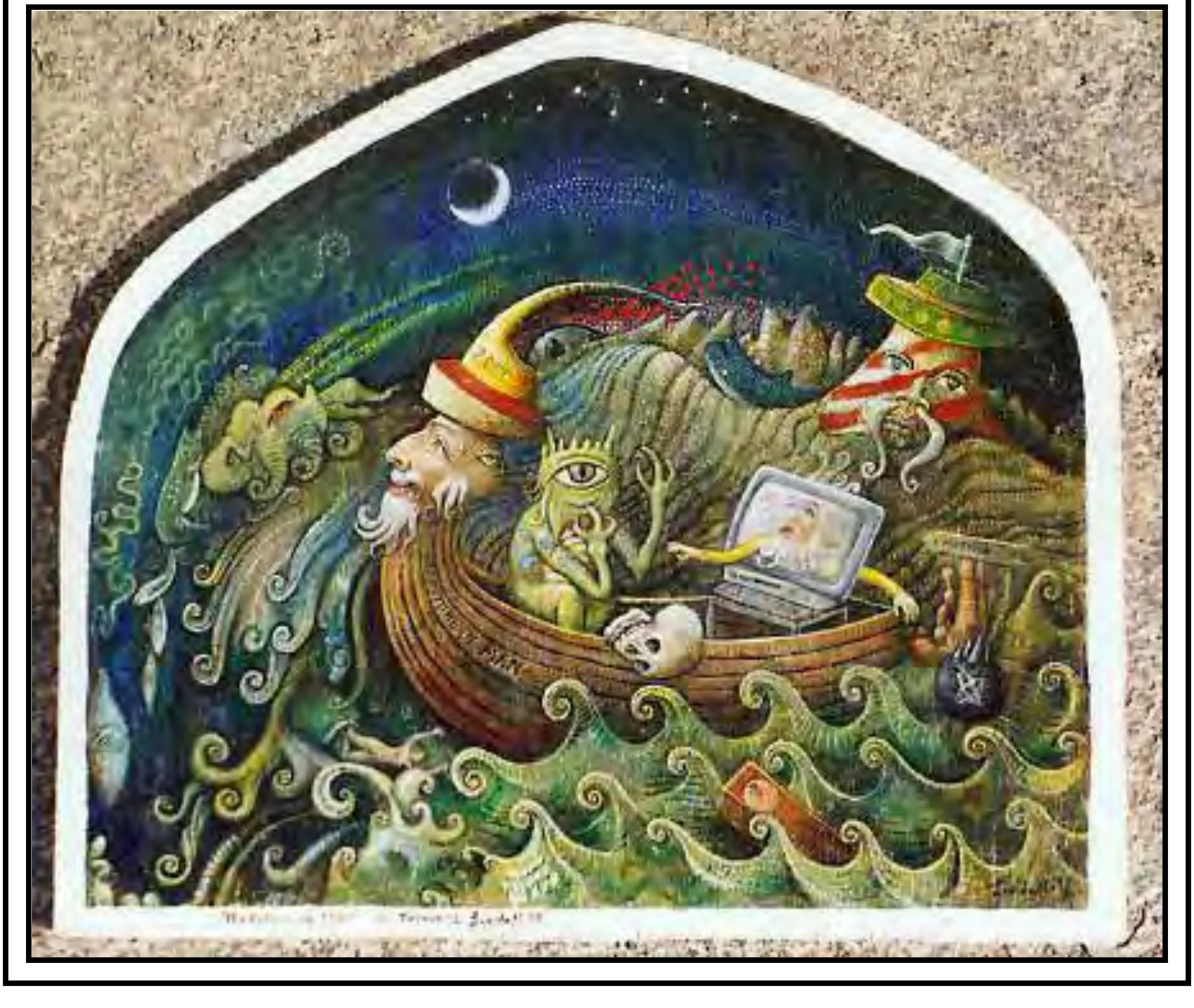


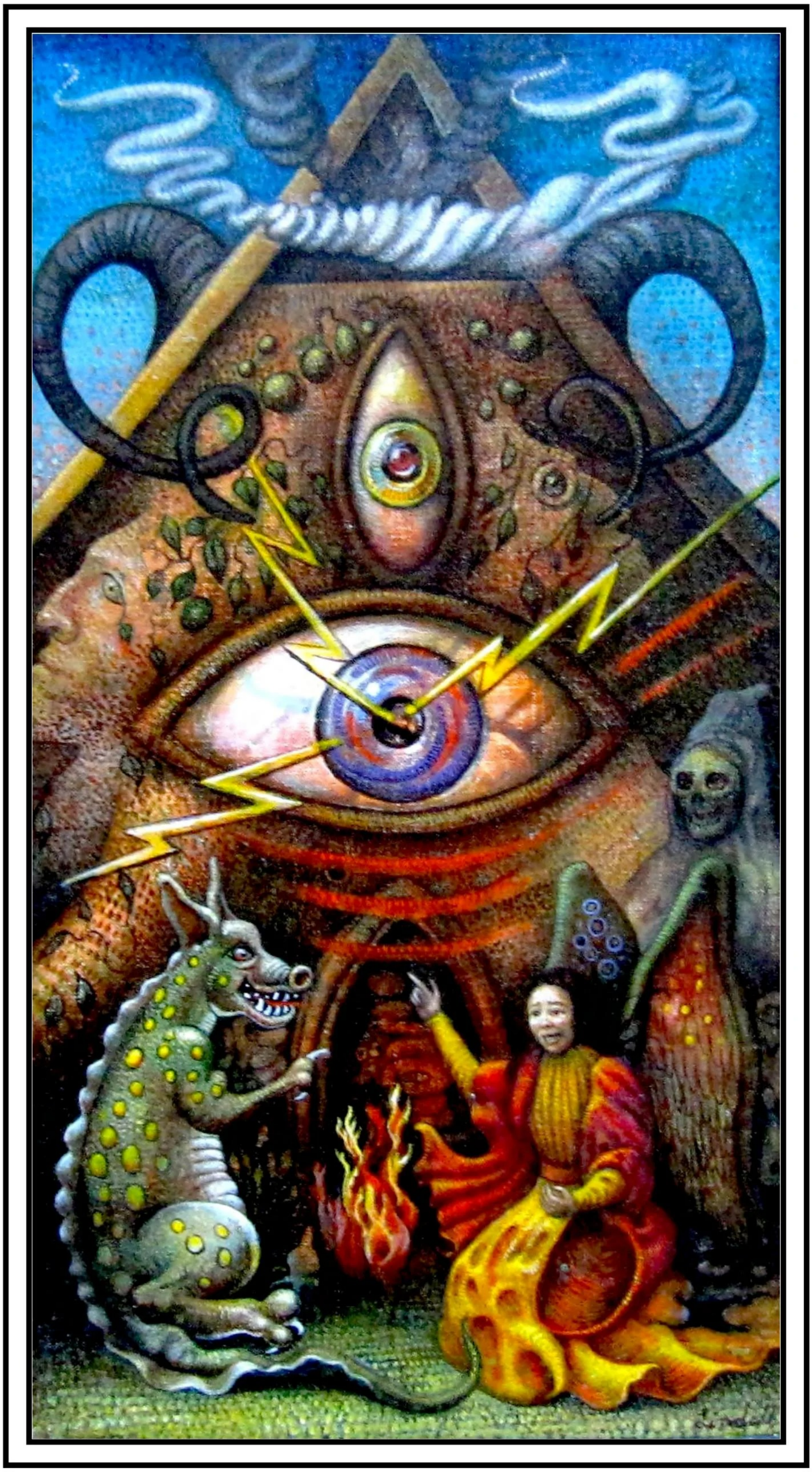
Michael Karp is a composer who wrote music for Sesame Street film songs "Rainy Day Song" and "The Riddle" (both with lyrics by Benjamin Goldstein, who produced the films). Karp has composed music for a variety of television programming, including broadcasts of golf and boxing, soap operas, America's Next Top Model 2, cues for NBC Presidential debates and conventions, and for The Puzzle Place and Nickeloden's Thanksgiving special Turkey TV. He composed the theme song for Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous. Karp is the father of David Karp (seen with a computer below), the founder of Tumblr.

In addition to receiving numerous awards for his work, including two Emmys and one Emmy nomination, Michael is an eleven-time recipient of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers' prestigious "Most Performed Television Theme" award, a three-time recipient of ASCAP's "Most Performed Television Show" award, a recipient of ASCAP's "Most Performed Television Underscoring" award and the winner of a 2005 "Special Distinction"award for "Affirmation for Strings", a work for the concert stage. From works for large orchestra to solo instruments - such diverse music as rock, pop, rhythm and blues, alternative, punk, rap, hip-hop, jazz, world and classical - Michael's music transcends all styles and genres.

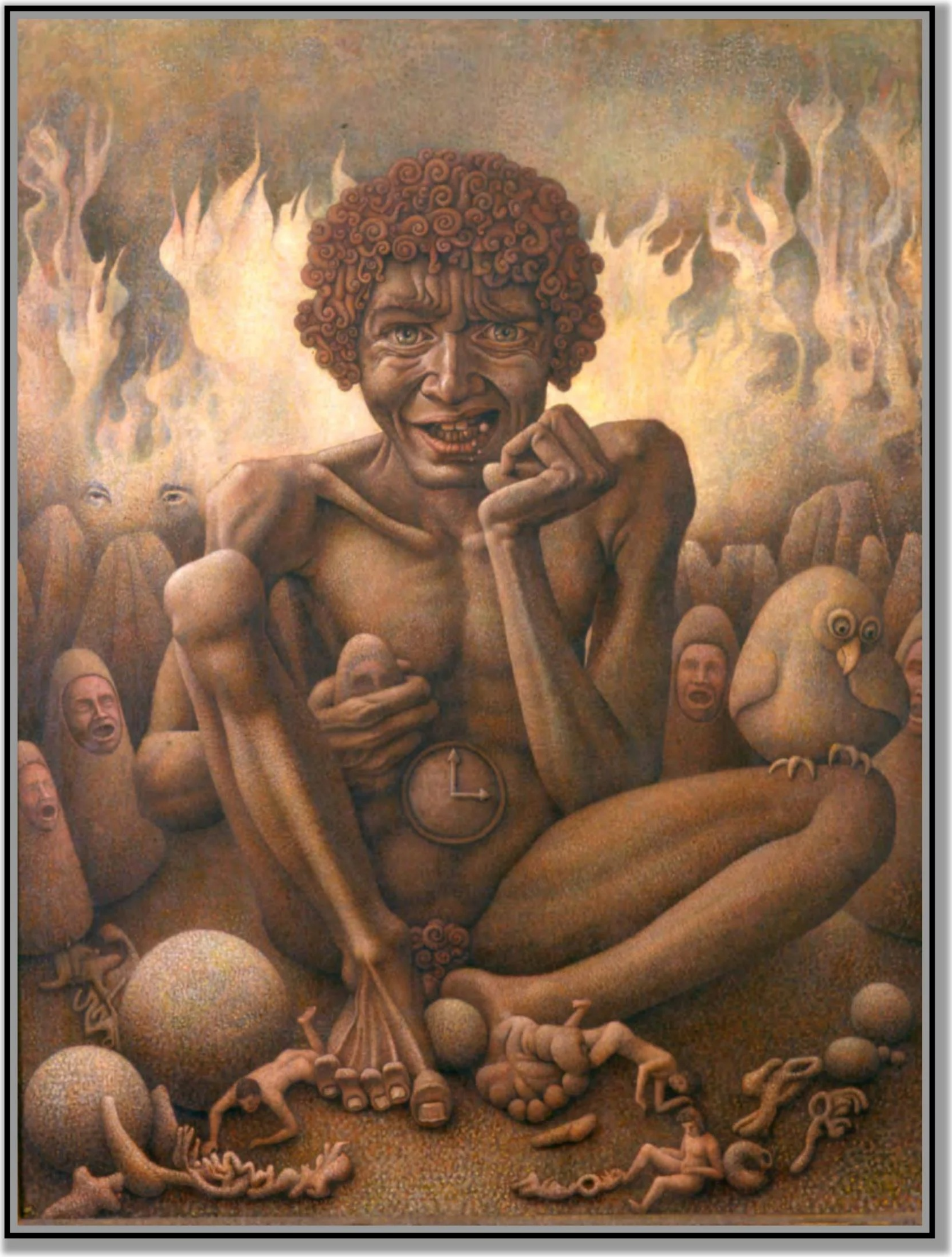
LADY MADONNA



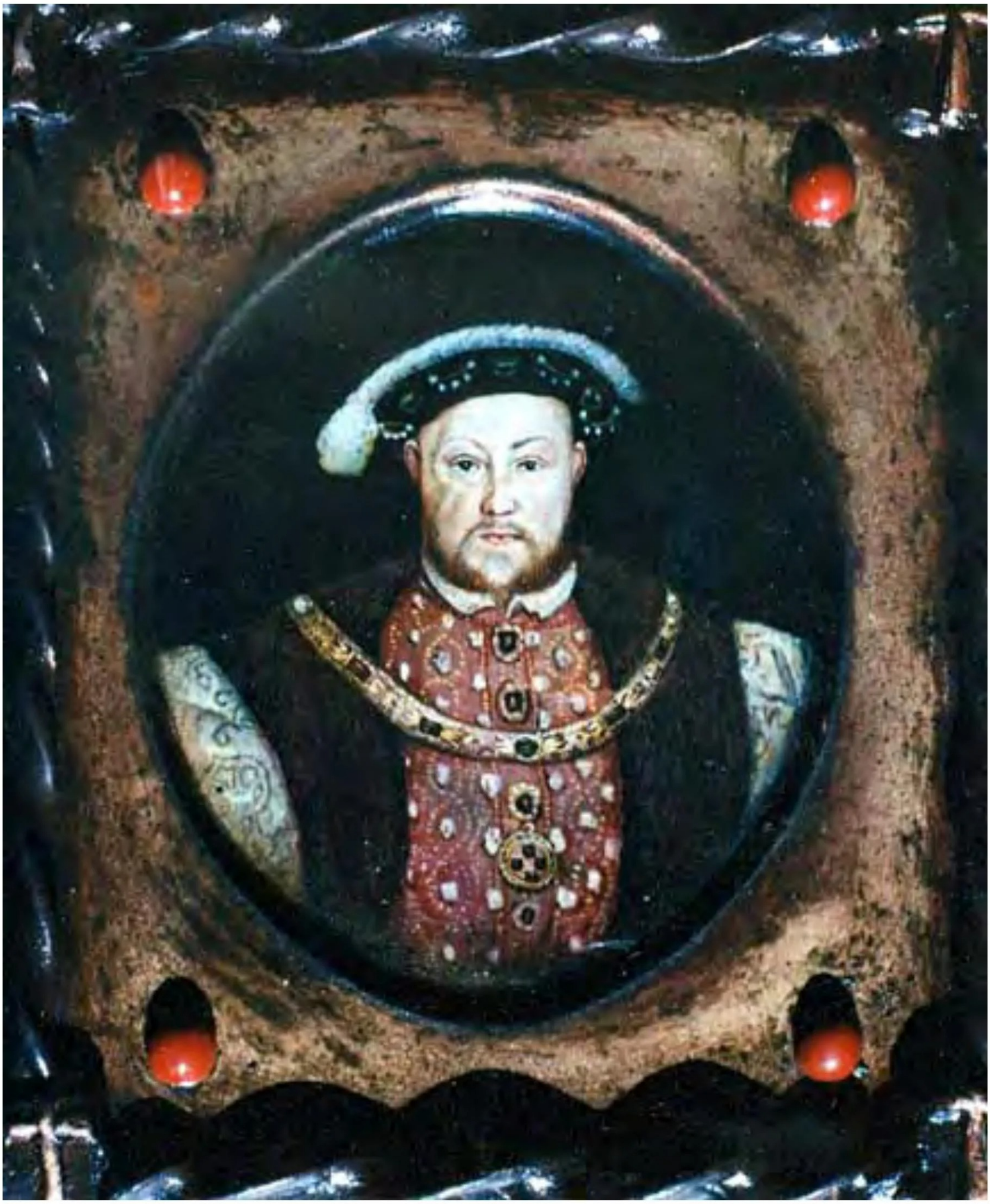




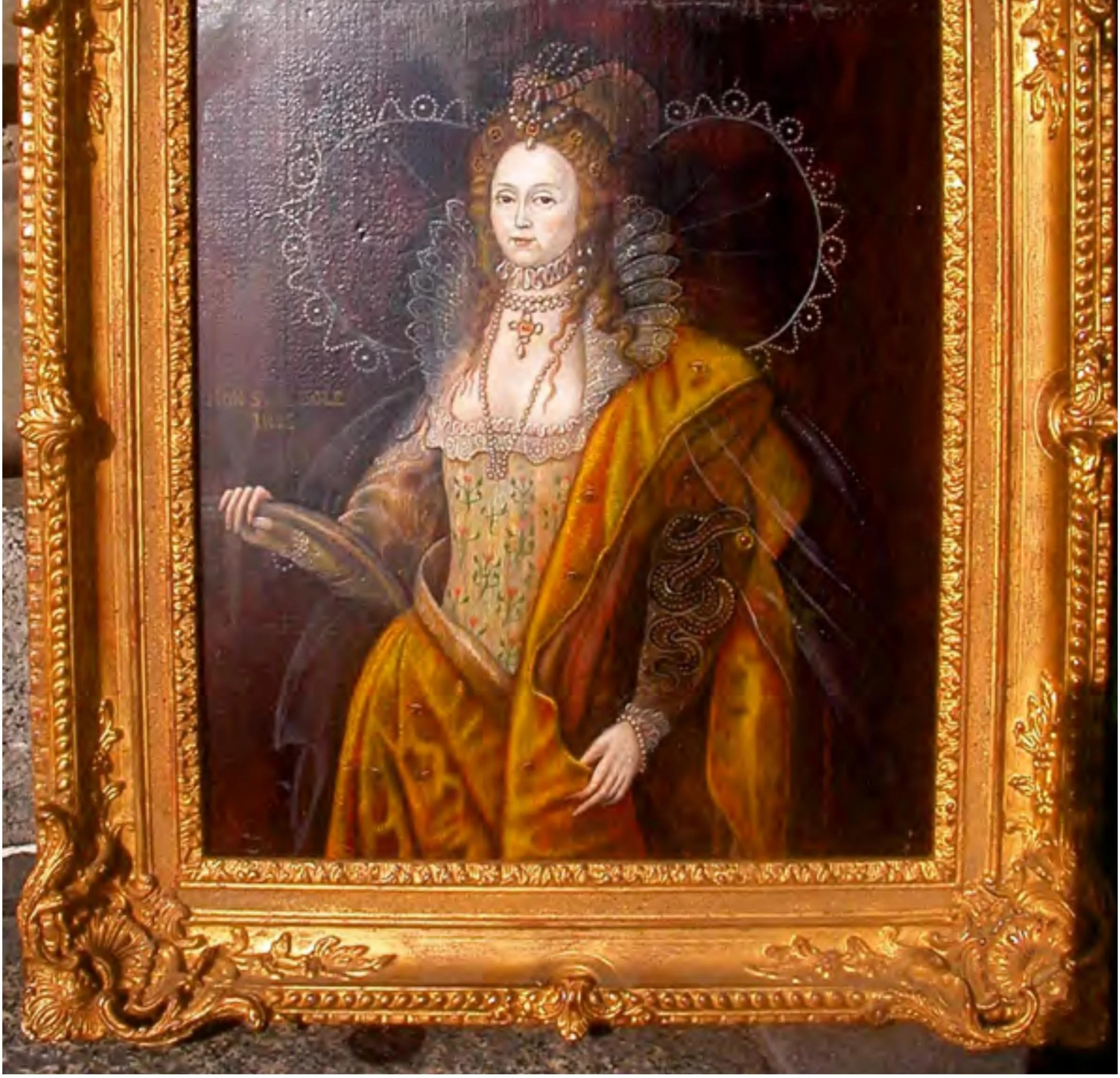
THE STONE EATER

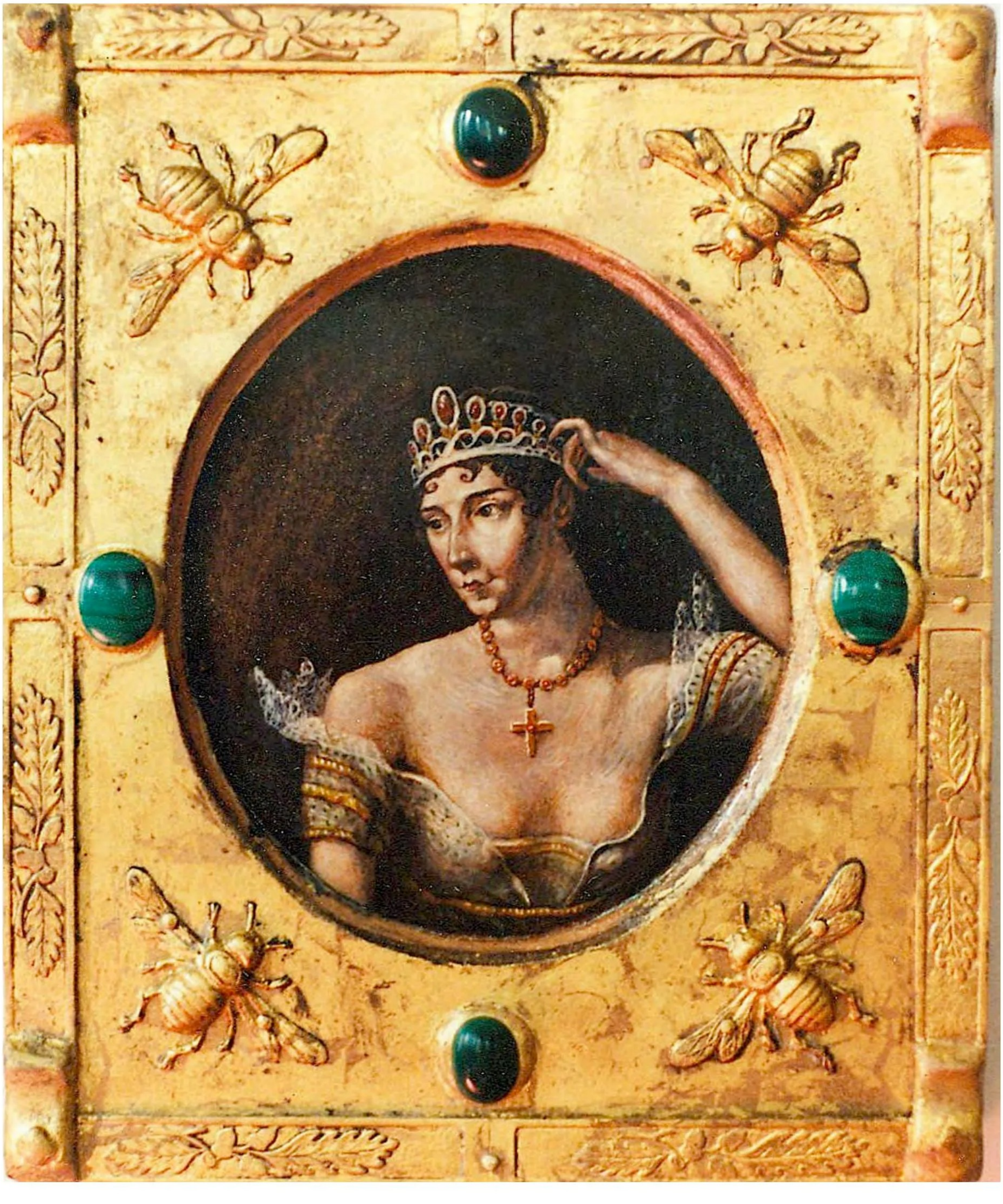


KING HENRY VIII

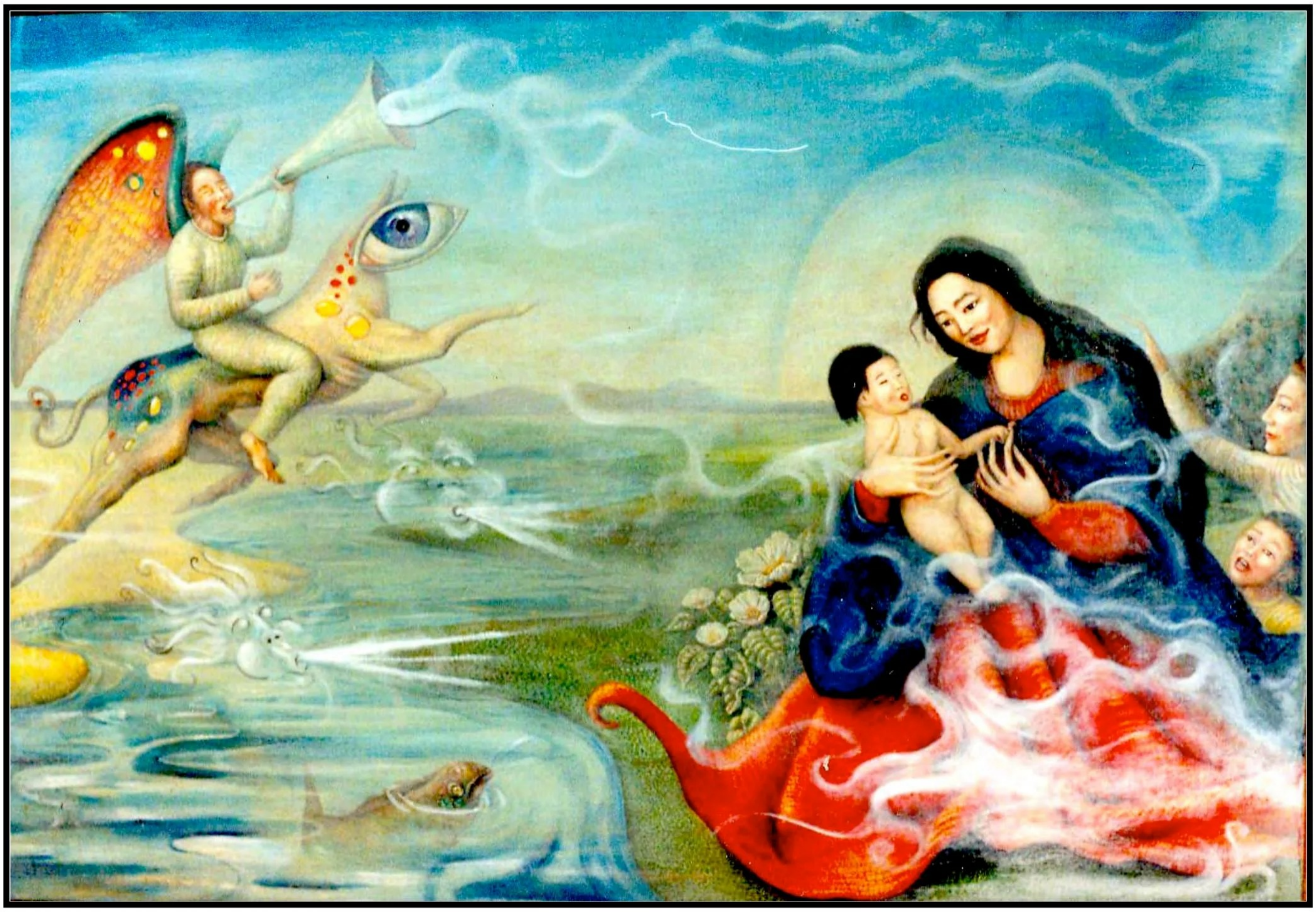


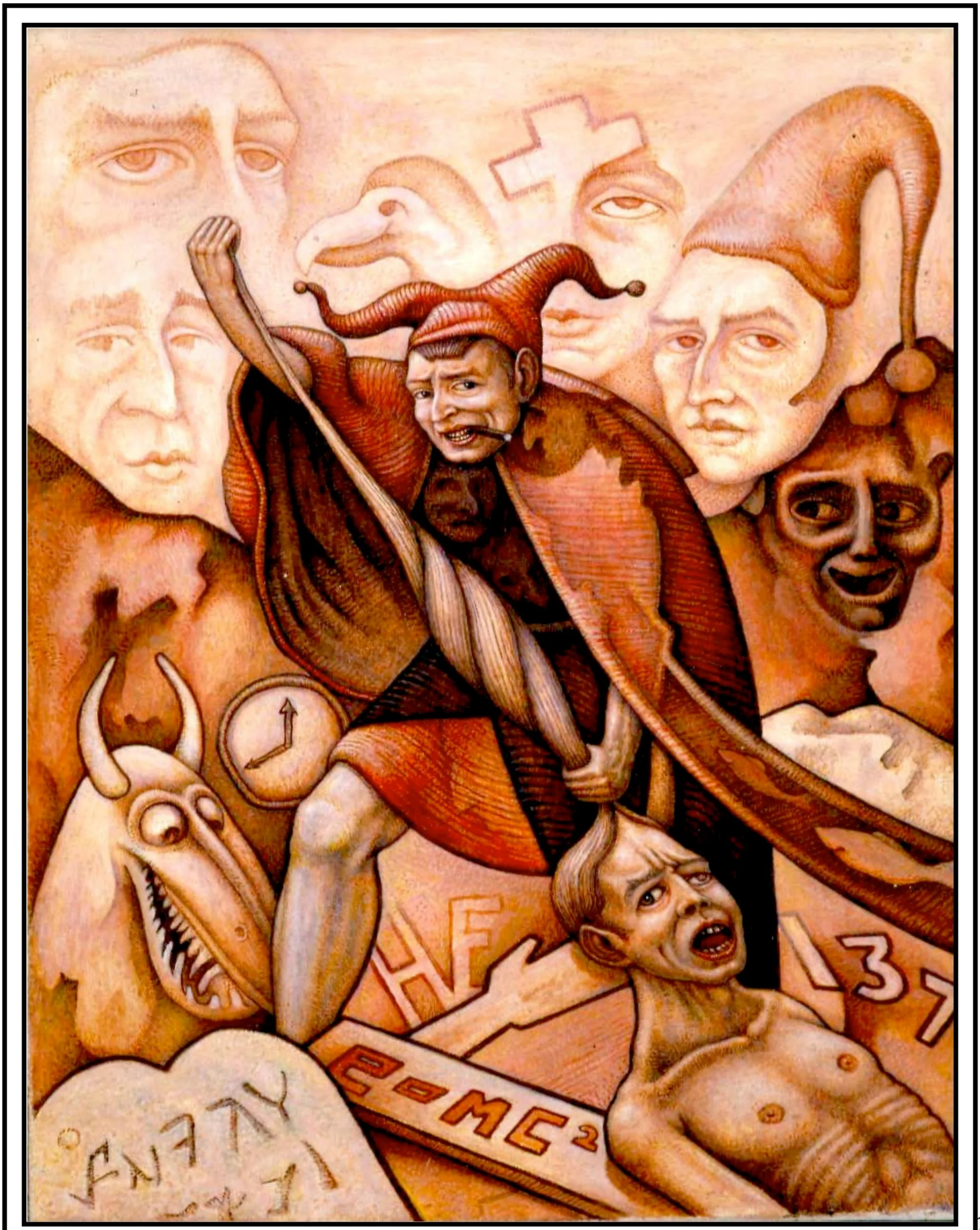
QUEEN ELIZABETH I

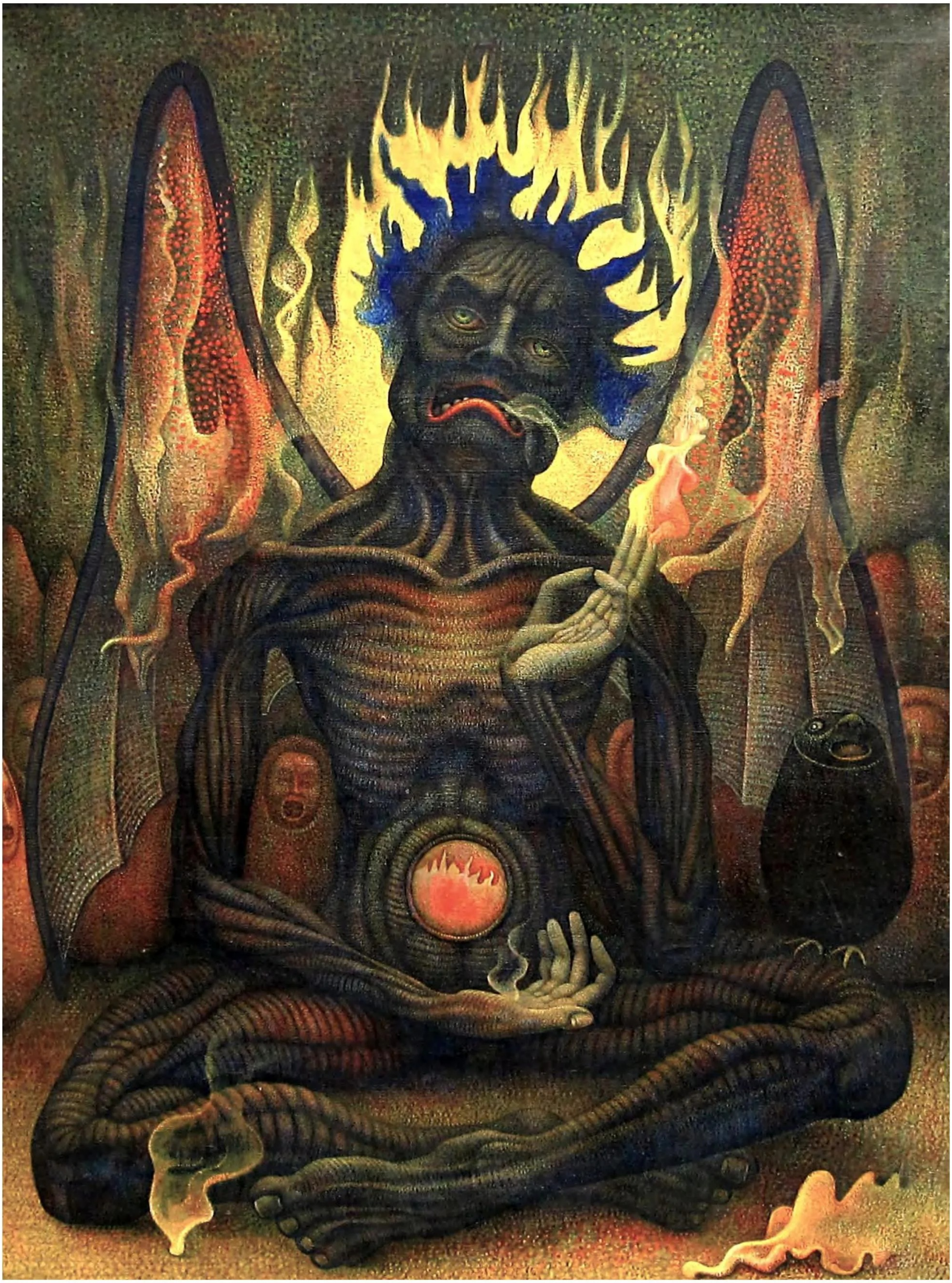




The Asian Madonna, signed Lindall in Russian, 3 x 5 feet
Sold at Tepper Galleries



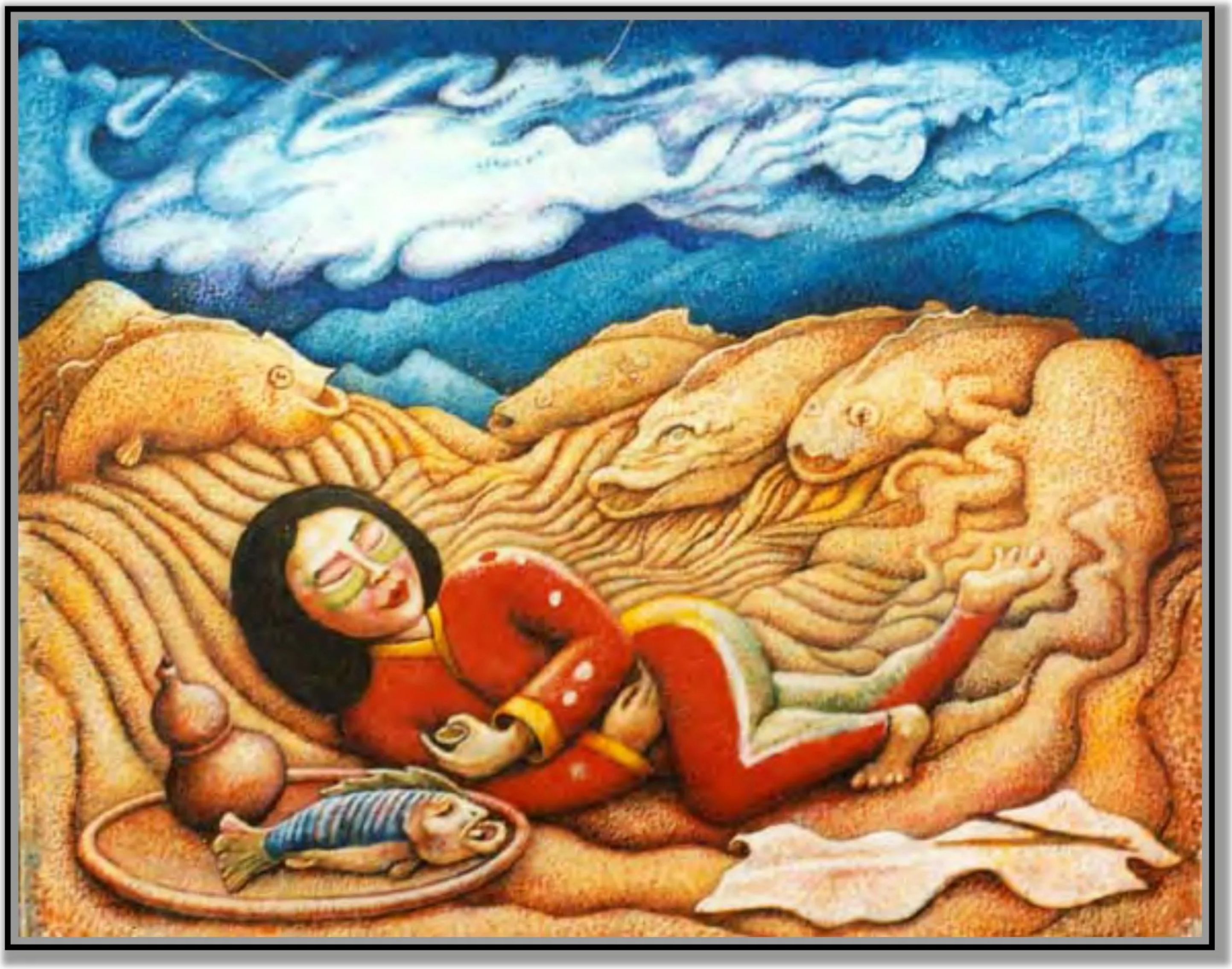

HF
137
E=MC²



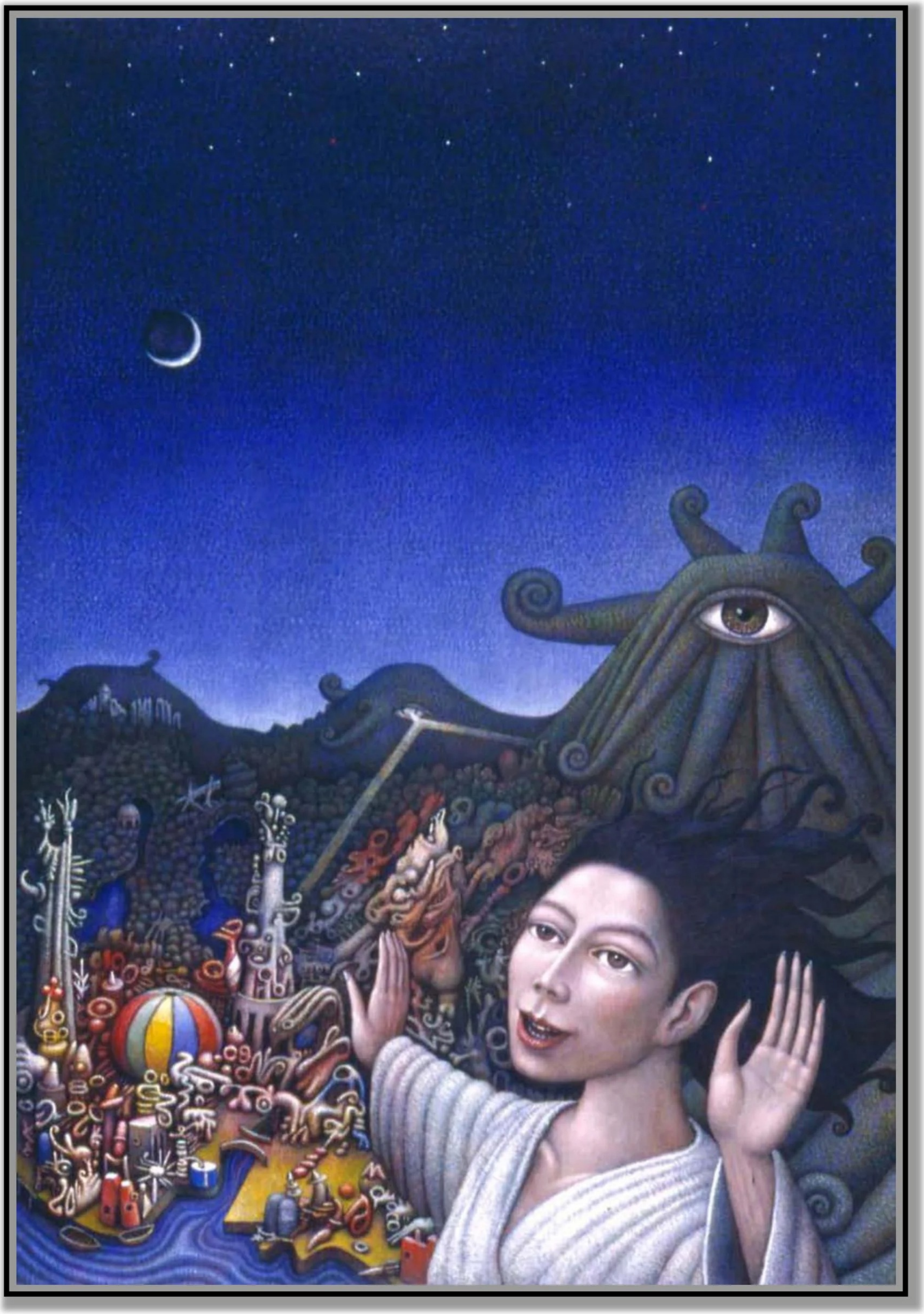
Products in Neurobiology and Endocrinology

IMMUNO NUCLEAR

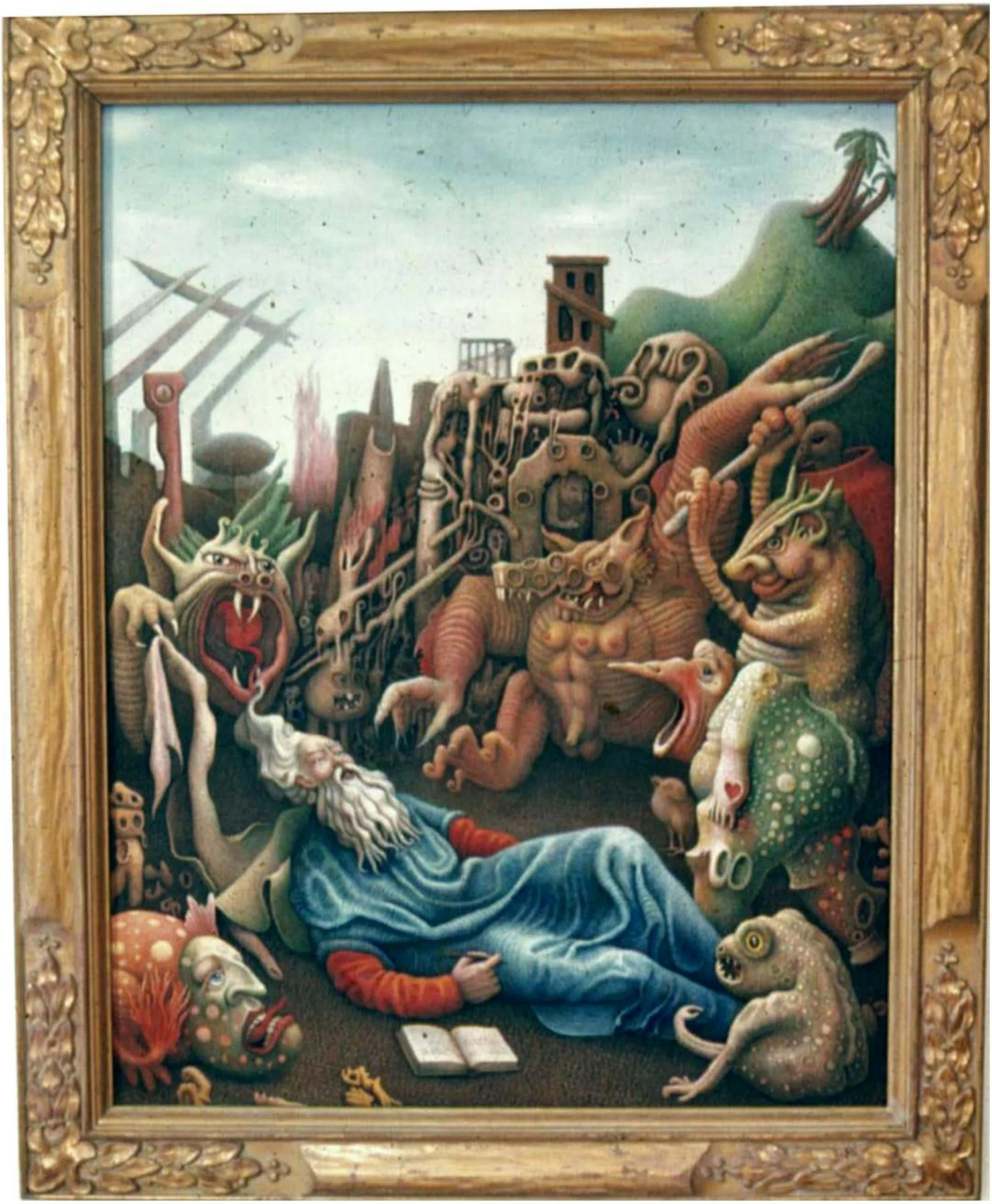
Demon Yuk in Her Cups
Collection John Morelli

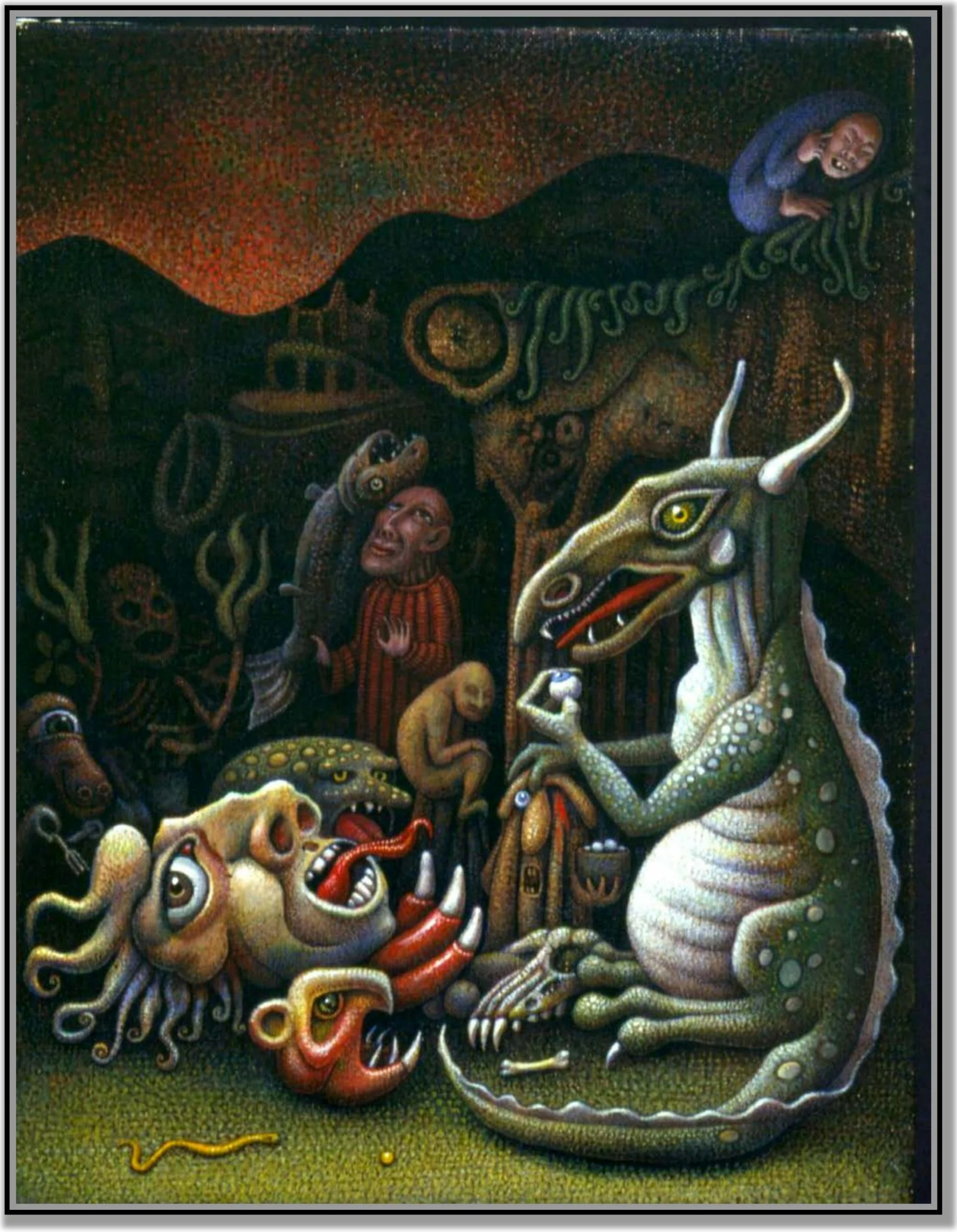


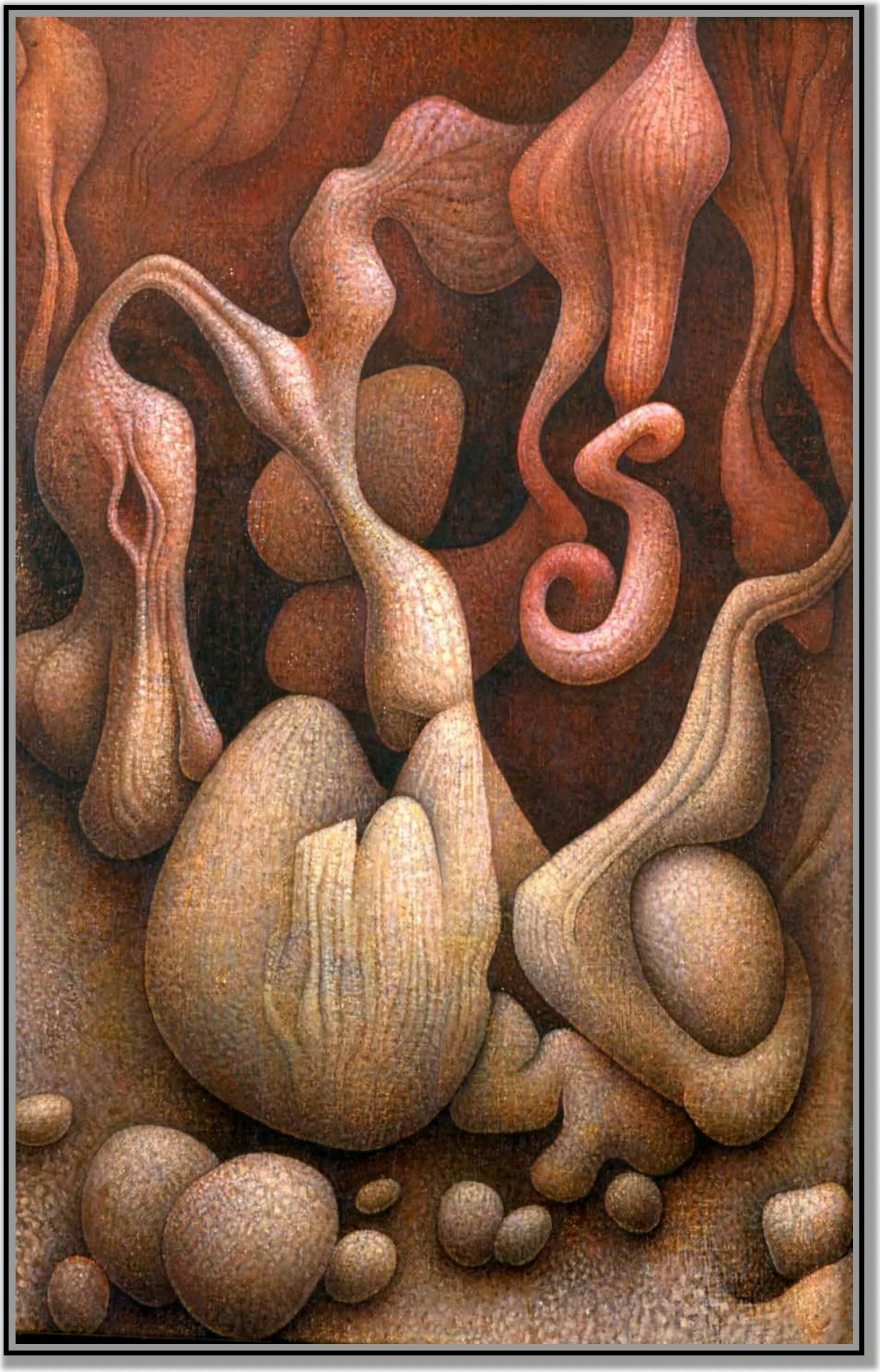
Watchstar

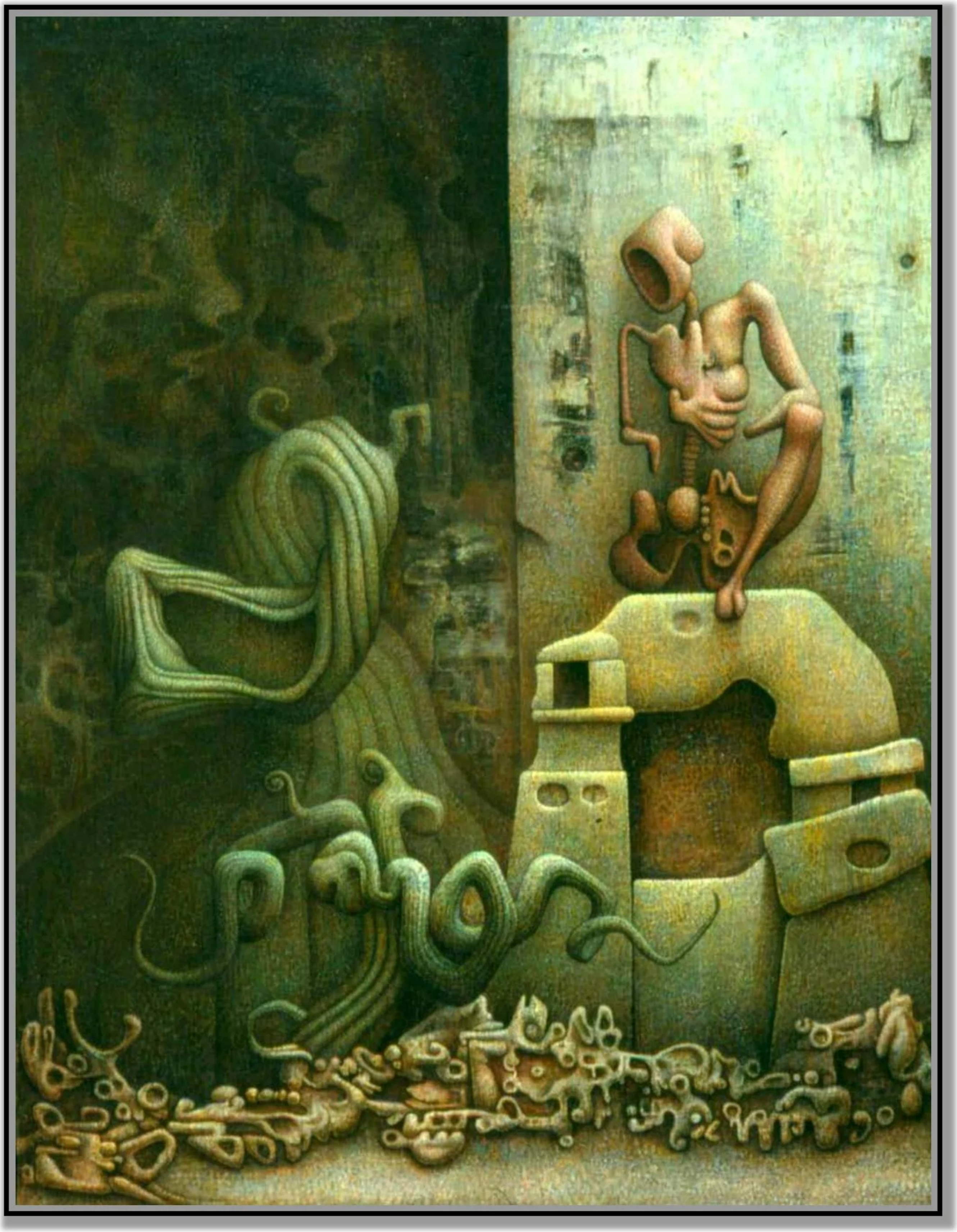


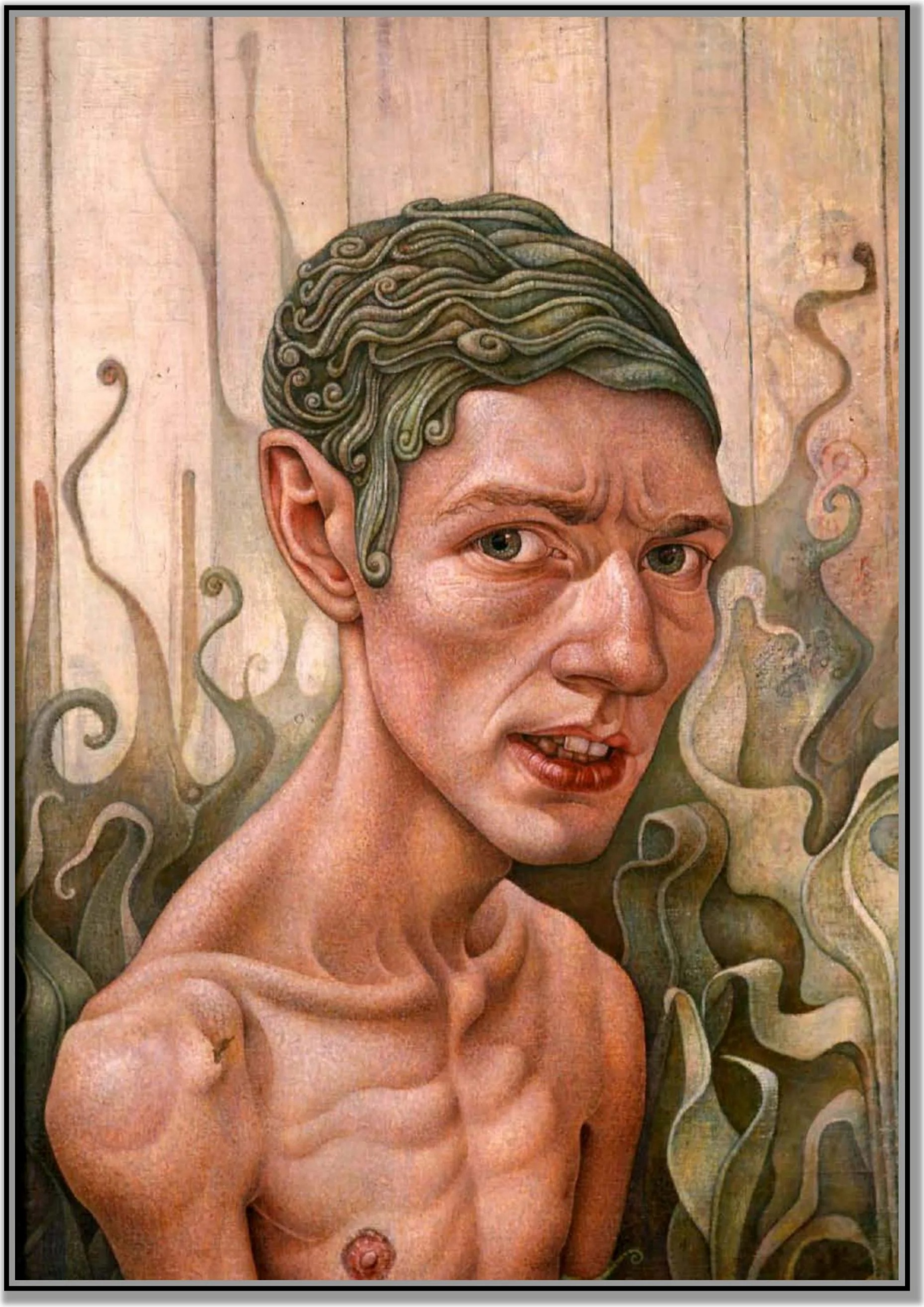
Father True Wisdom

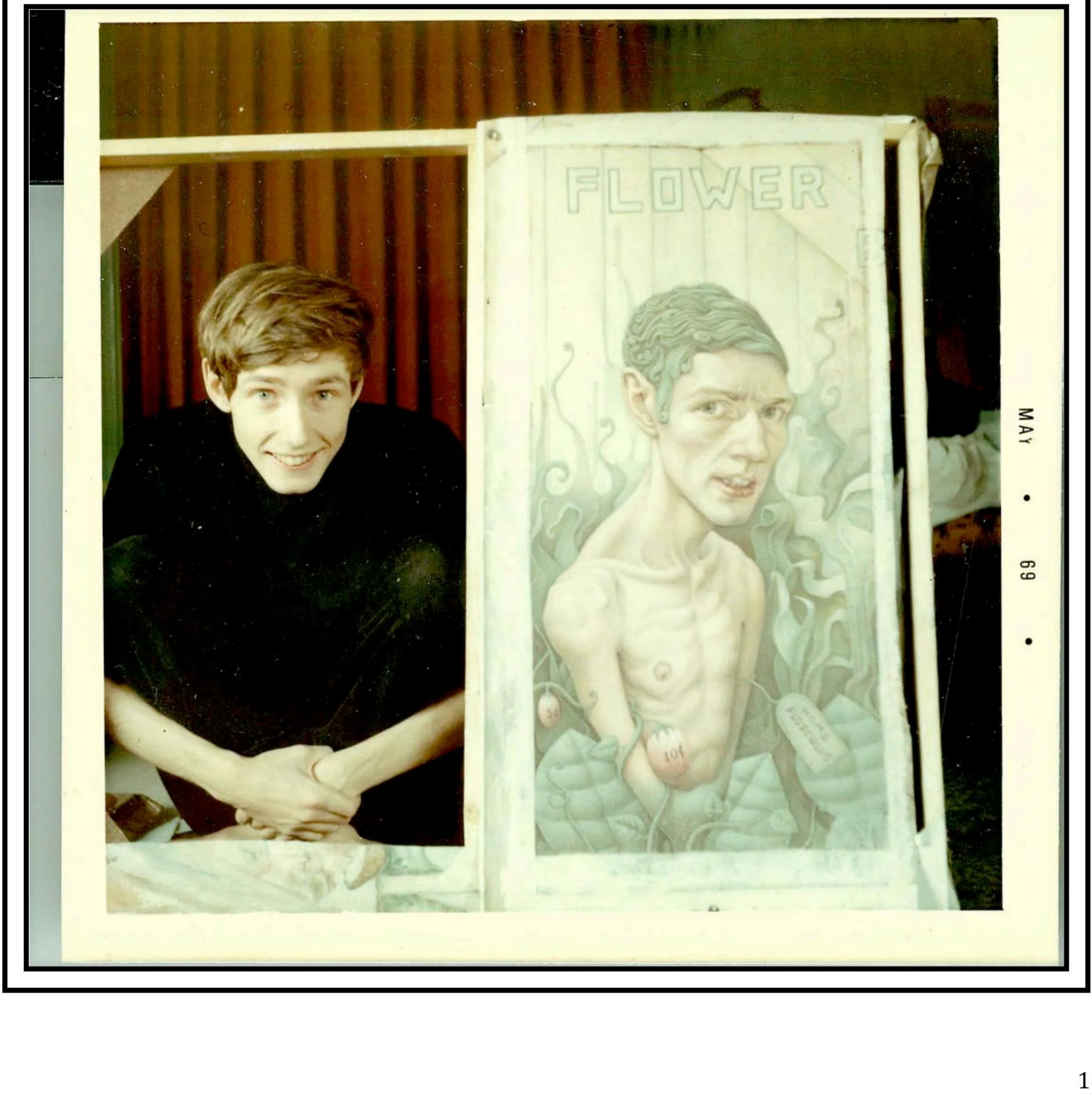


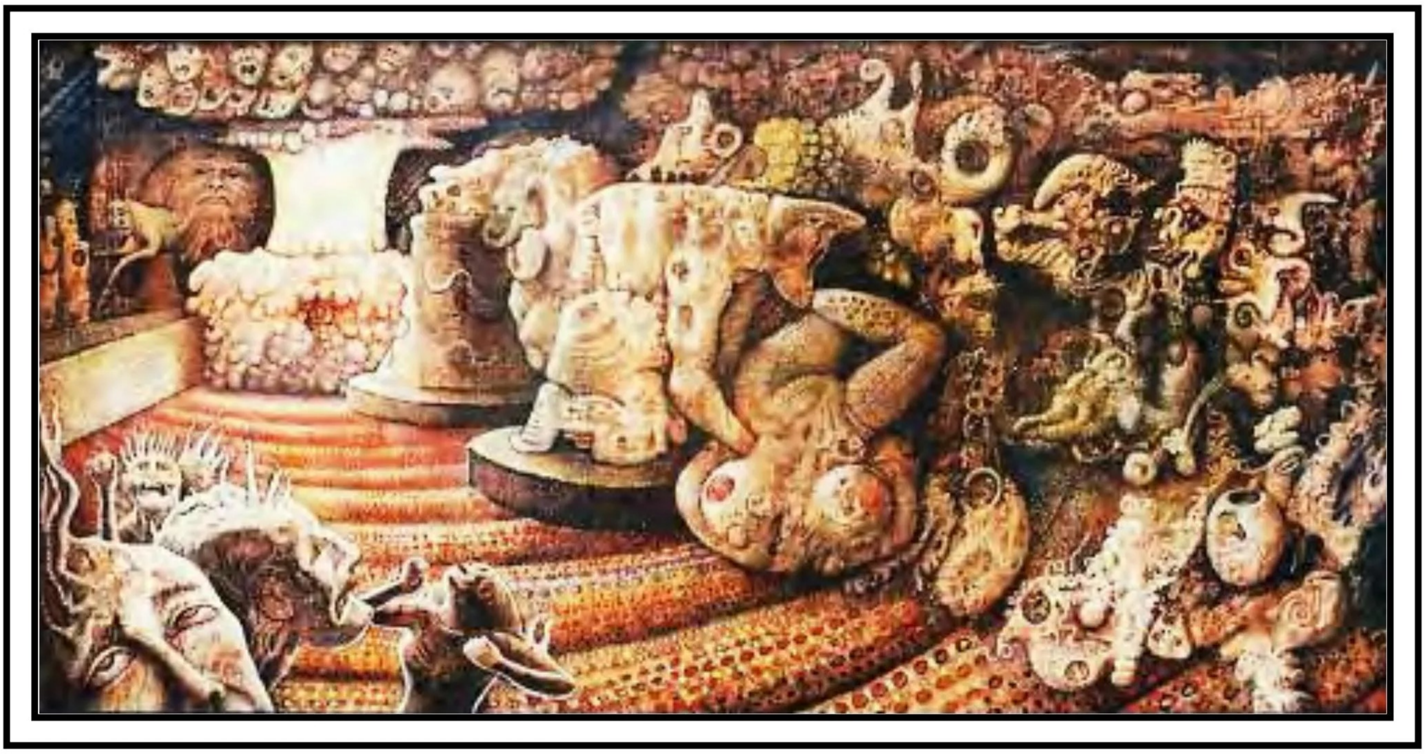


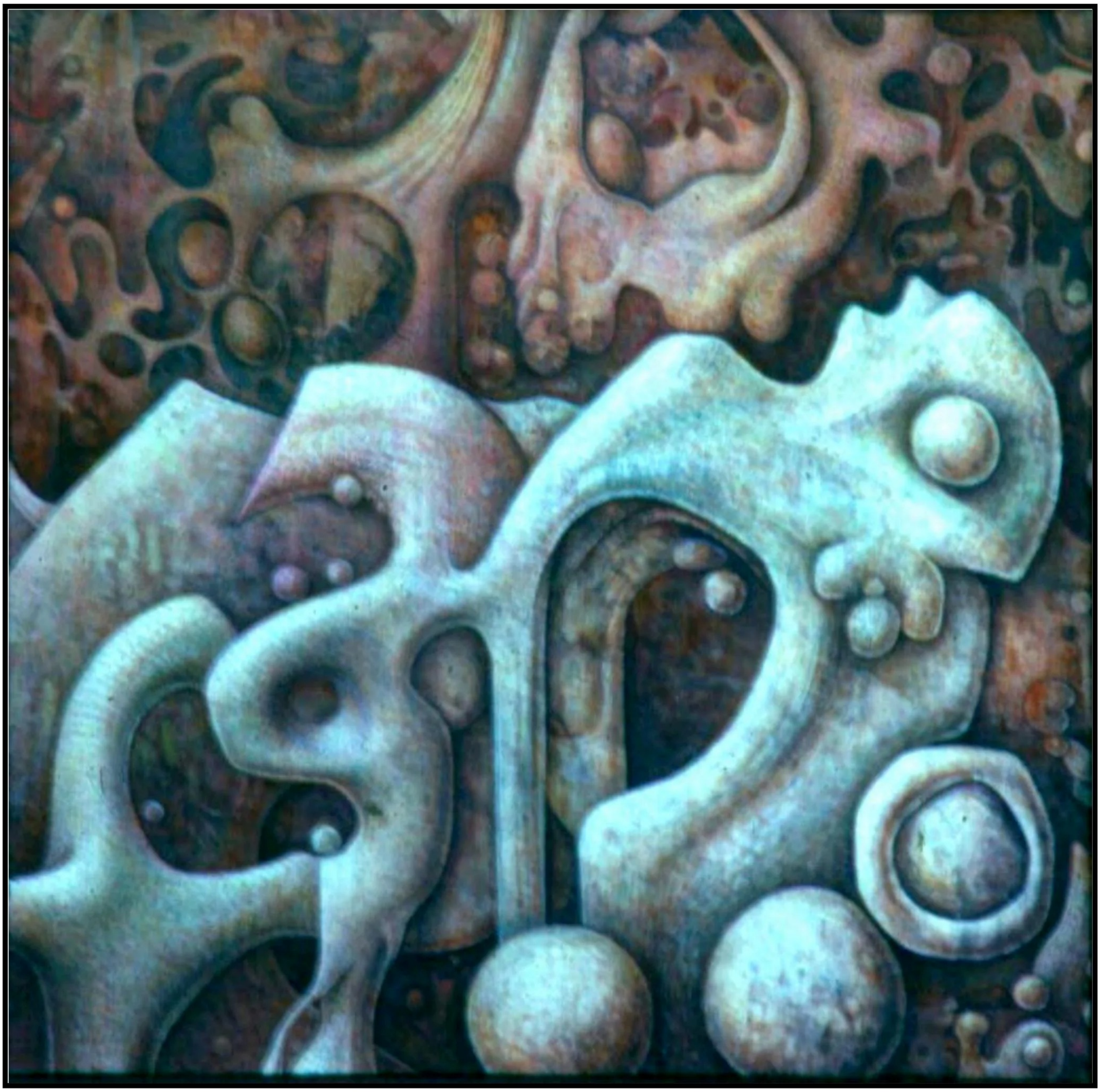


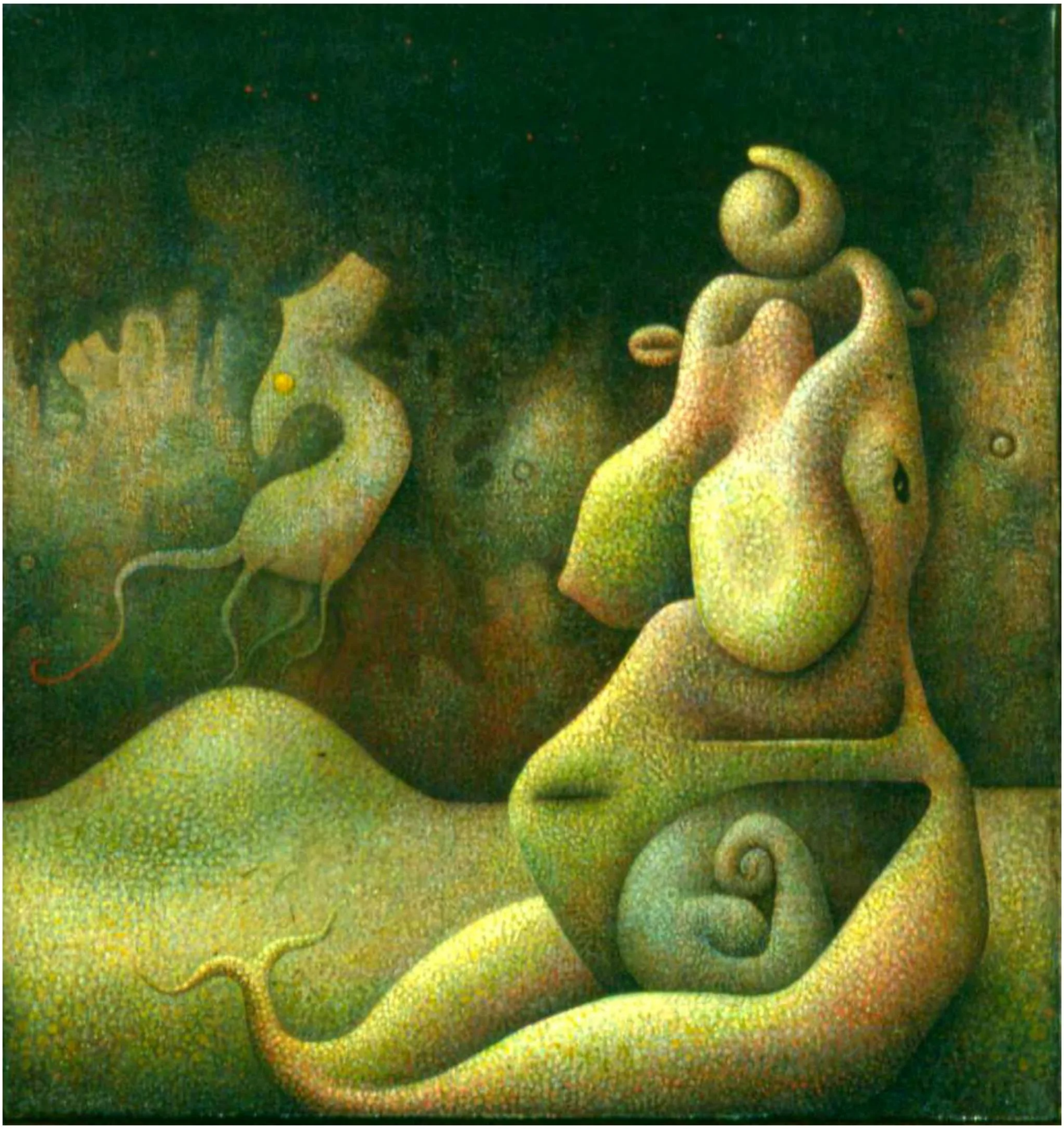


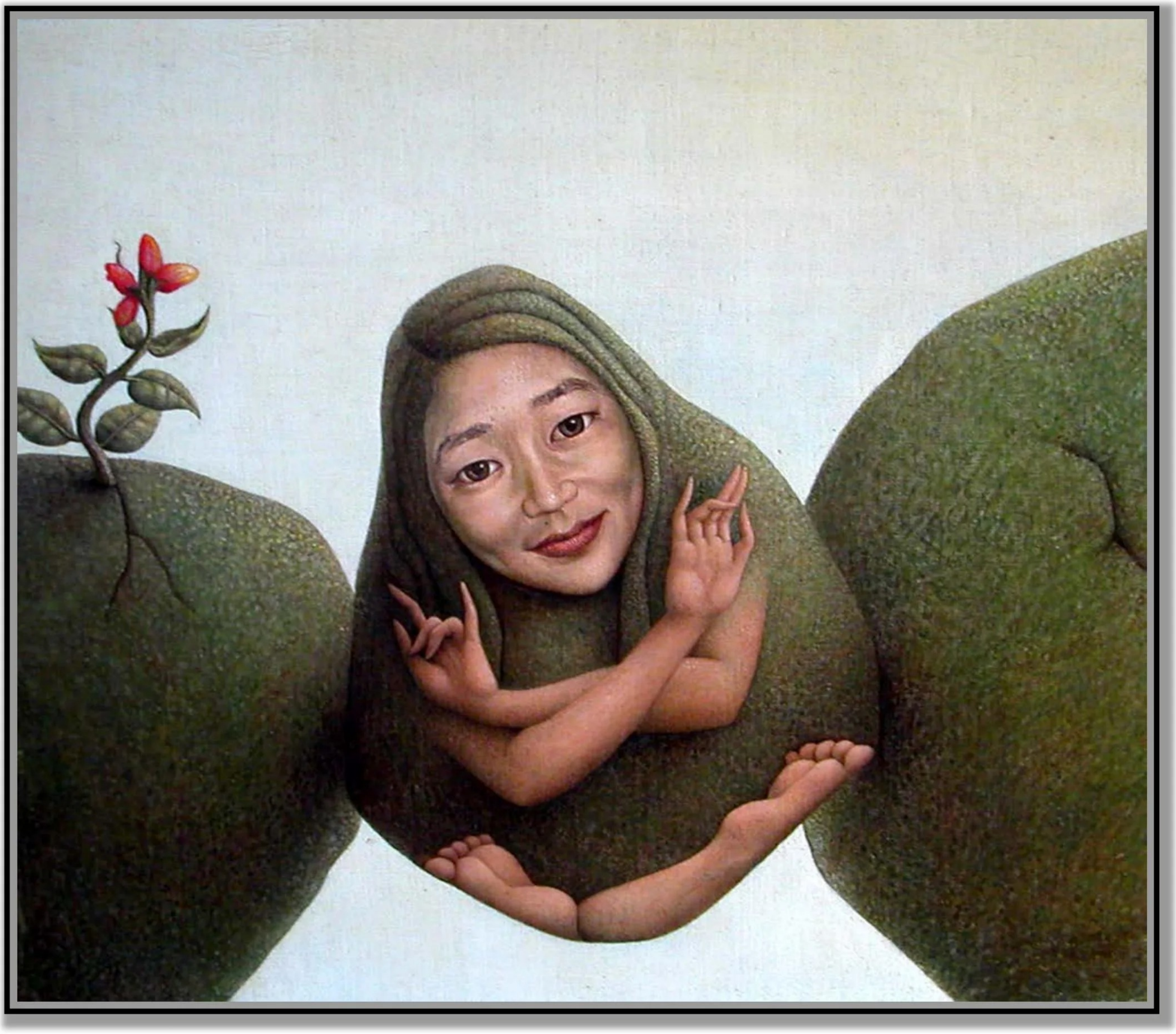


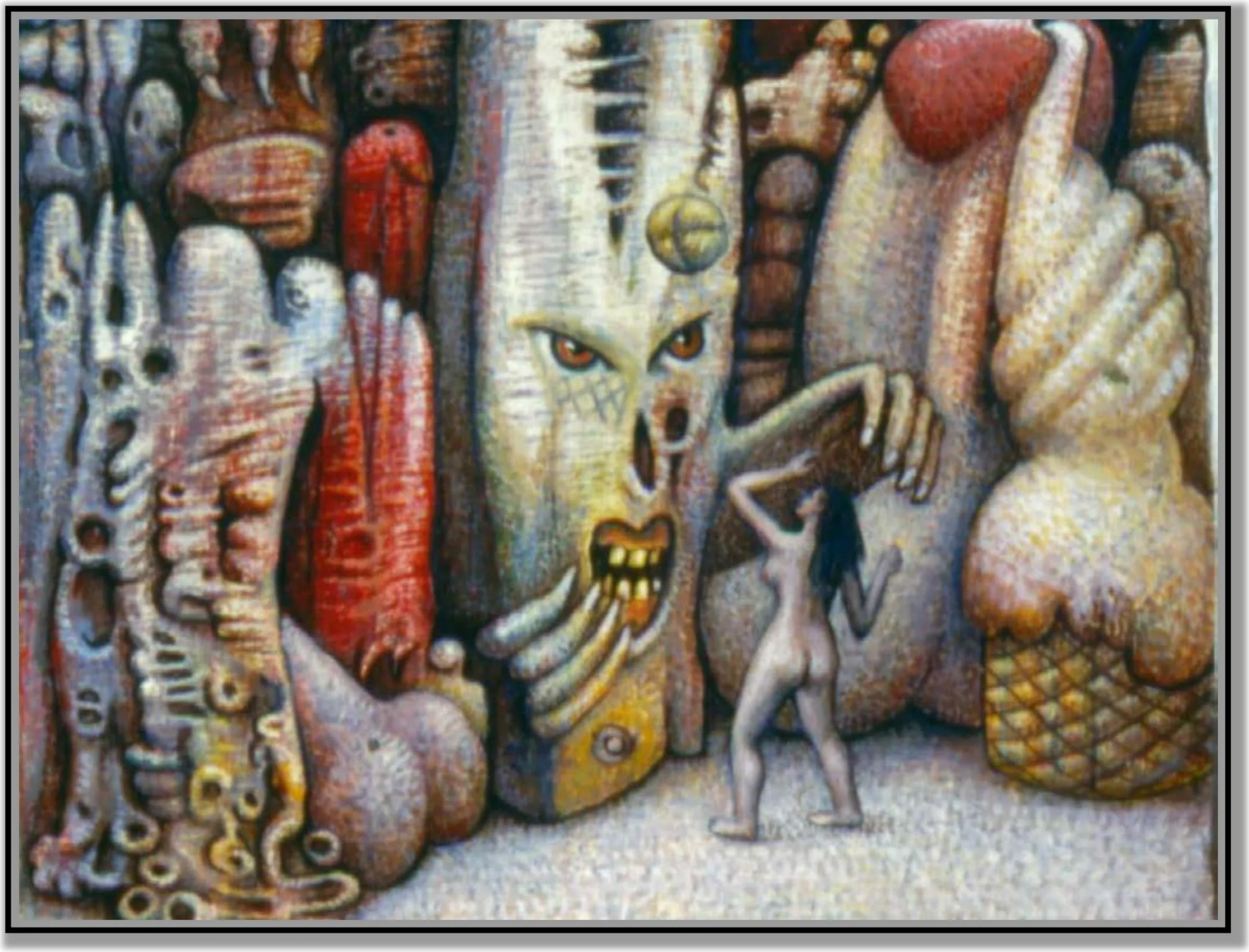

FLOWER
MAY • 69 •

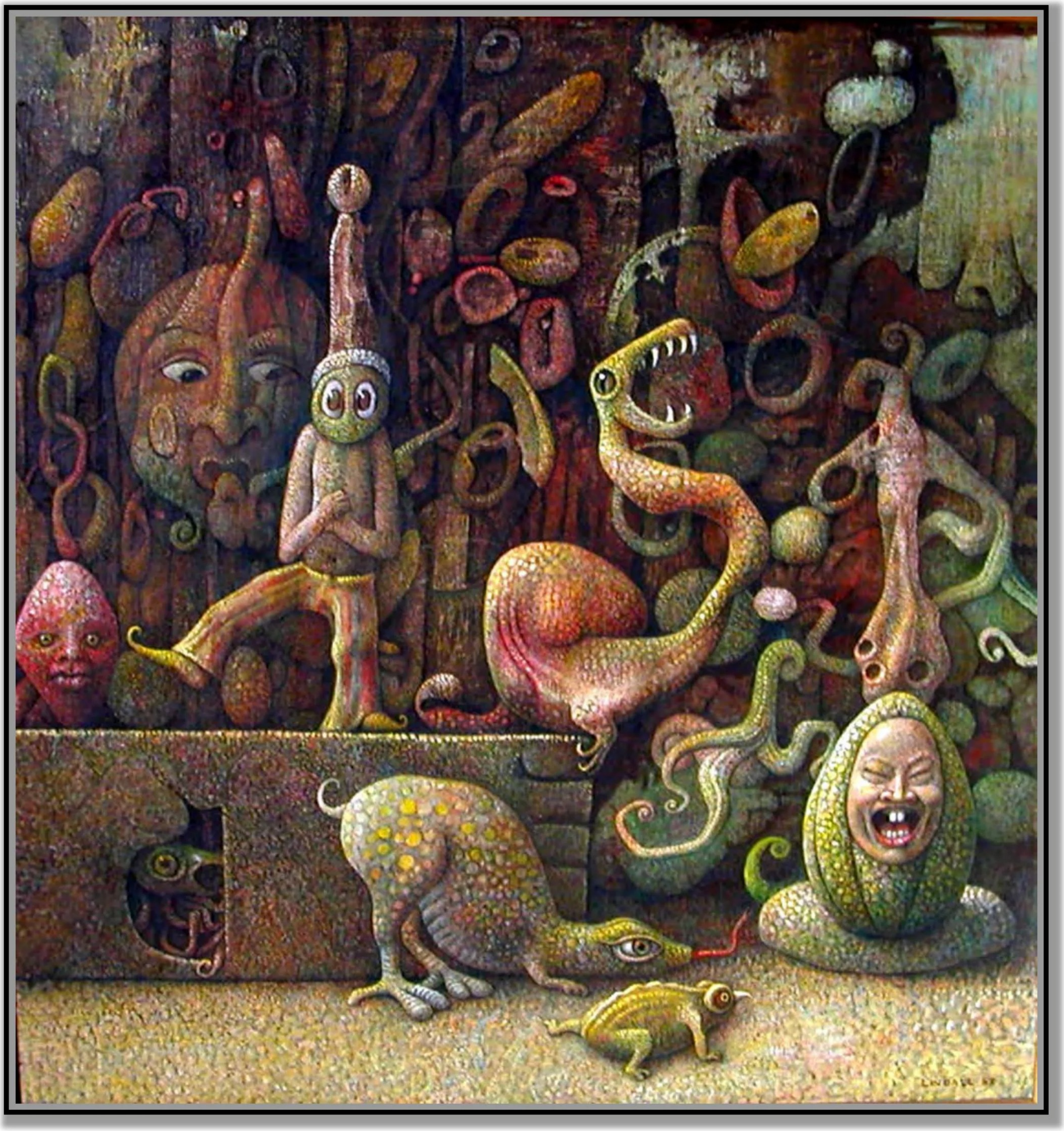


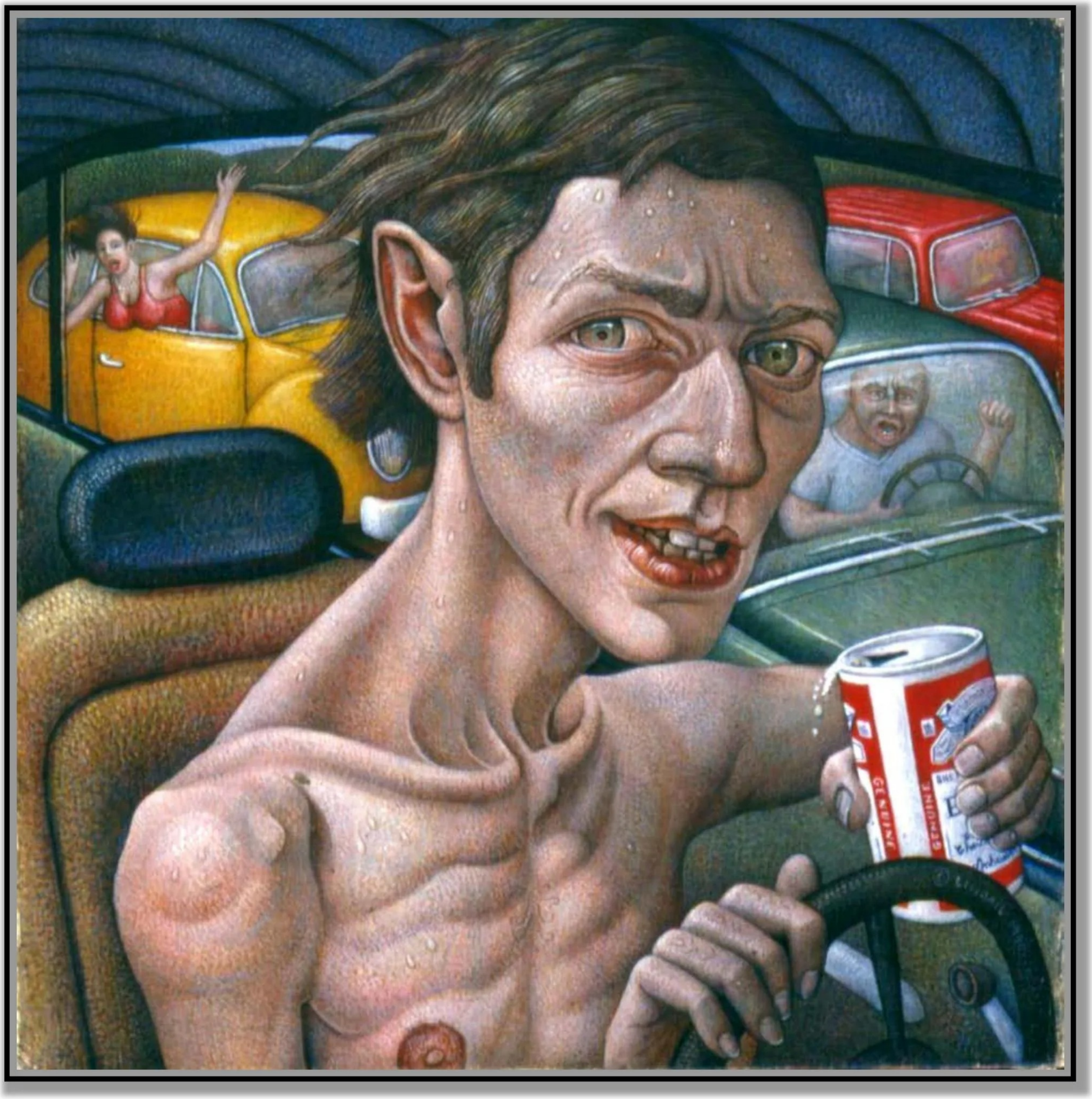


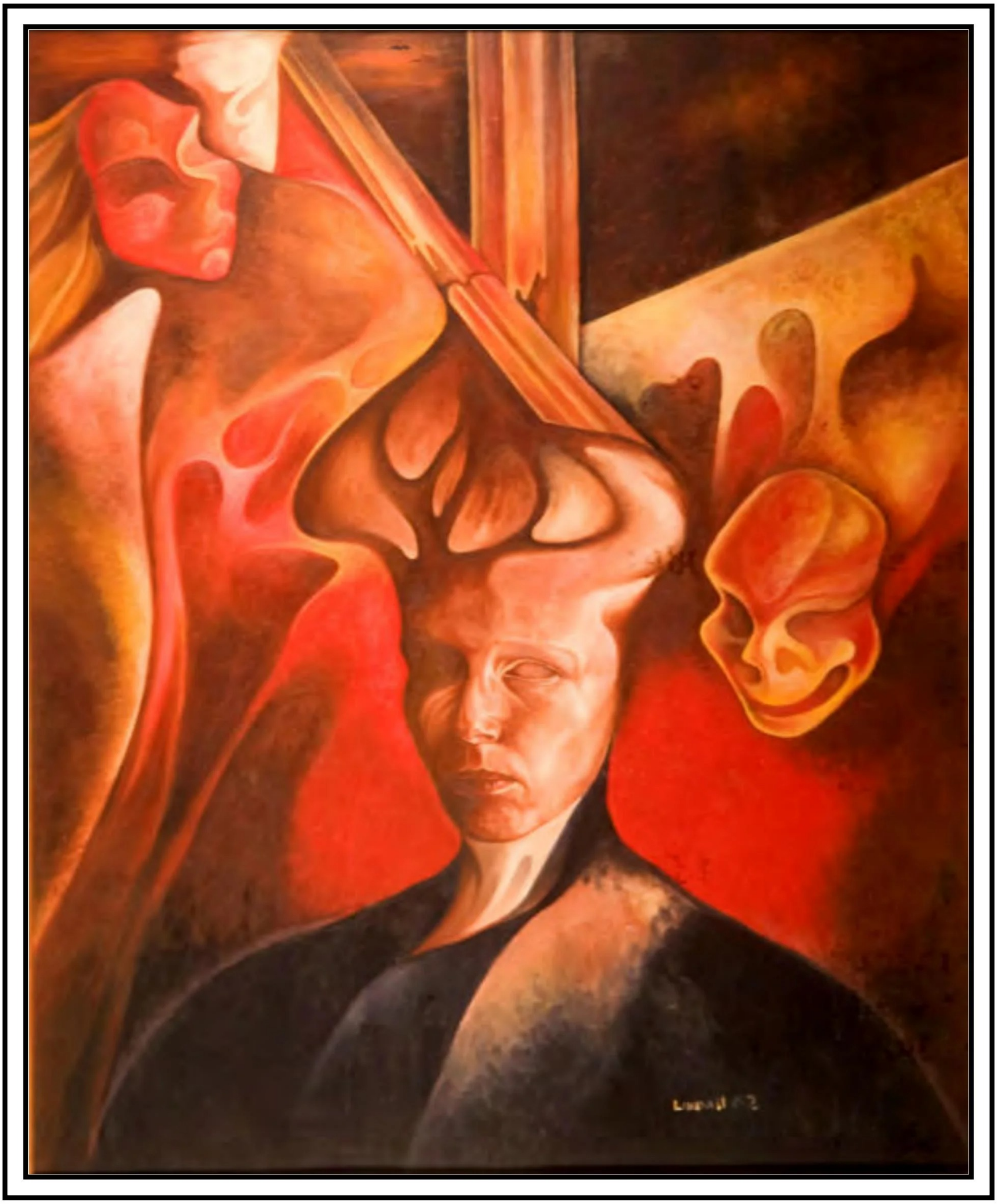


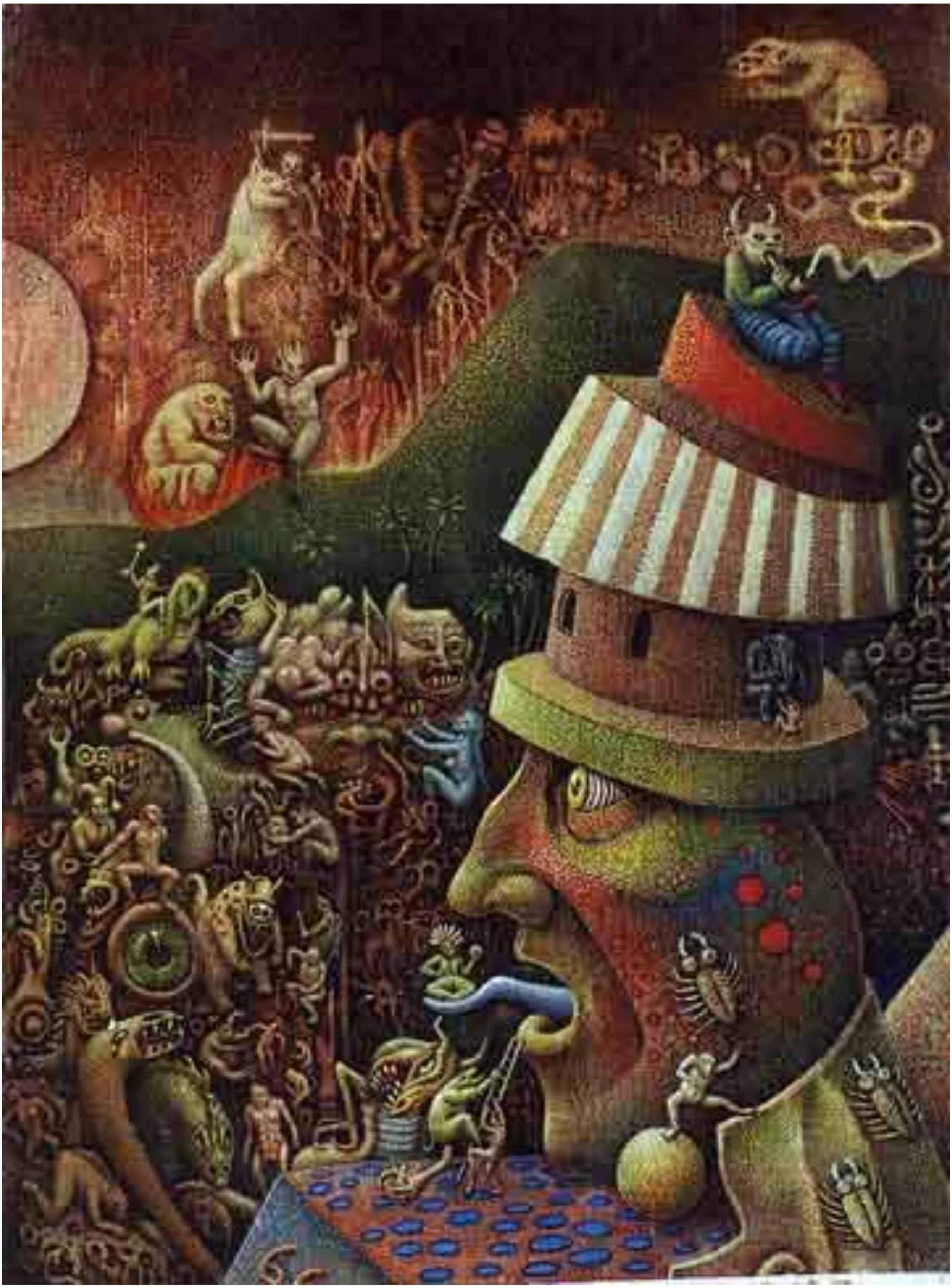


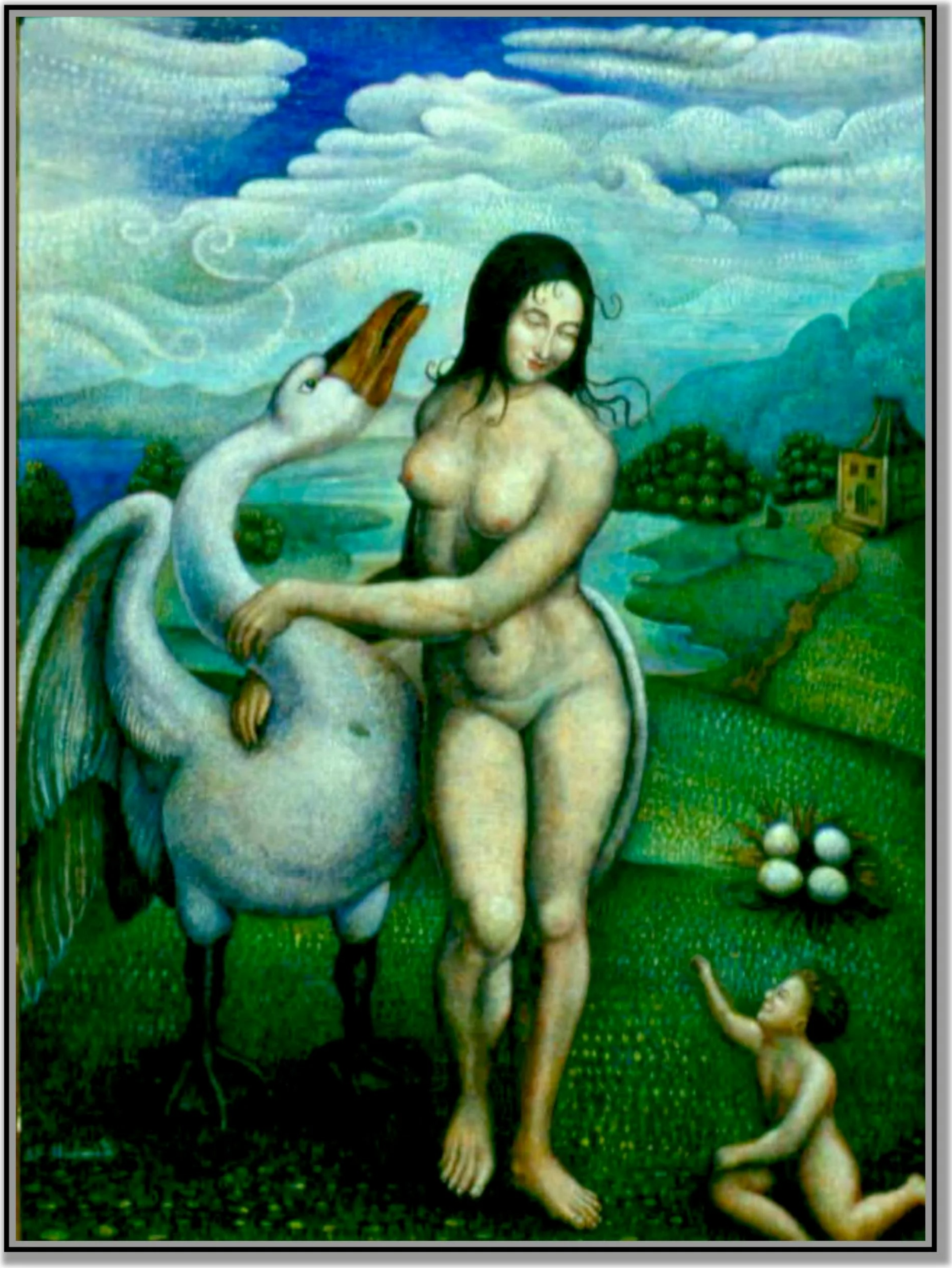


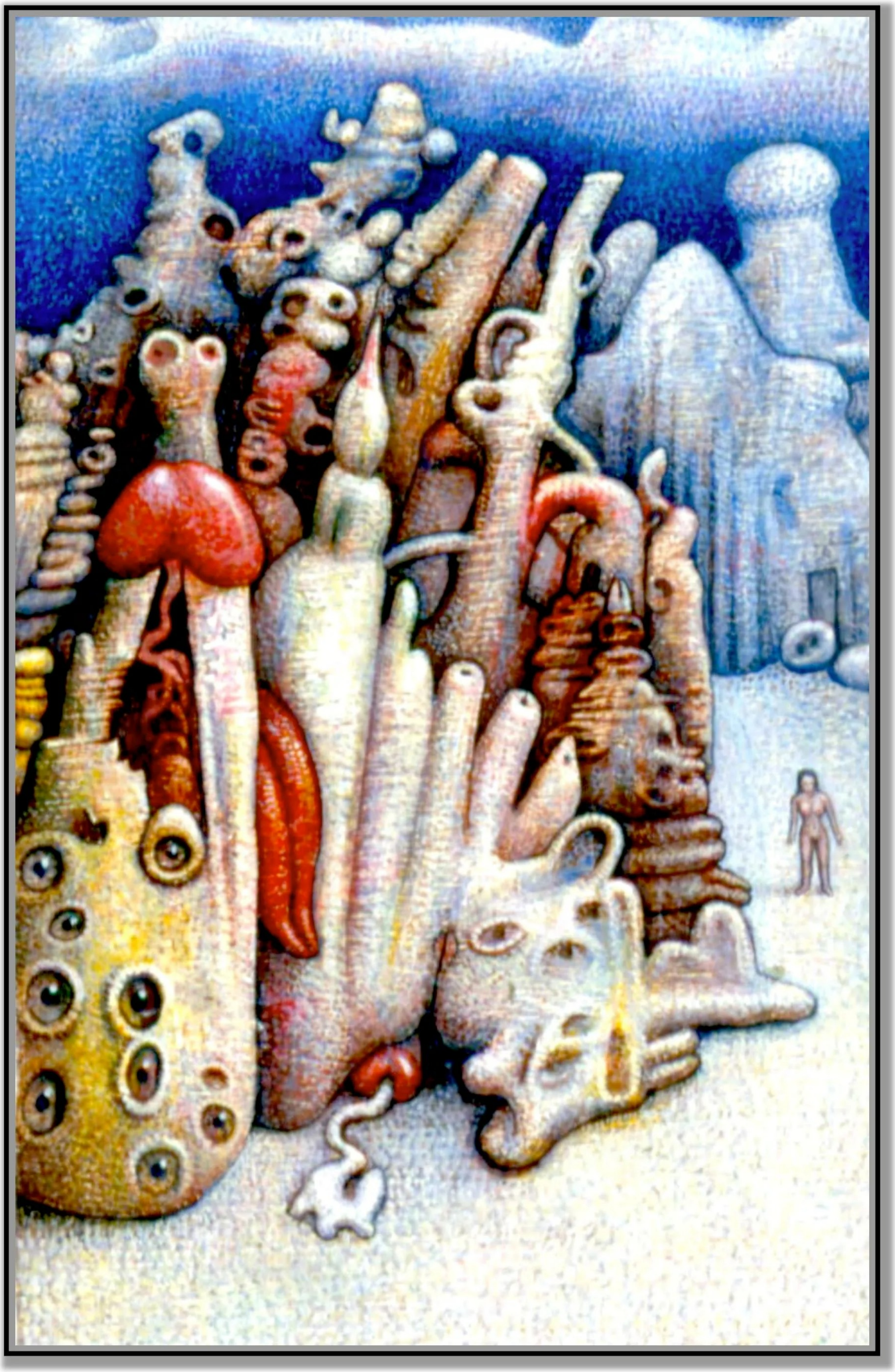


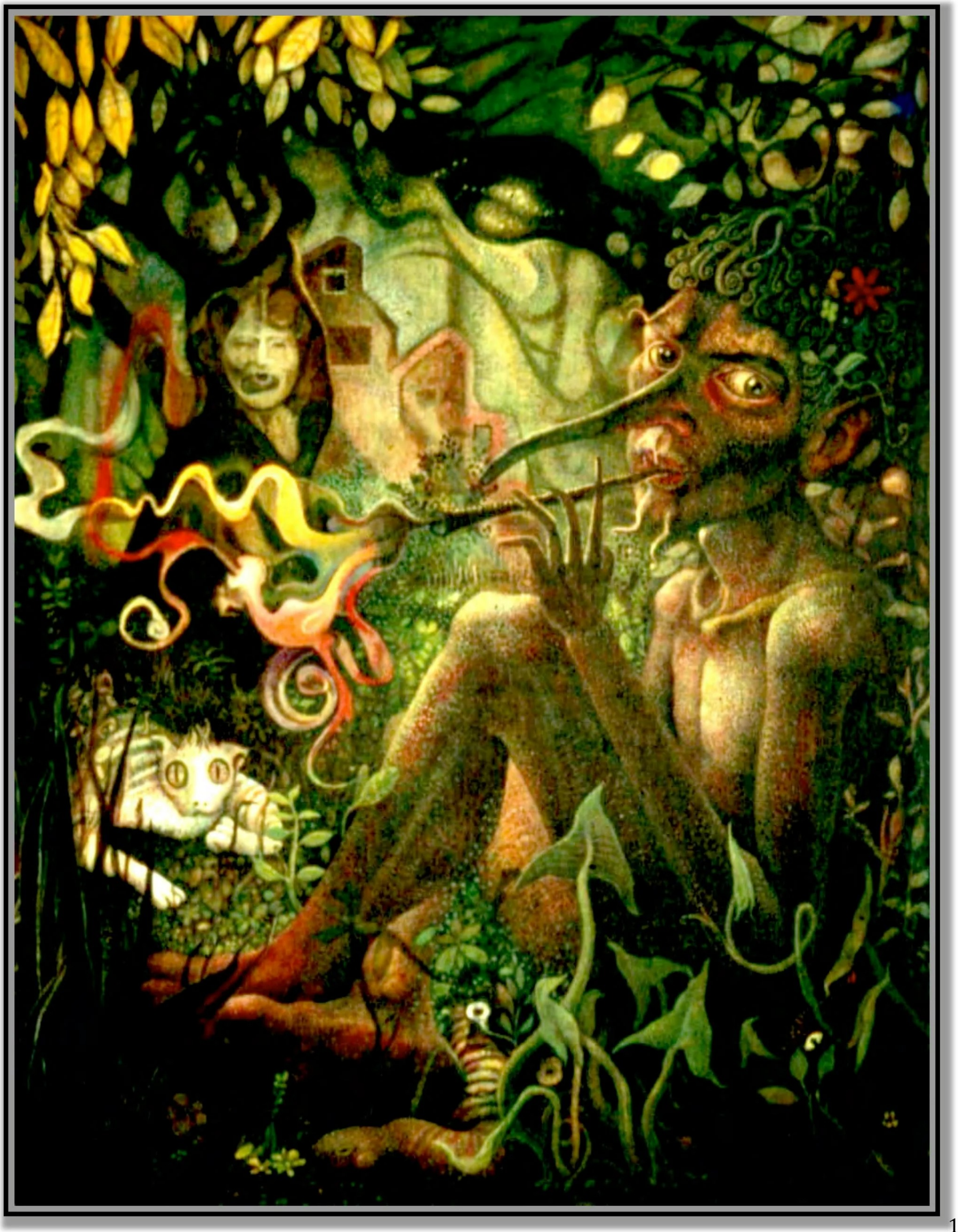

GENUINE
GENUINE

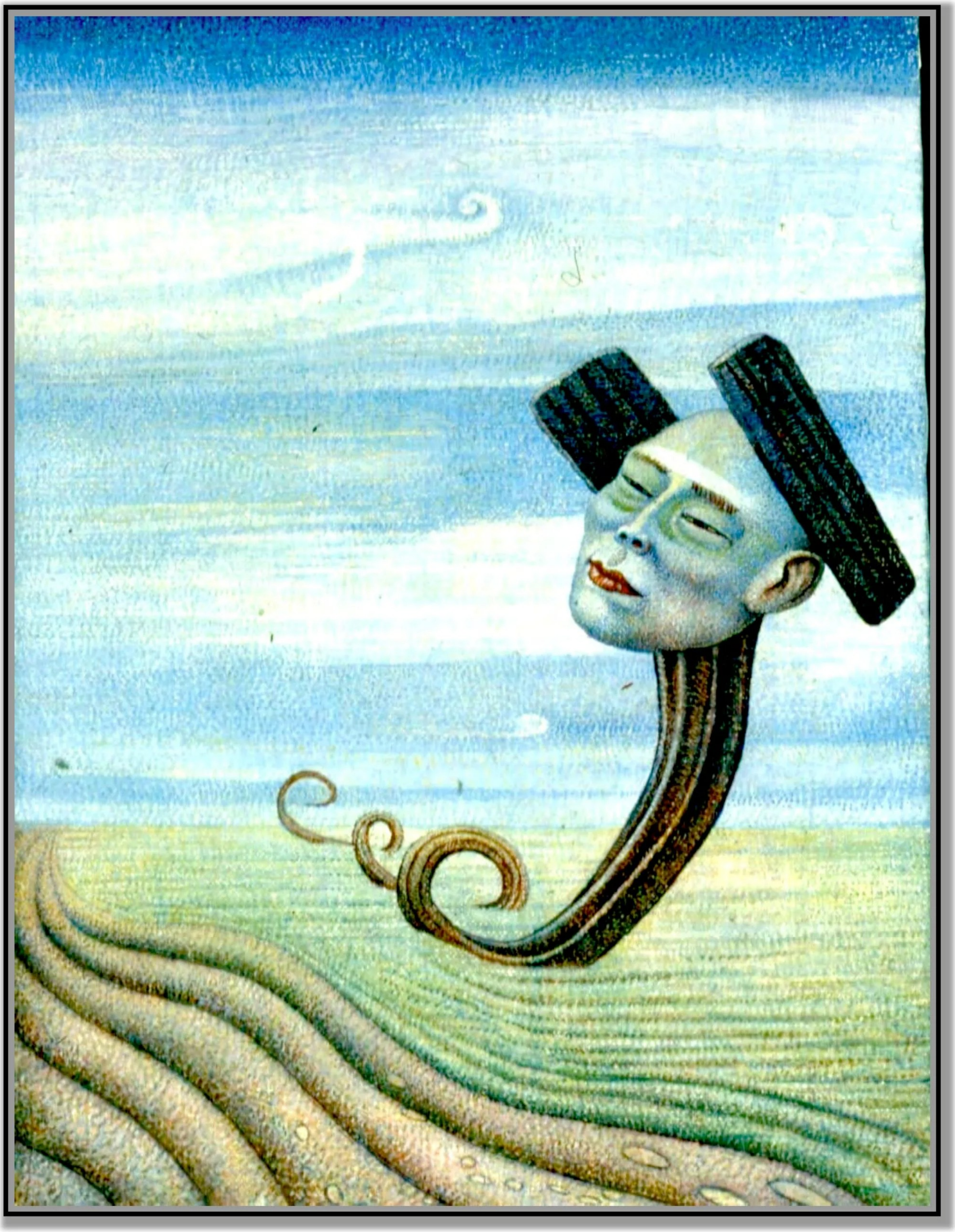


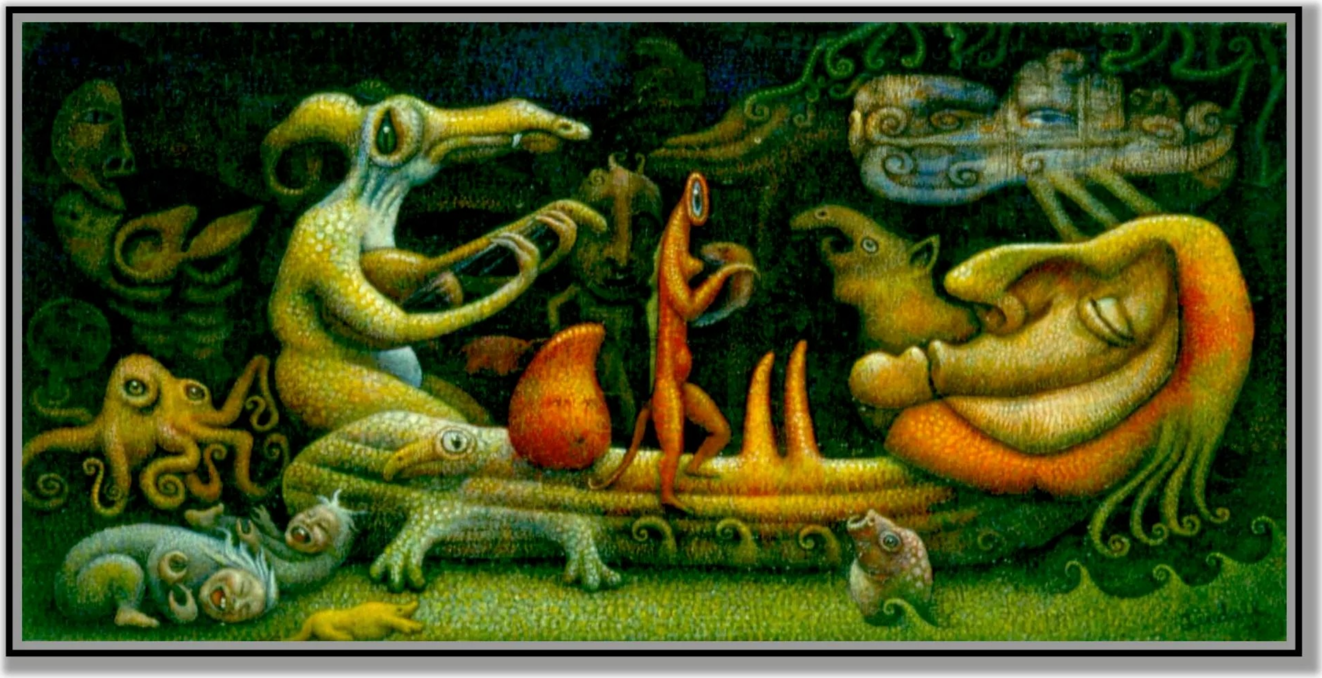


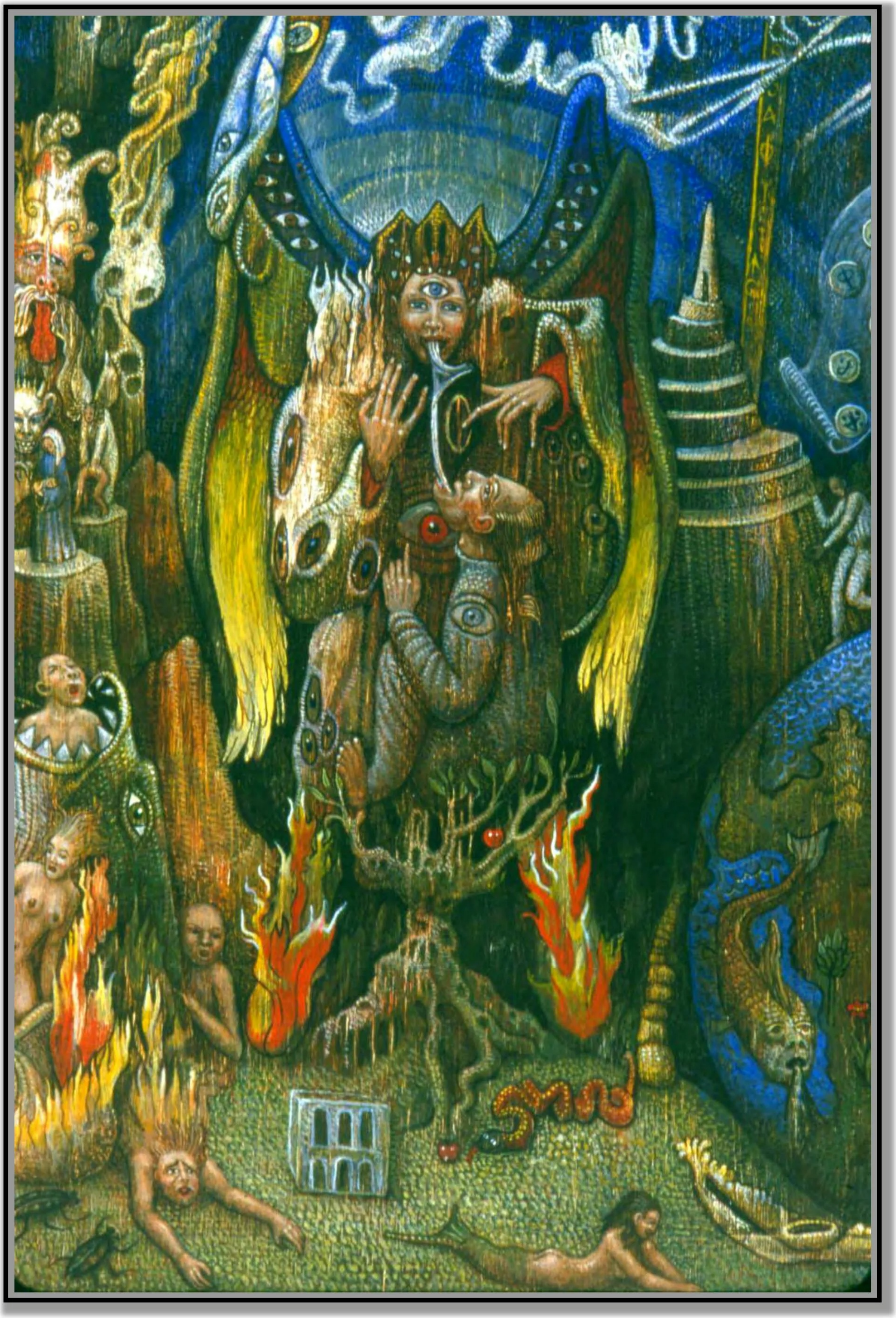


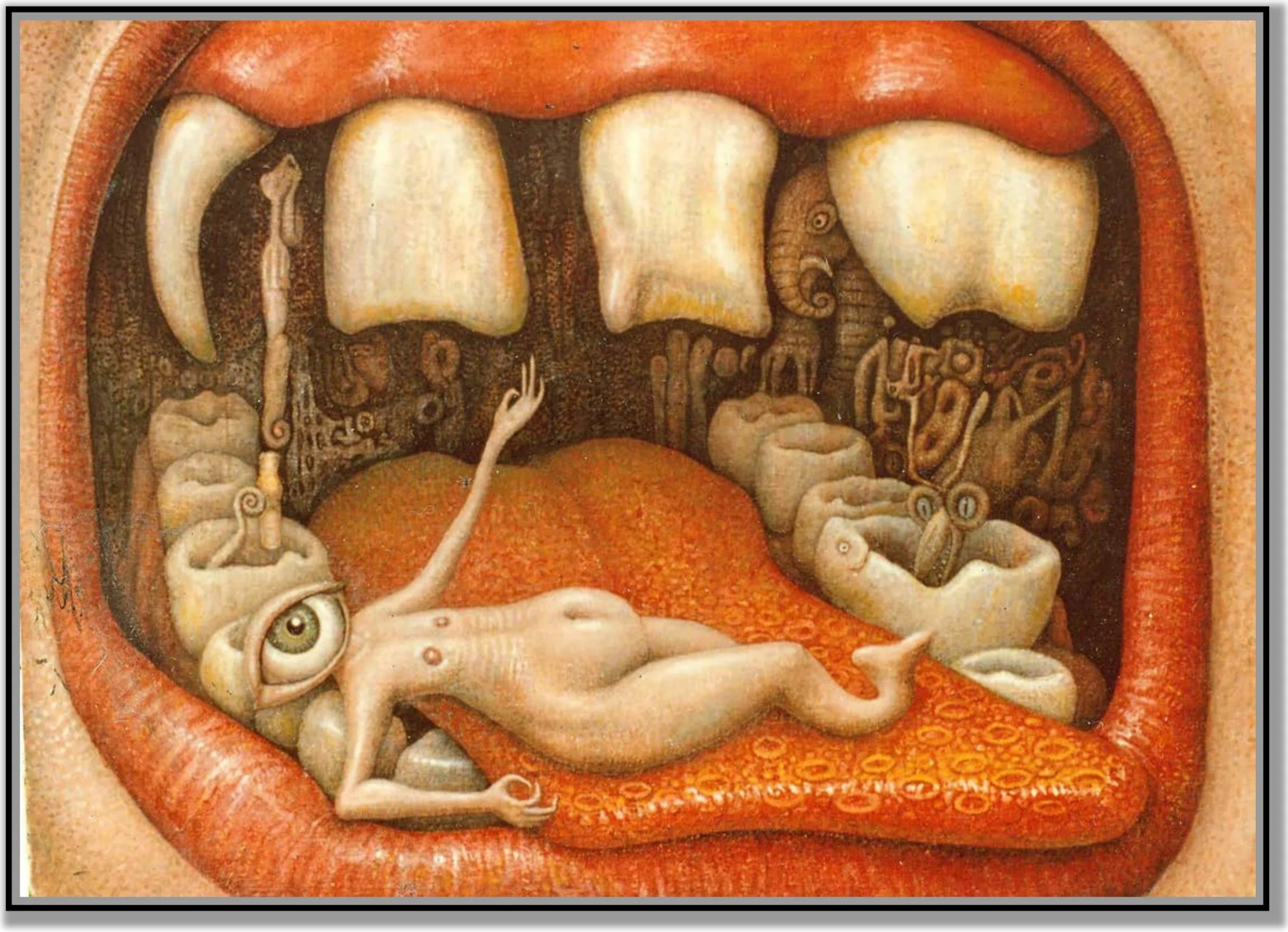




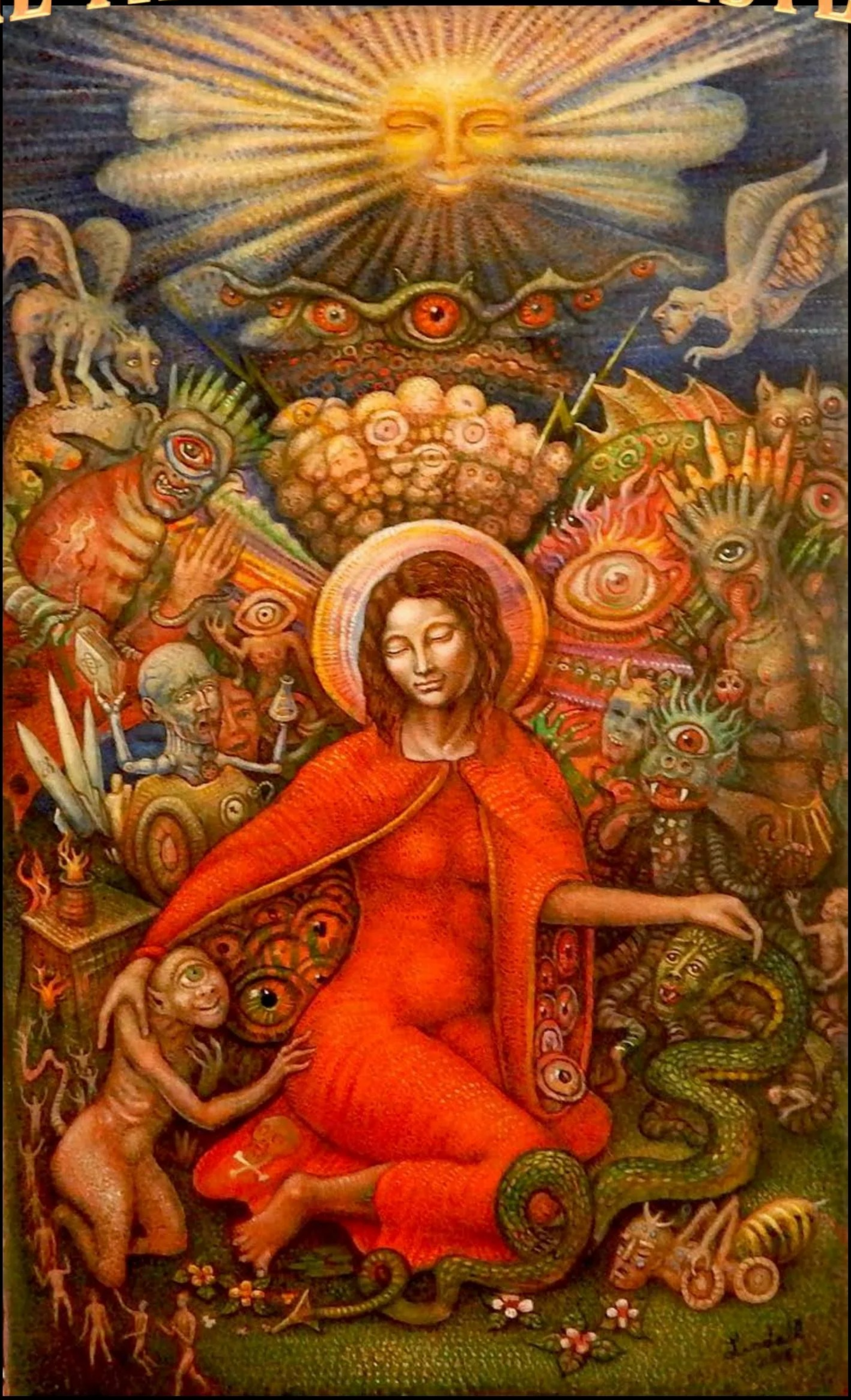




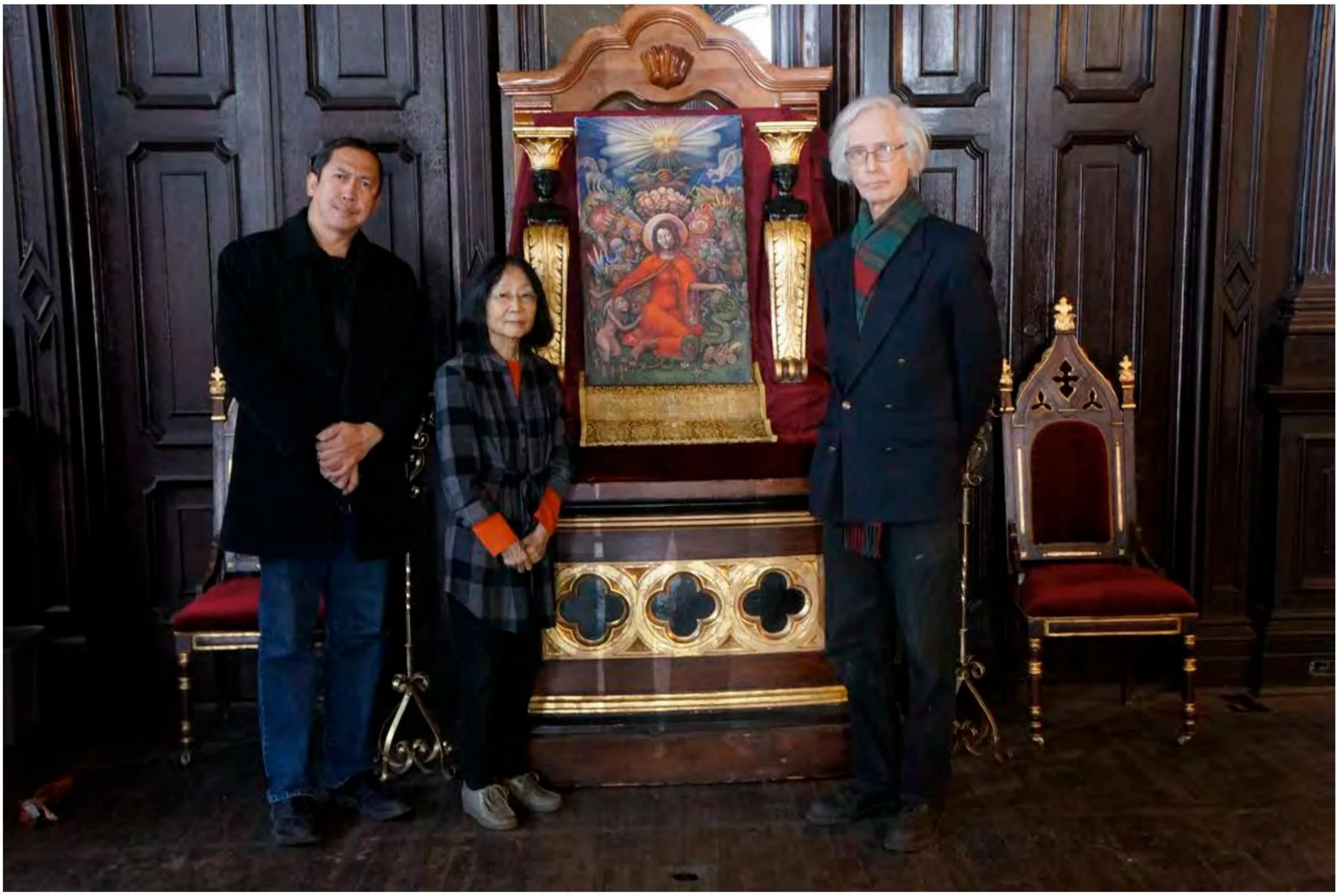




THE THEORY OF MONSTERS



THE MADONNA OF MONSTERS by Terrance Lindall
AKA The Parigi Madonna

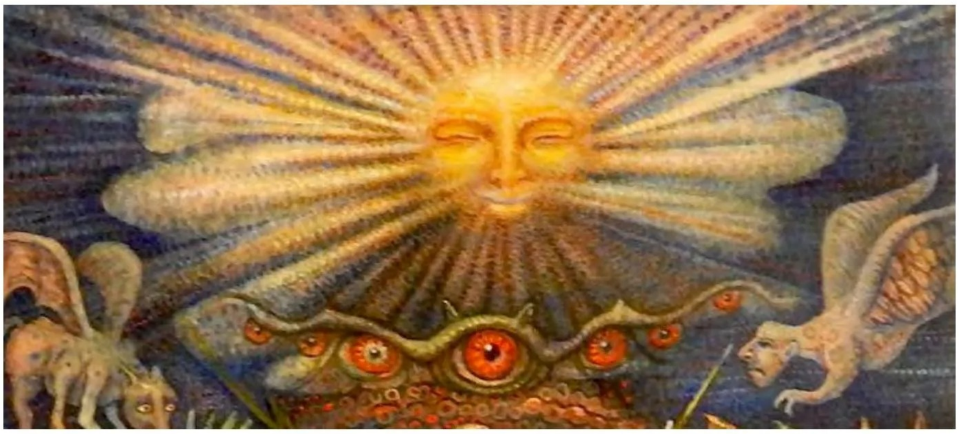


Left to right: Bienvenido Bones Banez, greatest surrealist of the Philippines, Yuko Nii of the Yuko Nii Foundation & Terrance Lindall

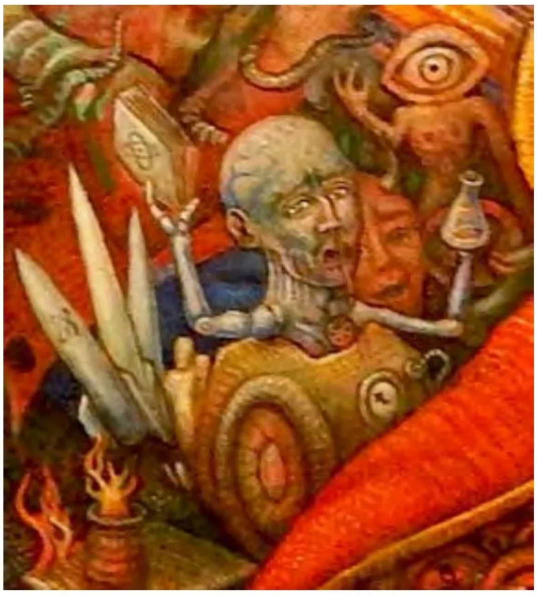
Left: Robert Parigi, Hollywood producer/director/screenwriter who commissioned the painting. The painting commissioned by Hollywood TV producer Robert Parigi is finished. Robert has worked on many famous TV titles such as Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D. (TV Series), Beavis and Butt-Head (TV Series), Neighbors from Hell (TV Series), King of the Hill (TV Series), Night Stalker (TV Series) and Tales from the Crypt (TV Series). He also produces illustrated books.
Limited edition Giclee prints and postcards can be ordered. Inquiries: milton@wahcenter.net

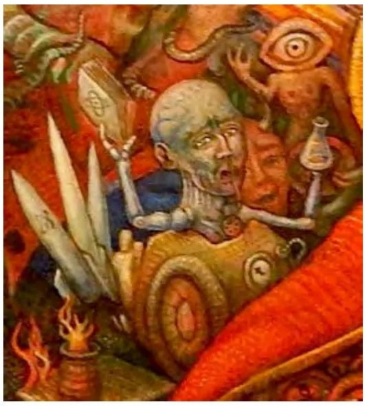
THE ARGUMENT

So God oversees the universe He created. Here He smiles as the Minions of Hell fly toward the world of man, like Satan flying to Earth in Paradise Lost to corrupt Adam and Eve.

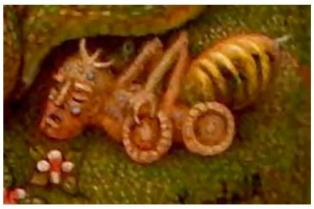


Robert Parigi, who commissioned this work, asked for one of my Biomechanical monsters, so I include one below representing the monster of science and medicine. Why is science and medicine a monster? Because we use (misuse) it to create weapons. Because we weaken our immune systems with drugs and weaken our genetic makeup with life sustaining technology (we will end up as Cyborgs like the Daleks of Dr. Who). The Daleks are one of the most feared races in the universe. Their creator, Davros only has one intention, destroying all life apart from Dalek life. The Doctor has stopped them on several occasions but somehow they just keep coming back!

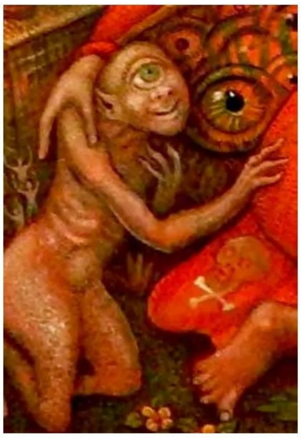




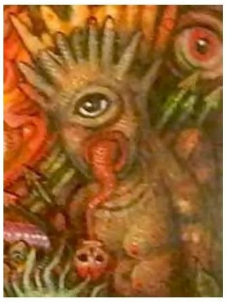
Knowledge



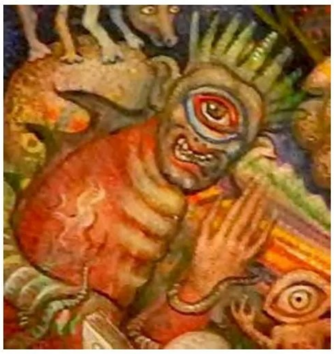
Ignorance



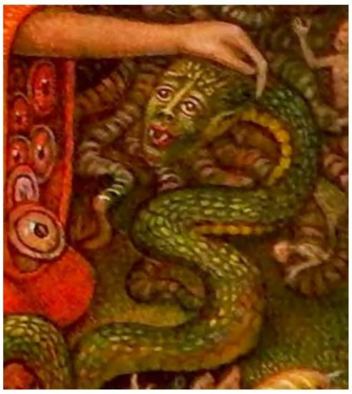
Hunger



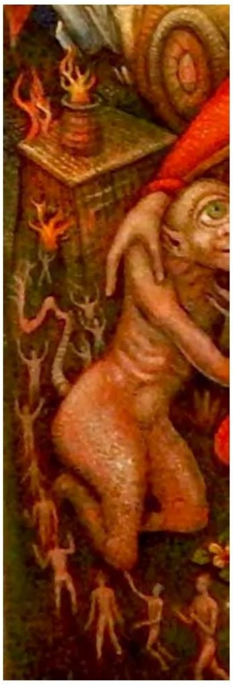
Disease



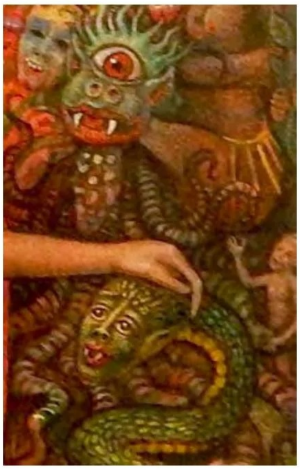
Fear



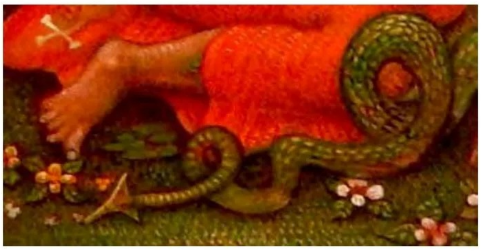
Religion (the serpent of lies and guile)



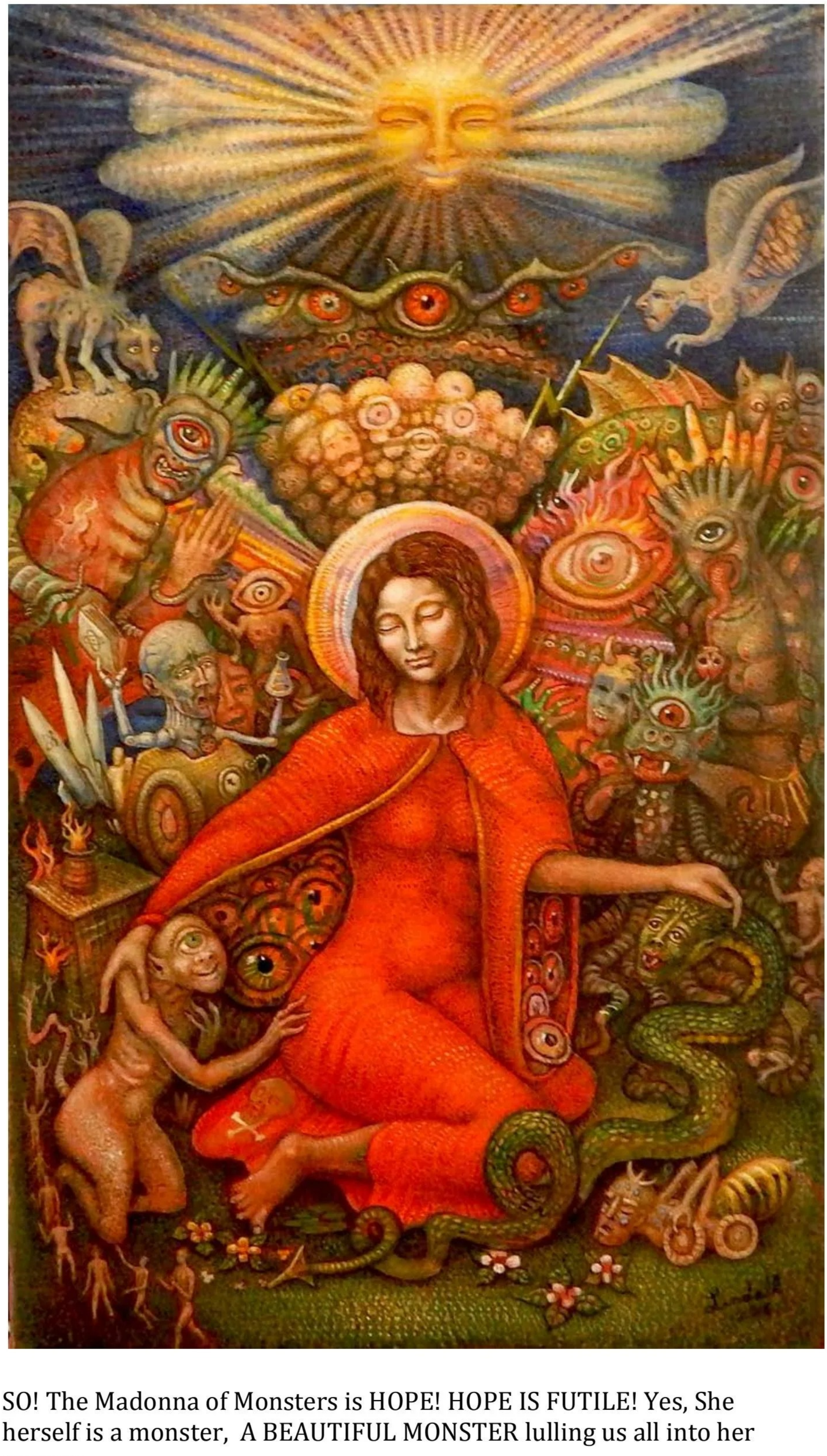
The furnaces of
Capitalism



The octopus of
world capitalism

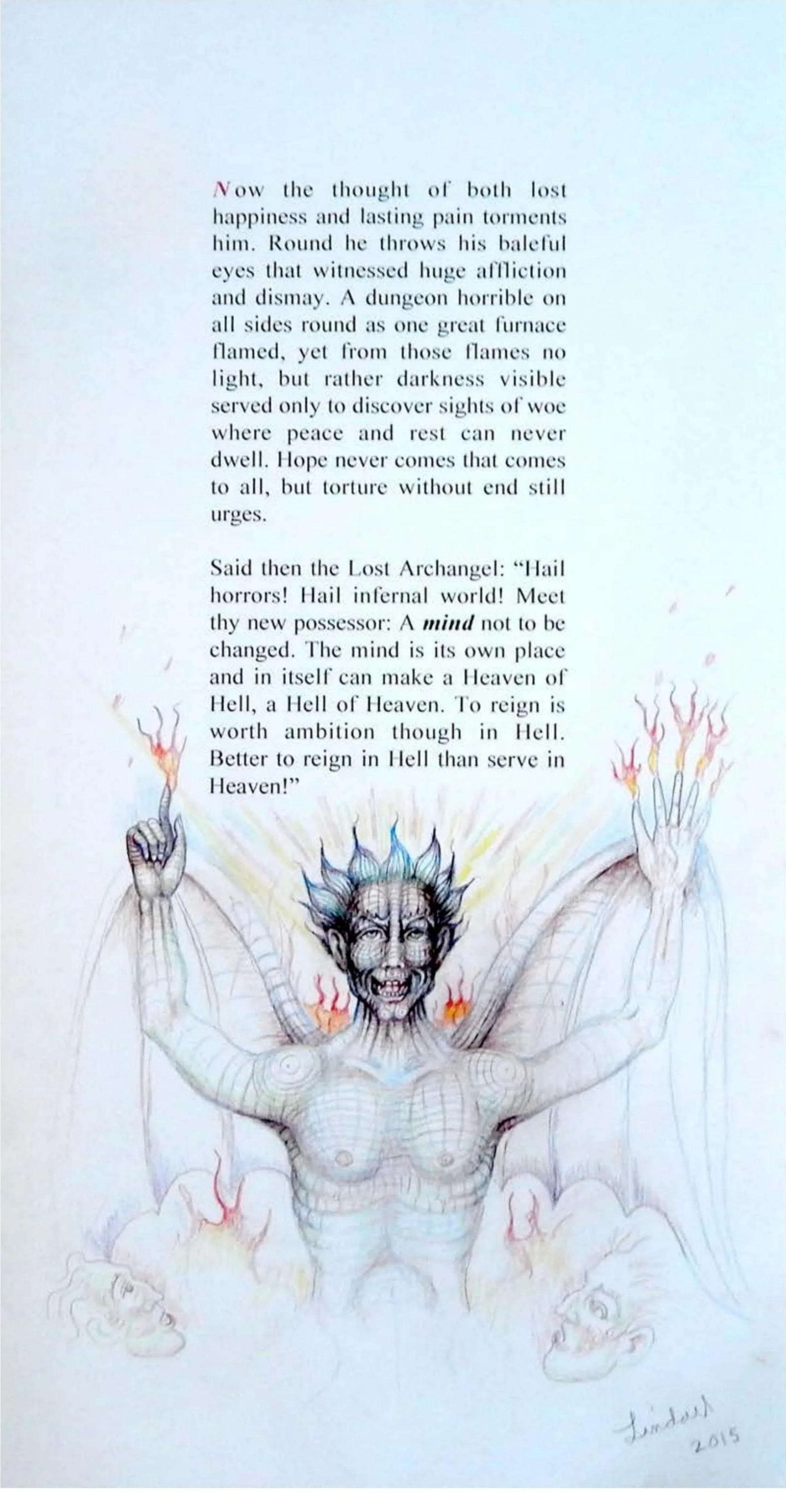


The tail of religion is obedience. The priests, hand in glove with the masters work upon the sorrows and miseries of the masses using religion and hope as an opiate, telling them that they will be rewarded in heaven after they serve their masters on earth. The masses become obedient servants to work in the furnaces of exploitation to enrich the masters and the priests.



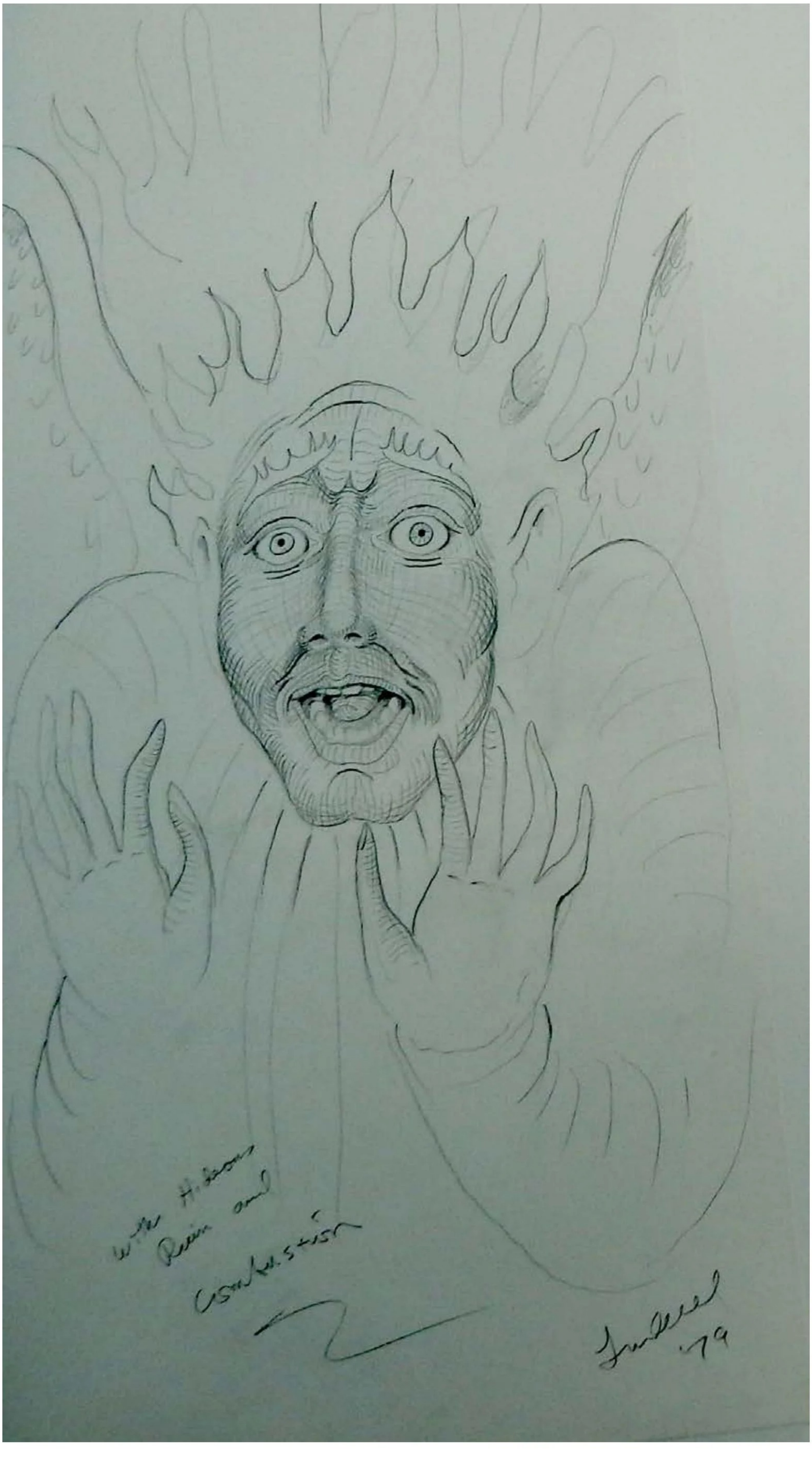
SO! The Madonna of Monsters is HOPE! HOPE IS FUTILE! Yes, She herself is a monster, A BEAUTIFUL MONSTER lulling us all into her rapture.

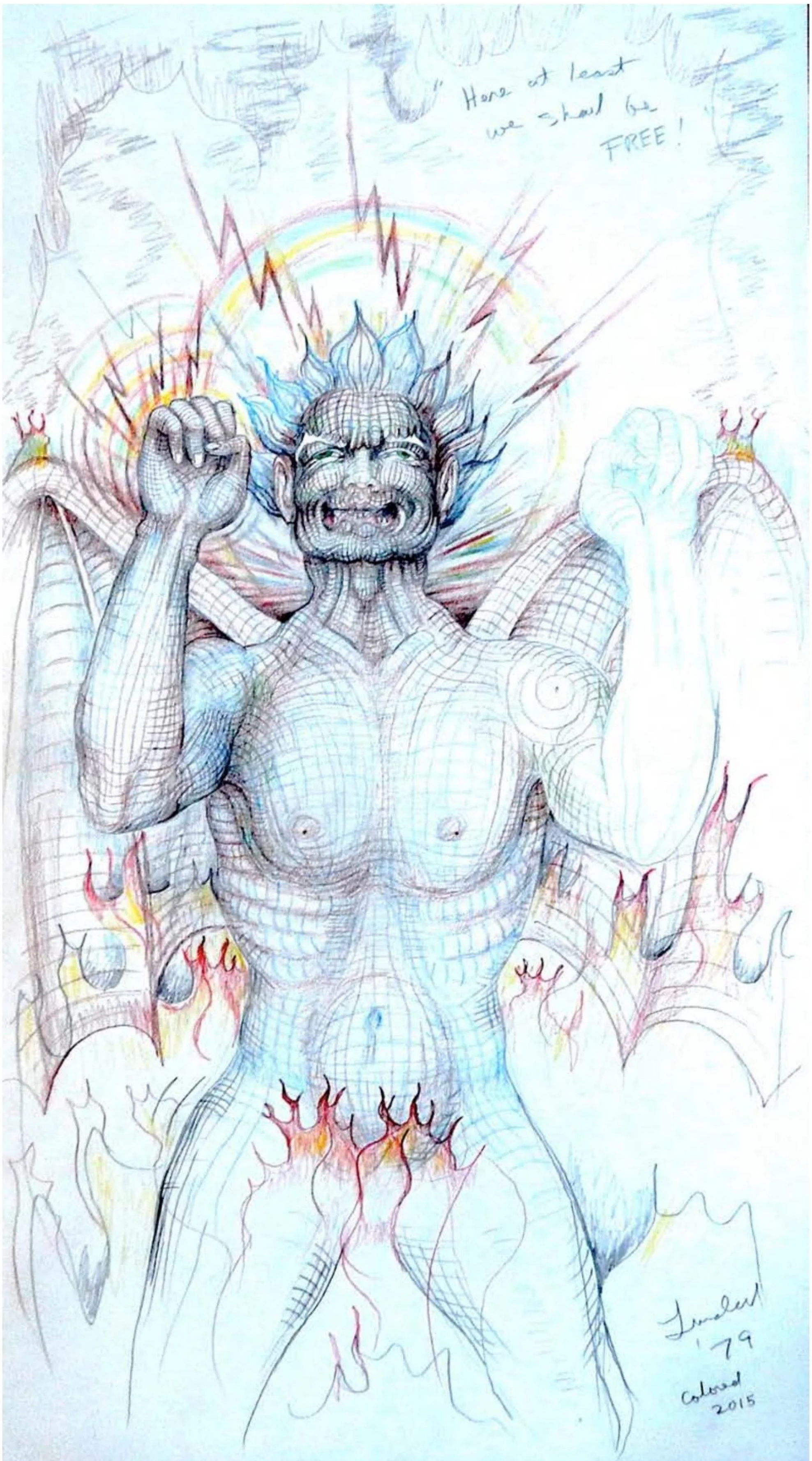
Here are a few
pages from
The Grand
Elephant Folio
On View
12/17/2017

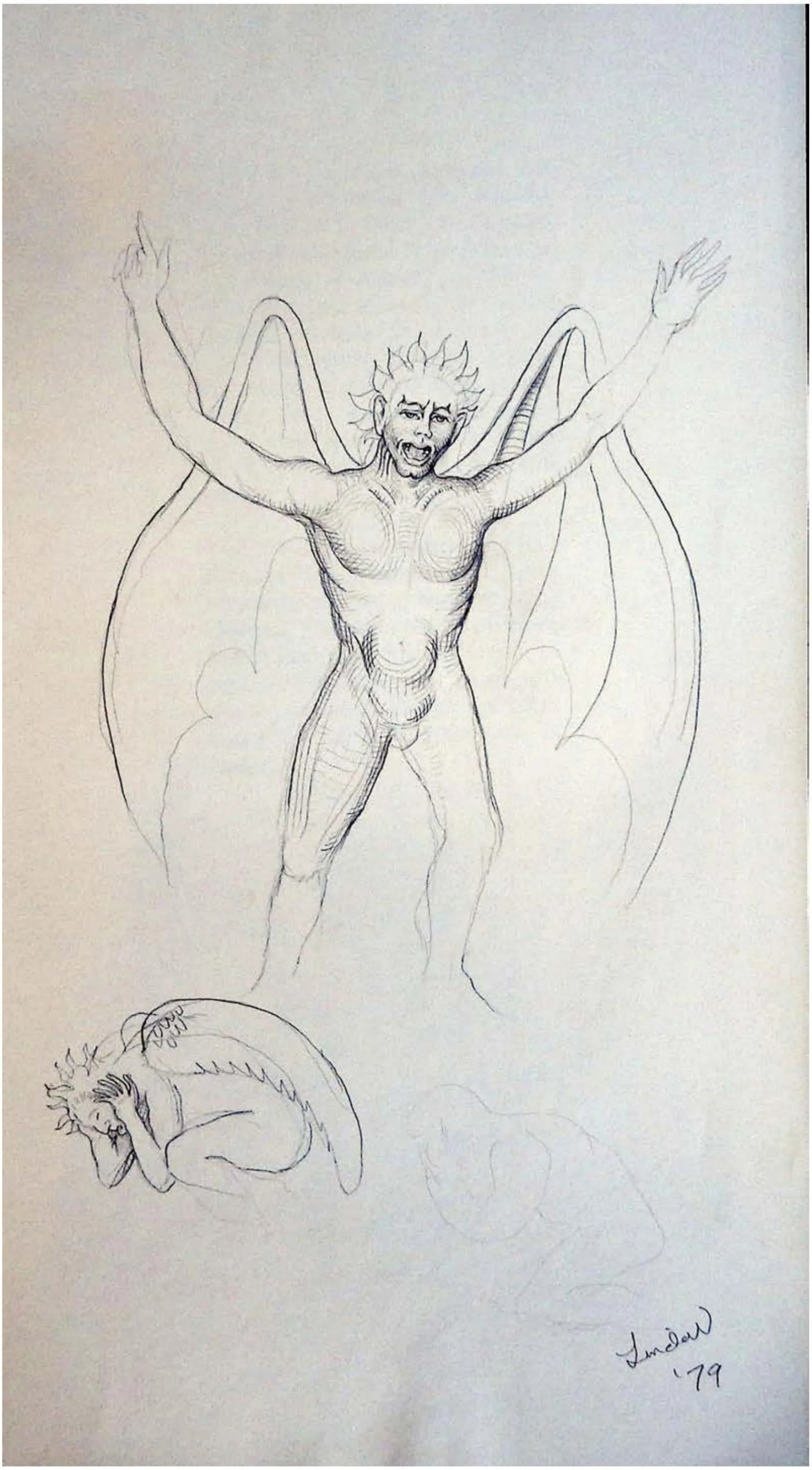


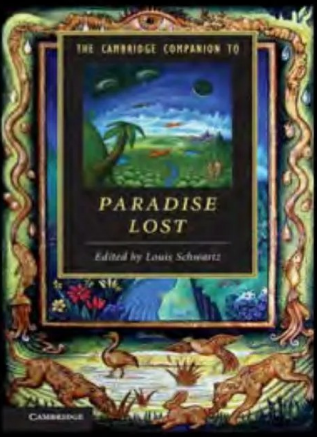
Now the thought of both lost happiness and lasting pain torments him. Round he throws his baleful eyes that witnessed huge affliction and dismay. A dungeon horrible on all sides round as one great furnace flamed, yet from those flames no light, but rather darkness visible served only to discover sights of woe where peace and rest can never dwell. Hope never comes that comes to all, but torture without end still urges.

Said then the Lost Archangel: "Hail horrors! Hail infernal world! Meet thy new possessor: A ***mind*** not to be changed. The mind is its own place and in itself can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven. To reign is worth ambition though in Hell. Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven!"


with Hideous
Pain and
Combustion
'79


"Here at least we shall be FREE!
'79
Colored 2015


Linda W
'79

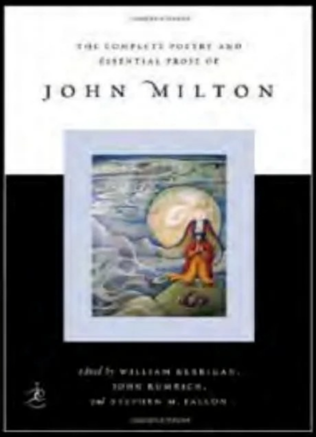

THE CAMBRIDGE COMPANION TO
PARADISE LOST
Edited by Louis Schwartz
CAMBRIDGE

Cambridge Milton Companion
2014

Cover art by Terrance Lindall

Without a doubt, Terrance Lindall is the foremost illustrator of Paradise Lost in our age, comparable to other great illustrators through the ages, and someone who has achieved a place of high stature for all time.
Robert J. Wickenheiser, Ph. D.

Signed hardcovers
$105 each
Plus shipping


THE COMPLETE POETRY AND ESSENTIAL PROSE OF
JOHN MILTON
edited by WILLIAM KERRIGAN, JOHN RUMRICH, and STEPHEN M. FALLON

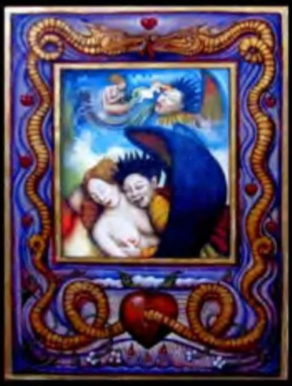
Random House Essential Milton
2008

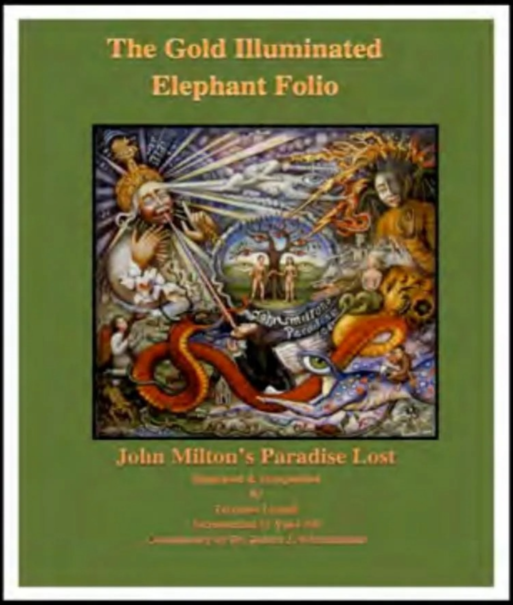
Cover Art by Terrance Lindall

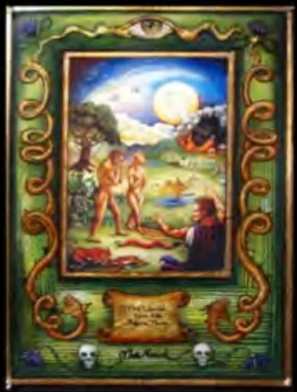
(718) 486-6012 or 486-7372

The *Paradise Lost* art of Terrance Lindall is in some of the most important Milton Collections in the world. This is a chance for collectors to have their signed by Lindall copies of these important scholarly publications , essential for any important collection.

Please ask about limited edition prints and other material




The Gold Illuminated
Elephant Folio
John Milton's Paradise Lost

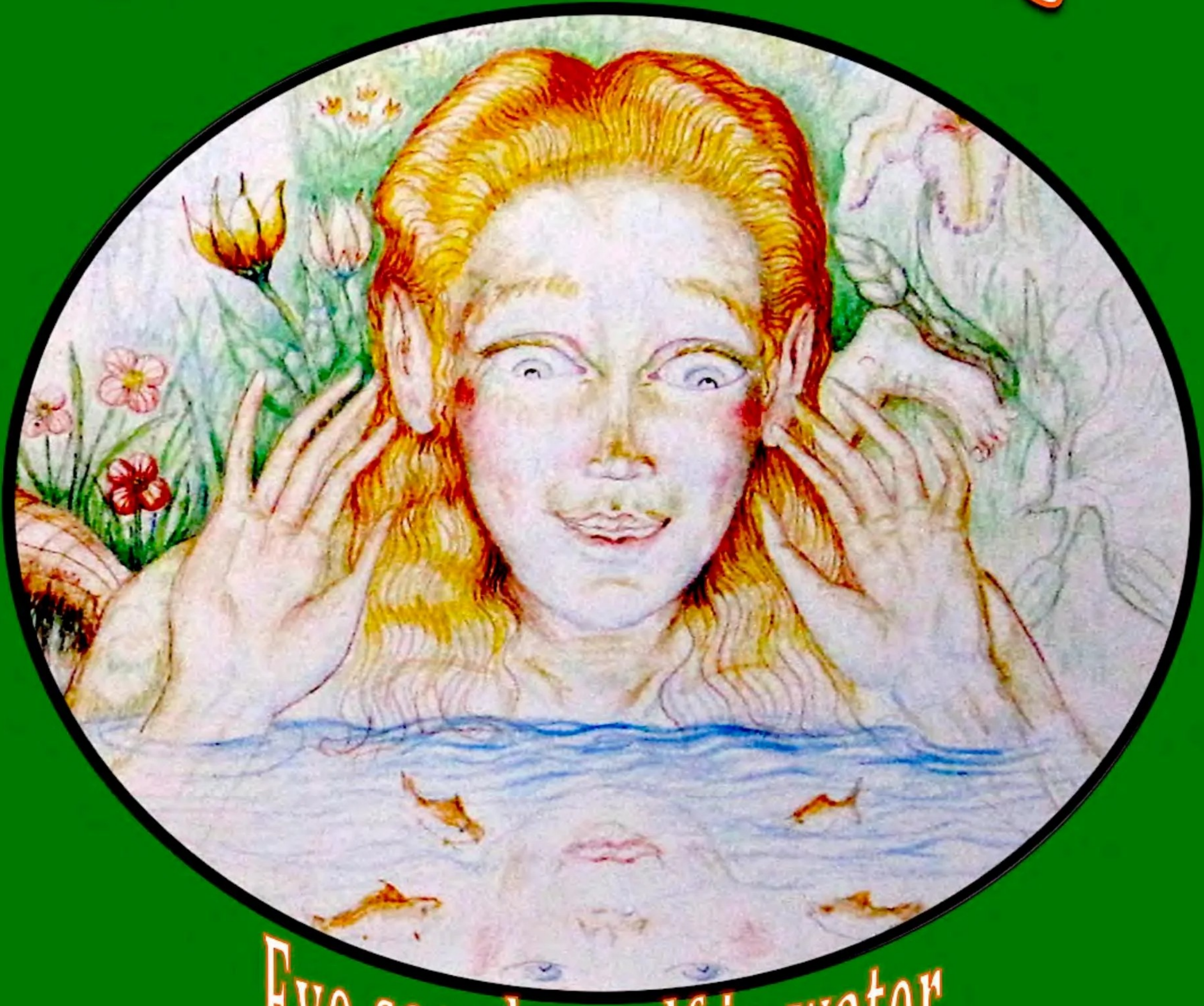


The complete (signed & limited to 100 copies) Gold Folio softcover edition of Lindall's illustrated Paradise Lost with Lindall's explanation of the plates and Robert J. Wickenheiser's Commentary

$150

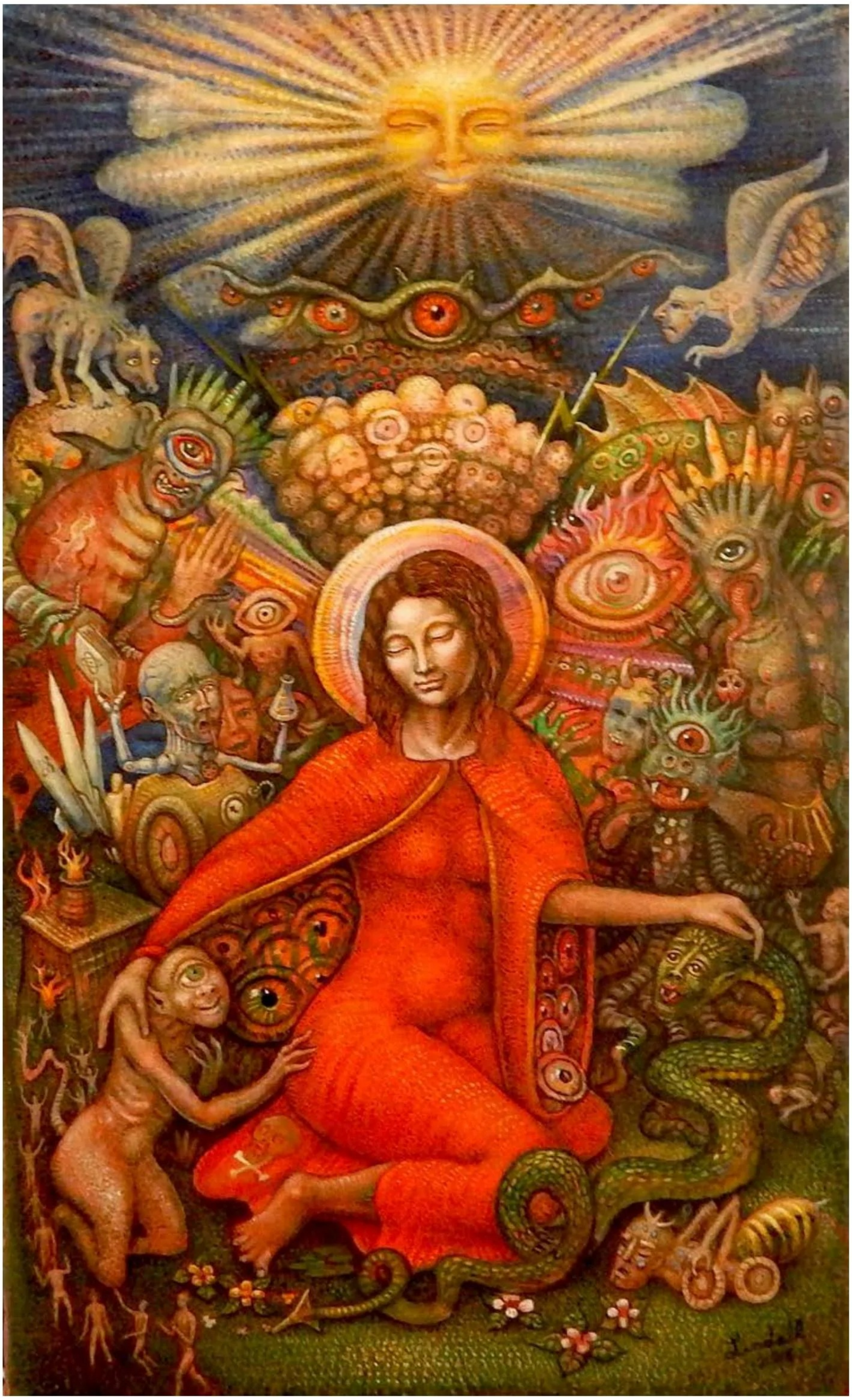
wahcenter@earthkink.net

Paradise Lost Giclee Print
Subscription Offering



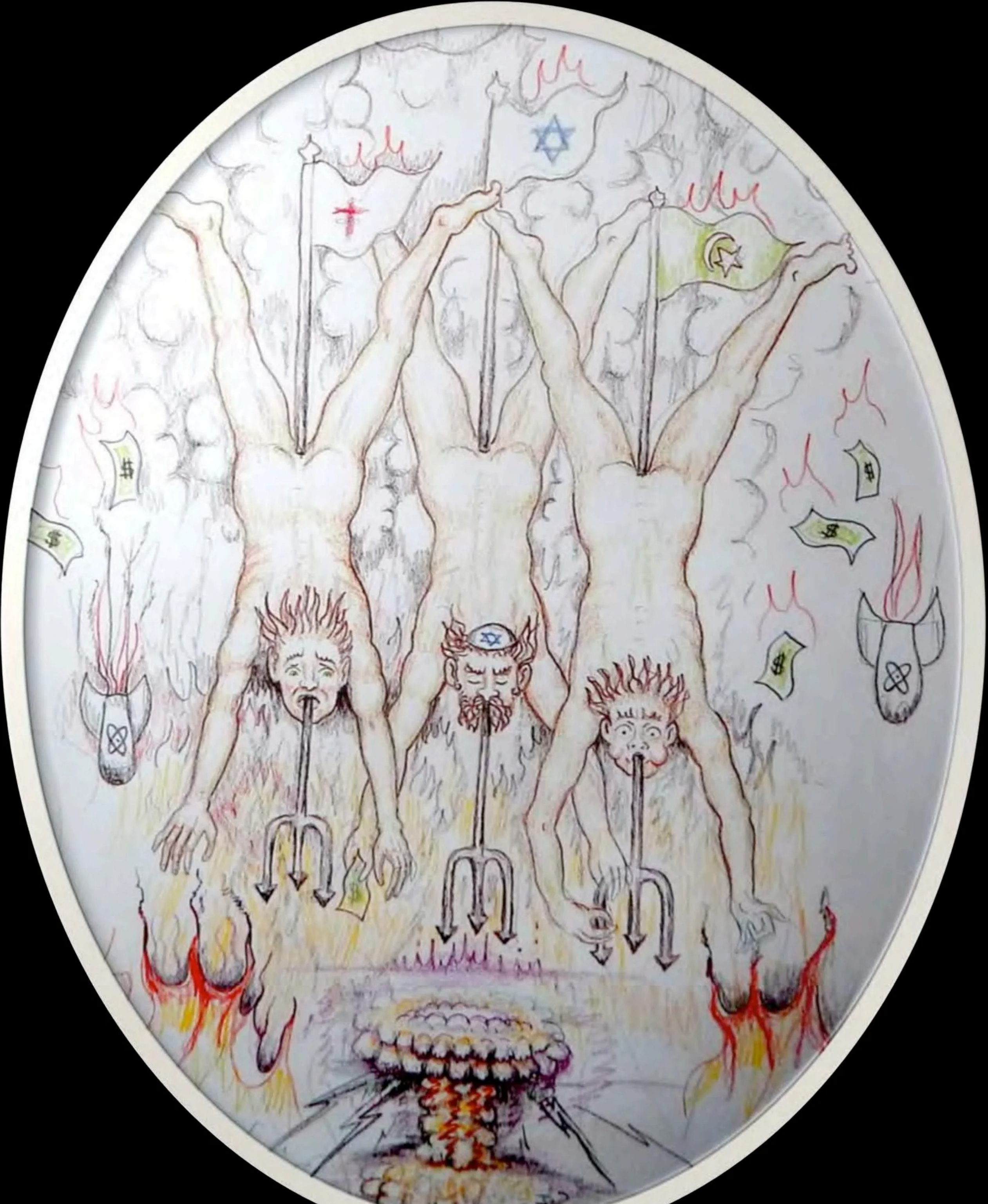
Eve sees herself in water

By renowned illustrator
Terrance Lindall



THE MADONNA OF MONSTERS by Terrance Lindall. 2016
13 x 19 signed limited edition Giclee print $1,000

“TRUE RELIGION”



THE SATANIC VERSES OF BONES BANEZ

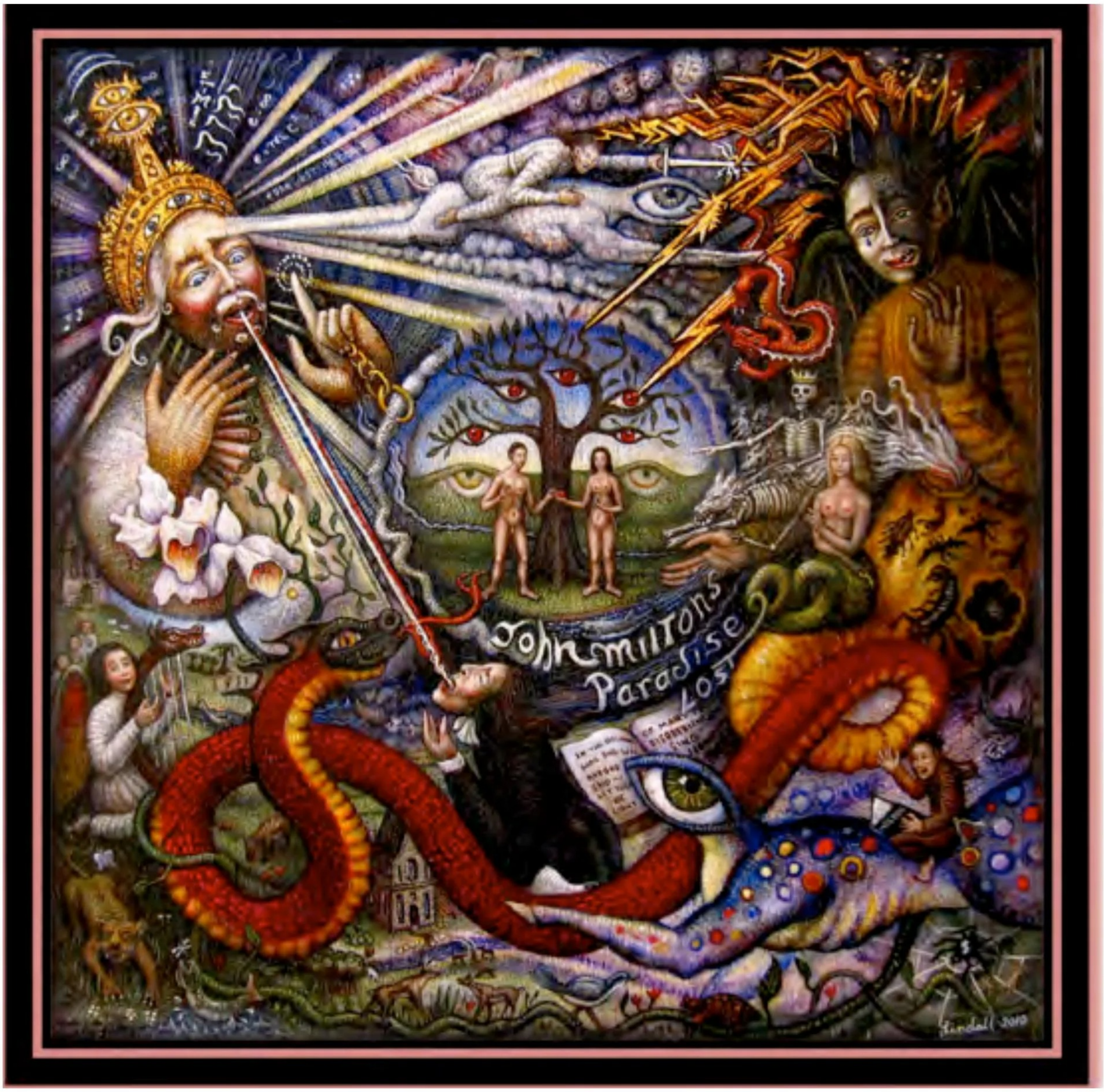
Read by Terrance Lindall

With an extempore piano recital
by
Bienvenido Bones Banez,
THE SATANIC RHAPSODY

CLICK HERE FOR VIDEO PRESENTATION

. **Satan's Peculiar Grace**
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ORFxZF5mfPU

THE CELESTIAL ORBIT


John Milton's
Paradise
Lost
Lindall 2010

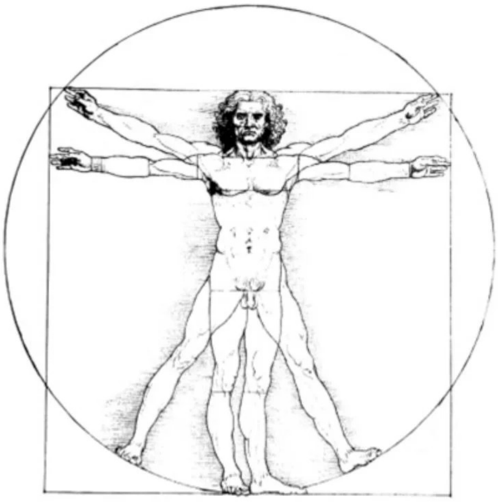
The celestial orbit frontispiece is Lindall's "ultimate statement"
as an artist's interpretation of Milton's great epic.

Youtube: http://www.youtube.com/user/wahcenter#p/u/1/26JN5AUjHXI

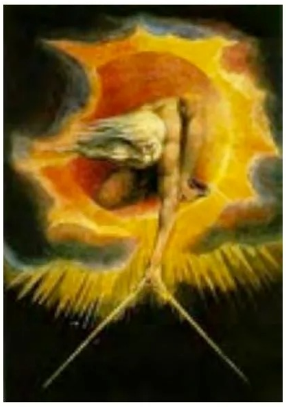
THE CENTRAL PAINTING

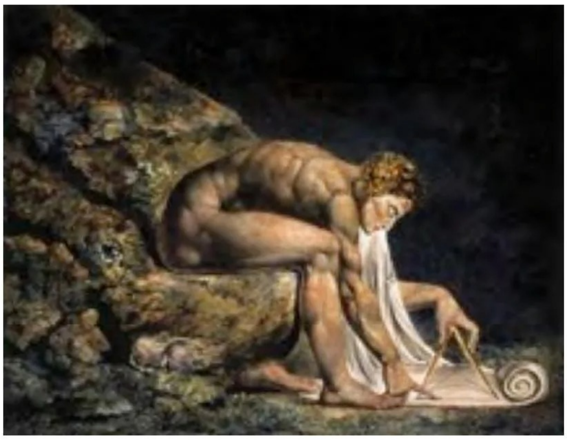
This Frontispiece for the Elephant is a 13 x 13 inch highly concentrated conceptual piece. Thirteen is a prime number and has many associations in religion, witchcraft and more. According to the Torah, God has 13 Attributes of Mercy.

The shape of the new painting is a true mathematical square, within which is a Celestial Orbit, as is Leonardo's "Man."



The circularity of the orbit represents the perfect harmony of God's created universe.





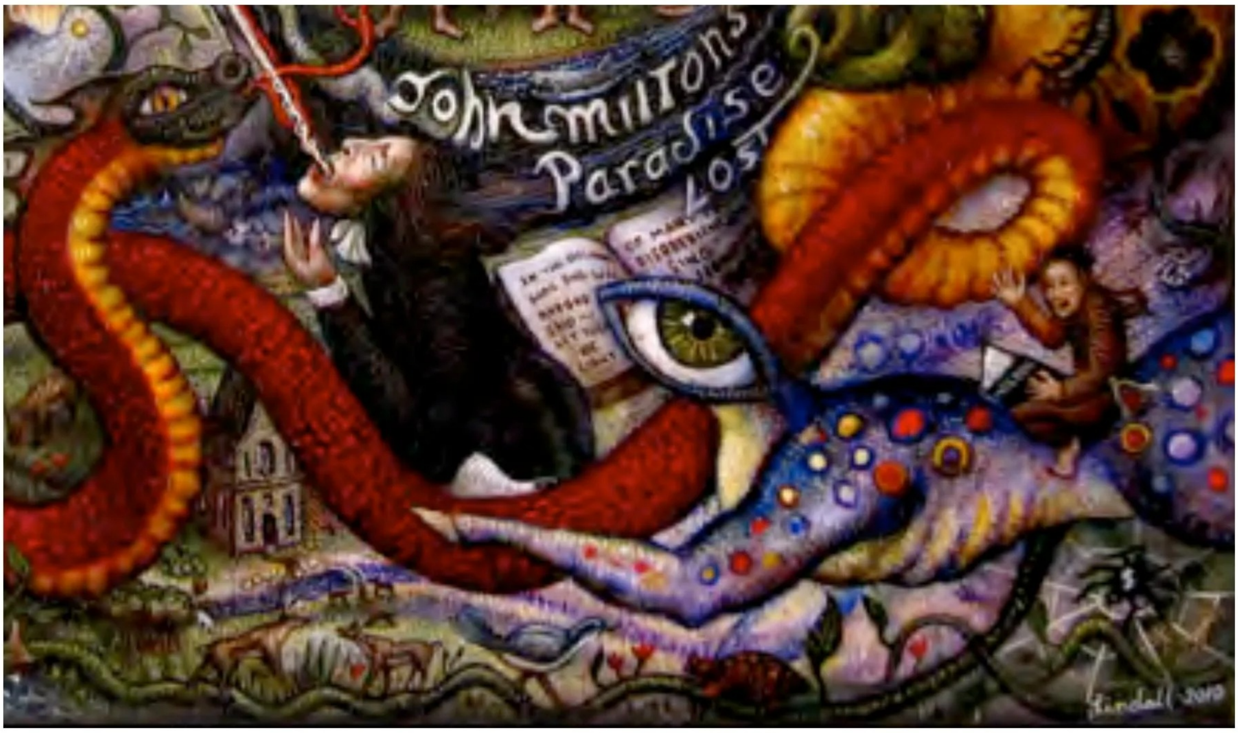
Allusions are also made to squaring the circle, a problem proposed by ancient geometers. In 1882, the task was proven to be impossible, as a consequence of the Lindemann–Weierstrass theorem that proves that pi (π) is a transcendental, rather than an algebraic irrational number. This alludes to the limits of Man's attempts to understand the Mystery of God.

There are also dualities, opposites (a visual dialectic), angular references, and more. The languages of mathematics, philosophy, story telling and visual art are all there.

Within the celestial orbit are the main characters of Paradise Lost: God, Satan Adam & Eve, Death and Sin, the Tree of Knowledge and the Son of God riding forth as a beam of light from the forehead of God on the Steed of Virtue, Sword of Truth in hand… and The Great Author himself becomes one of the main characters of this painting. Milton is receiving “THE WORD” directly from the mouth of God who fundamentally gifts Milton with The ***Tongue*** such that he becomes “THE UNIVERSAL POET of the AGE of MAN.” John Milton receives the ***Word*** of God* into his mouth like John the Baptist who ate the “little book.”

Remarkably, in *The Reason of Church Government* Milton quotes Rev 10.9 in the middle of a remarkable autobiographical digression:

"And although divine inspiration must certainly have been sweet to those ancient prophets, yet the irksomeness of that truth which they brought was so unpleasant to them, that everywhere they call it a burden. Yea that mysterious book of Revelation which the great evangelist was bid to eat, as it had been some eye-brightening electuary of knowledge and foresight, though it were sweet in his mouth and in the learning, it was bitter in his belly, bitter in the denouncing."



The CELESTIAL ORBIT central panel shows The Universe of the Paradise Lost Epic., id est, the battle between God and Satan revolving around Adam and Eve. The image of God in the upper left corner of the painting shows a very frenetic God, intense. He is the ABSOLUTE LAW, The Chief of Police, saying "Him who disobeys, Me disobeys, and from that day cast into utter darkness without redemption!" No mercy here! He is sending His Son, his lieutenant, out on the Heavenly Visionary Foal to confront Satan in the right hand corner.

The Satan seen here shows my opinion that he is a conflicted spirit. The Light of God and Goodness illuminate half his face and the other half is turned away from the Light of God and Goodness. Lightening radiates out from around his head like a halo, representing his rage. Thus, the Son having been placed over him in authority, such that he had to receive orders from Him, was anathema to Satan. Satan LOVED GOD and wanted God's love in return (VERY SYMPATHETIC). And when Satan went to war with God, Satan still had a deep hidden love, buried by rage, for every great mind (and Satan had a great mind) loves the Good, whether they think so or not. "No man knowingly pursues evil" said Socrates, and proved it (The Meno?). Thus Satan is conflicted and it shows in this rendition of him as being a spirit, half light and half dark.

I do not think that mere small-minded resentment compels Satan. Nor did it guide Captain Ahab and Captain Nemo. It is a necessary madness in fulfilling their destinies as to what they are as great spiritual types. Satan is fulfilling his required task in the scheme of God's creation. Yes, Satan was a necessity in God's creation. Just as St. Anselm's ontological proof proves a priori the necessary existence of God, so it also proves the necessary existence of Satan as the perfect antithesis, as a perfect idea. All perfect ideas are in the mind of God. I think that Milton understands this and embellishes Satan's character with great attributes of nobility, good qualities in and of themselves used ironically in subverting the good works of God! All this is necessary in the permutations and combinations of possibility becoming actuality until this universe plays itself out perfectly… in the Mind of God. All quite remarkable and inspiring to think about…

Sitting on Satan's lap is Sin, his daughter and lover. Death, Satan's Son, leaps out from the fire in Satan's belly next to his mother, Sin. A scorpion creeps out of Satan's belly also. The scorpion has the label "Humanism" written on its back.

Once more we see in this painting the Visionary Foal representing God's omniscience. Another character that appears in prior paintings of Lindall's Paradise Lost is the Universal Librarian, none other than the Benedictine monk Dr. Robert J. Wickenheiser. He is riding astride the Visionary Foal and, gesticulating wildly, reciting passages from Paradise Lost open in his hand, his hair flying in the wind.

R.J.W.'s PRAYER to J.M.

'Neath that storm O' Good and Ill,

That goodly Book Man glides.

Of starry wonders now he tells,

And ne'er a thing he hides,

And offers up this gentle prayer

Wherein his heart abides:

"We, your followers, give thanks!"

Terrance Lindall

The frontispiece herewith described was conceived in sketch form. I stopped at a point in preliminary execution to let the work rest until it called him back. The ideas had incubated in my subconscious such that when I started undertaking it again all issues resolved immediately into their rightful place.

I believe that only a visionary visual artist and a philosopher can really completely understand Milton's Paradise Lost. There are not too many who combine both realms in any depth. Yes, the scholars of English literature and poetry do indeed delve much further into the reaches of the Greco-Roman mythological sources and biblical sources and have analyzed the use of meter in depth revealing the essential structure of Paradise Lost. It is something I never had time to pursue in my many different careers. But all the Greco-Roman sources and brilliant meter alone cannot produce a great poem like Paradise Lost unless there is a Great Idea or an astounding philosophy interpreted through the BRILLIANT visual conjuring of Milton's words. Many scholars of English literature do indeed reason soundly and come up with insights on the philosophy of Paradise Lost. They ALL realize that it is not just a fantastic and colorful story. For example, one scholar correctly points out that Paradise Lost is not a religious poem. That is true. But it is a philosophical poem. Milton, though blind, had an "eye" for the visual and a mind for the philosophical and the God given "UNIVERSAL TONGUE!" ***That is why Milton can boast that he is REVEALING THE WAYS OF GOD TO MEN through the glory of mind, art and the axiological issue of Ordo Amoris, the Order of Love.***

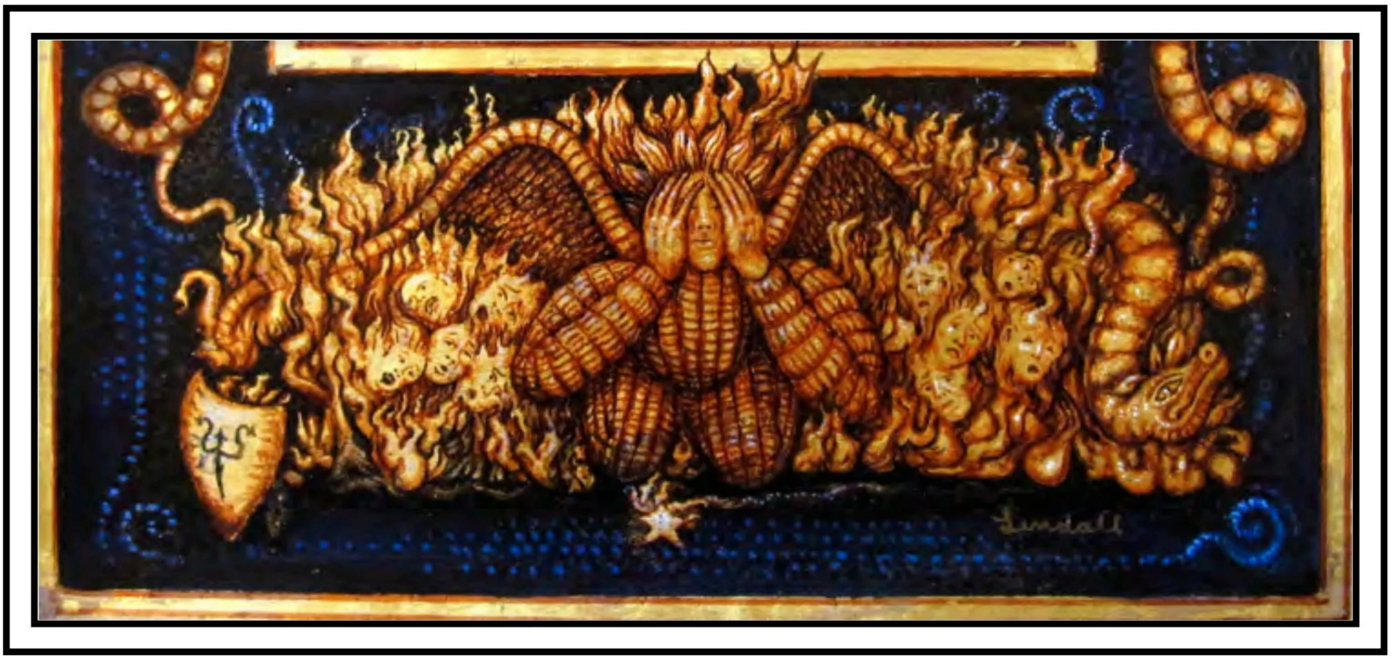
Despair

Salwa Khoddam on the Milton Lists says the following:

"...in my opinion, Milton brings up a Christian belief in explaining Satan's sin, that what drives sinners to continue in the wrong path is "despair," the antithesis of Christian hope. See his speech on Mount Niphates in Book 4. "Me miserable! which way shall I fly / Infinite wrath, and infinite despair" (4.73-74). Faustus goes through the same process of rationalizing his sin which leads him to despair, and therefore more sin."

BELOW: LINDALL'S 24K GOLD BORDER SHOWING SATAN IN THE FLAMES OF DISPAIR! Who would not dispair in light of absolute Law of God as follows:
"Him who disobeys Me disobeys, 6 breaks union, and, that day, Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls Into utter darkness, deep engulfed, his place Ordained ***without redemption, without end.***"

God's law is unbreakable, unless there is Mercy. See my argument on Satan & mercy in the gold scroll.



ON HUMANISM

I have often said “humanism is a scorpion that will sting itself to death.” What do I mean? My fellow visionary Bienvenido “Bones” Banez, whose insightful philosophy states that our world is owned by "Brother 666," asked me to elaborate.

In Milton’s Paradise Lost, as Satan contemplated God, he “trusted to have equaled the most high.” In other words, he held up Flanagan's Mirror, thus blotting out the light of God’s truth and perfect order, and in that mirror Satan saw himself as God. His own desires were now the criteria of Truth and Justice. Satan rejected the order of God’s Love and he was now on his own to determine what is good and bad.

The seduction of Adam and Eve by Satan also left Adam and Eve cut off from the order and law of God. That is loss of Eden, where humans knew their boundaries and were happy in God’s orderly garden of Life. Adam & Eve had decided to disobey God’s Law and now God left them to create their own laws and humanism was born. Yes, indeed, Satan's revolutionary concept inspired humanism and it was the only recourse to Man after the fall. But what is humanism?

From the Wikipedia article: "Humanism can be considered as a process by which truth and morality is sought through human investigation." In other words, truth and morality are found by holding up Flanagan's Mirror and examining ourselves in relation to the world, not by receiving any revelation from God or his appointed messengers on earth, most notably the Pope. In investigating our relation to others and ourselves, humanism seems to have arrived at the conclusion that judgment of good and bad are relative to each person. For example, it may be good for one man to kill another to preserve his family, but is it good for the family whose member has been killed?

In the King's Torah, subscribed to by some Orthodox Jews, it is permissible to kill Gentiles who might pose a future threat of Jews. Rabbi Yitzhak Shapiro, who heads the Od Yosef Chai Yeshiva in the Yitzhar settlement, wrote in his book "The King's Torah" that even babies and children can be killed if they pose a threat to the nation. He says, "It is permissible to kill the Righteous among Nations even if they are not responsible for the threatening situation," he wrote, adding: "If we kill a Gentile who has sinned or has violated one of the seven commandments - because we care about the commandments - there is nothing wrong with the murder." Unfortunately, the Muslims and Christians may also believe it is right and just to kill Orthodox Jews such as Rabbi Shapiro, who might decide in future to kill all Gentiles preemptively, having perceived all Gentiles as a possible future threat. Therefore Gentiles might righteously decide to do a preemptive strike, as Hitler did in fact attempt.

Today Israel has declared that Iran is an existential threat to them and wishes to prevent Iran's becoming a nuclear power. Israel wishes to bomb Iran's nuclear sites and has even asked the USA to endorse low yield nuclear bombs to achieve this. More recently statements have come out of Israel that Egypt is a greater danger to Israel than Iran. Next Turkey? Next Syria? Next Europe as a whole? Where will it end in Israel's right to eliminate existential threats? Obviously when all of humanity except for Jews is exterminated.

Thus to prevent chaos from such dilemmas regarding good an evil (bad) as relative, the secular nations create secular laws and a system of justice. We recreate God (final absolute authority) as a form of Government and all are judged under its aegis. The League of Nations, the United Nations and The EU were just the beginning attempts at a secular humanist world order of government.

What about secular communism and capitalism as options for a truly humanist society?

Communists; through "human investigation" and experience have examined the human condition and found that they can achieve the closest thing to paradise on earth by following the principle that "from each man according to his abilities, and to each man according to his needs." However, they also understand that leadership is required. Some few have decided that the "abilities" that they wish to donate for the general good falls to "leadership" of the rest. As leaders, they must represent their flock with dignity. As such they must entertain with the best victuals, ride in fine limousines and fly in private jets. They must also maintain order. No unqualified upstart potential leaders like Ghandi, Christ or the Dalai Lama should usurp their own powers. Those who presume to be taller than the rest or rebel against their virtuous leaders must be extirpated from the body social – they rock the boat and make others feel inferior. That is humanism in its ultimate form, for the good of all, not the one.

SHEEP ARE FOR SHEERING

But sheep are for sheering. All men are equal in an ideal communist state, but in that flock most are for sheering by those who are more equal than the rest. Same with capitalism and democracy, we are a flock under the careful watch of our virtuous leaders who talk about their concern for the people. We the flock are sheep and sheep are for sheering! Look at the bailout of the banks in 2008-9…who got sheered? Who did the sheering? Instead of creating jobs programs when unemployment reached 9 % so that people could pay their mortgages to and spend money to sustain a weak economy, the politicians who receive huge contributions from Wall Street gave vast sums of money to Goldman Sachs who was "too big to fail." Now in 2011the brokers at Goldman Sachs, who actually caused the economic crash by creating financial instruments they knew would explode, are receiving record bonuses!

SEEKING Humanistic SOLUTIONS TO THE COMING CRISIS IN AMERICA IN THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS

The economic meltdown in 2008 was the first wave of a series of crises that will affect America, especially America's cities in the coming decades. Members of America's once thriving middle class, unemployed and unable to pay their bills, will be forced from their homes and not be able to afford rent. What will they do?

In order to keep social order and avoid riots and unrest, government and media will downplay the crisis.

… The rise of temperatures worldwide is creating severe droughts and extreme weather is affecting crops and livestock. The now periodic droughts and famine in Africa are creating an exodus of its population to the safe haven of Europe, which will not be a safe haven for long, especially when these Africans begin to feel secure and try to impose their own values on Europeans. All this while the world's 7 billion population continues to expand devouring diminishing non-renewable resources, especially oil that had in fact created the agricultural revolution that was able to feed the world up until now. Steve Jones, head of the biology department at University College London, has said, "Humans are 10,000 times more common than we should be, according to the rules of the animal kingdom, and we have (oil based) agriculture to thank for that." The looming scarcity of food means that food will be supplied to the highest bidder. Hunger and even starvation in America will become commonplace, and government will be able to do little about it. Government will make sure that the working class; the military, the police and property owners will not go hungry, as resources are husbanded.

NO HOPE, NO DIGNITY

As unemployment and hunger increase, people will resort to criminal activities. These men have no hope and no sense of dignity or self-respect. It is a day-to-day existence with no possibility of improvement for the future. Below one of the day workers under the bridge lies amid dog feces and in a place where other day workers have urinated on the sidewalk.

What can be done to protect the residents and decent citizens in this and other cities in the United States from this unfortunate element on the fringes of our society?

THE GOVERNMENT MUST STEP IN

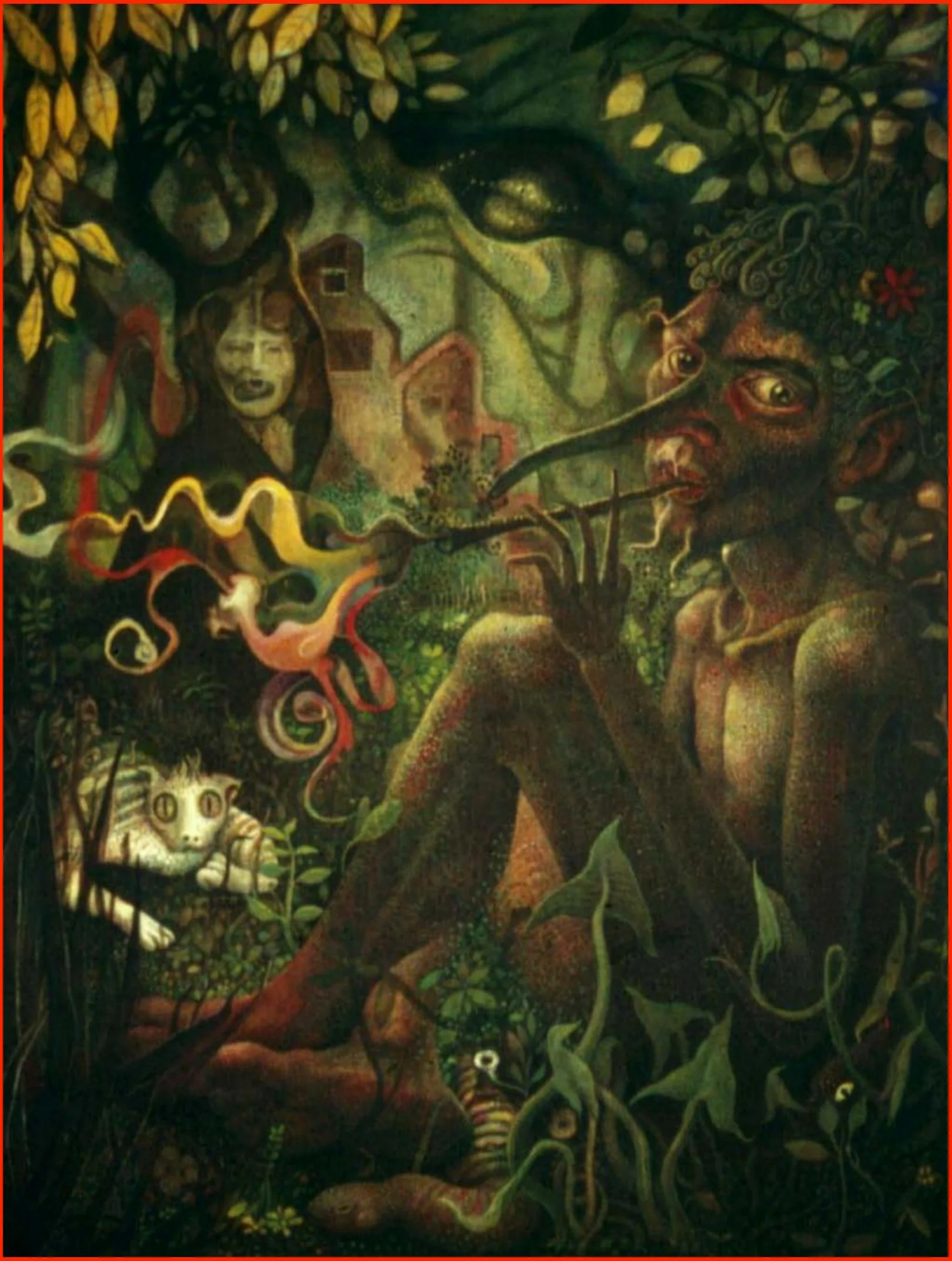
We have been tossed from the garden of peace and plenty, so, to keep order, the humanist government must step in before matters escalate into warfare between these indigent violent day workers and the resident working populace...and they will definitely step in to protect the rich men who are tending the human flock. The useful working class is multitudinous and some are expendable as buffers between the starving and the rich. The rich and politically powerful know that they must be protected at all cost (the ostensible practice of humanism)! Possibly labor camps will be devised where these wretched men can be watched, fed and provided with work that will be of benefit to society.

CONSEQUENCES IF THE GOVERNMENT DOES NOT STEP IN

Conflicts will grow as hunger and need and hopelessness drive people. In the near future the government, already strapped for resources, will not even be able to accommodate people in prisons after they commit crimes. It will be a waste of food and resources that are better given to useful citizens. What will the humanist government do then with the approval of the "decent" citizens? Let them starve or serve up kind humanist euthanasia?

The frontispiece painting of Terrance's gold folio described next was conceived several months ago in sketch form. Terrance stopped at a point in preliminary execution to let the work rest until it called him back. The ideas had incubated in his subconscious such that when he started undertaking it again recently all issues resolved immediately into their rightful place.

DEMON COMIX PRESENTS



YUKO THE JAPANESE DEMON FINDS THE GOLDEN HORN OF MAKING

THE LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN HORN OF MAKING

The ancient affectations and fascination with GOLD! Gold is pure and incorruptible and those who seek to harness its powers must be pure of heart. Those who are not pure of heart will bring down a plague of evils upon themselves.

The Trojan war may indirectly have been caused by a golden apple given by Paris, Prince of Troy, to Aphrodite, daughter of Zeus and goddess of love and beauty The golden apples, by the way, grew far away in the west on a tree near the sea, guarded by the Hesperides, the 'daughters of the evening', and a dragon, who sometimes take on the guise of Nature Boy, also known as Pan, Puck and Robin Goodfellow in various cultures. Various heroes from Hercules to Atlas did battle with the dragon in pursuit of the Golden Horn of Making, as the giver of life, are plucked throughout the centuries in myth and legend.. And gold apples and the Golden Horn turn up in a magical setting in Wagner's great opera Das Rheingold. From the beginning gold was caught up in myths, legends and fairy tales about gods, goddesses, princesses, magicians and heroes. .

For the impure of heart, money and lives have been lost paddling up rivers, trekking through jungles, climbing mountains, but El Dorado was always just over the horizon for the avaricious.

For Richard Wagner, the Golden Ring is organized wealth, id est, power. When the ring is fashioned, organized, it grasps and holds the world. And evil beings pursue it for that. The gold must be returned to the pure Rhine maidens who will guard it. But Wotan desires it and brings evil into Valhalla resulting in the Twilight of the Gods.

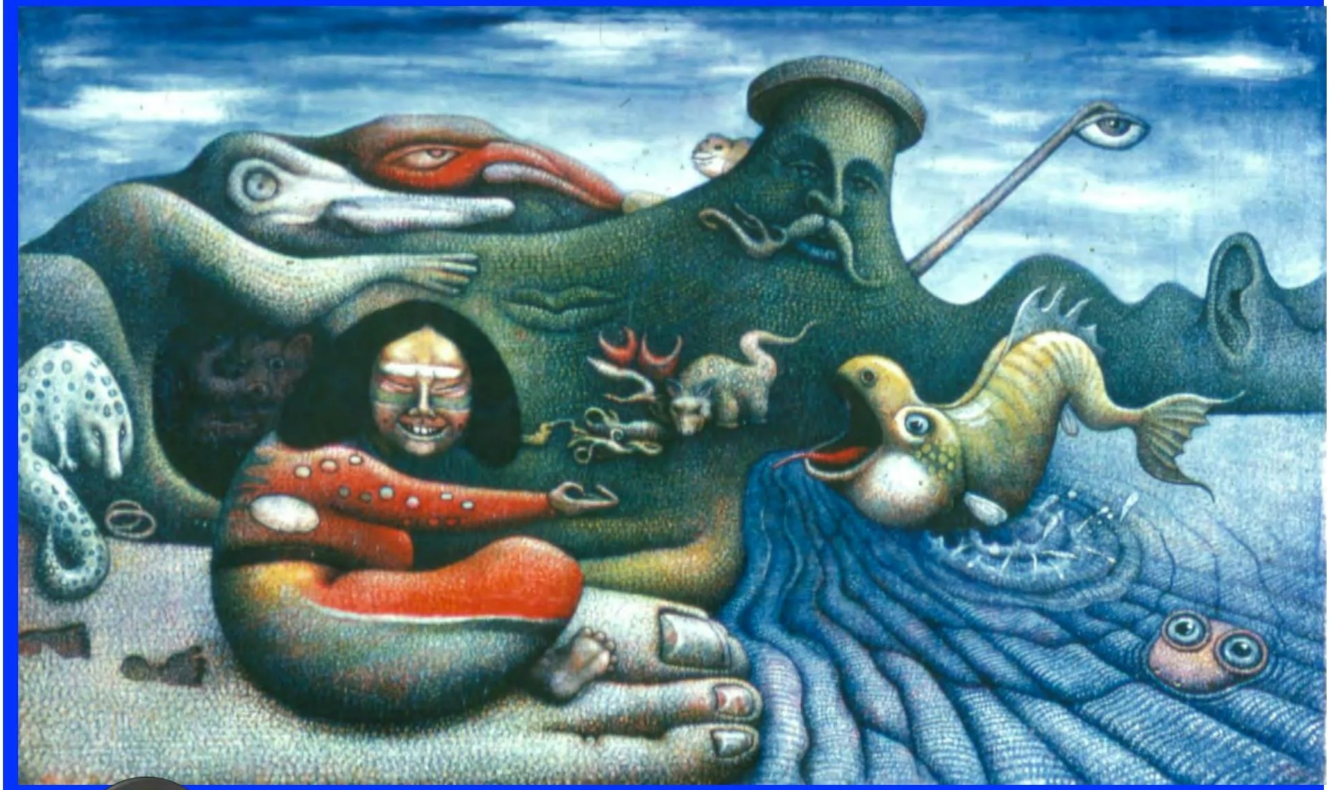
The Golden Horn of Making is an instrument of Nature Boy. He lives in the hidd depths of the Great World Swamp.

Yuko, the Japanese demon has been asked by the Emperor to find the Golden Horn *and* Nature Boy to bring him back to purify the waters around Fukushima. THIS IS THE STORY!

Yuko on her quest,
Will fish for food
She likes the best.

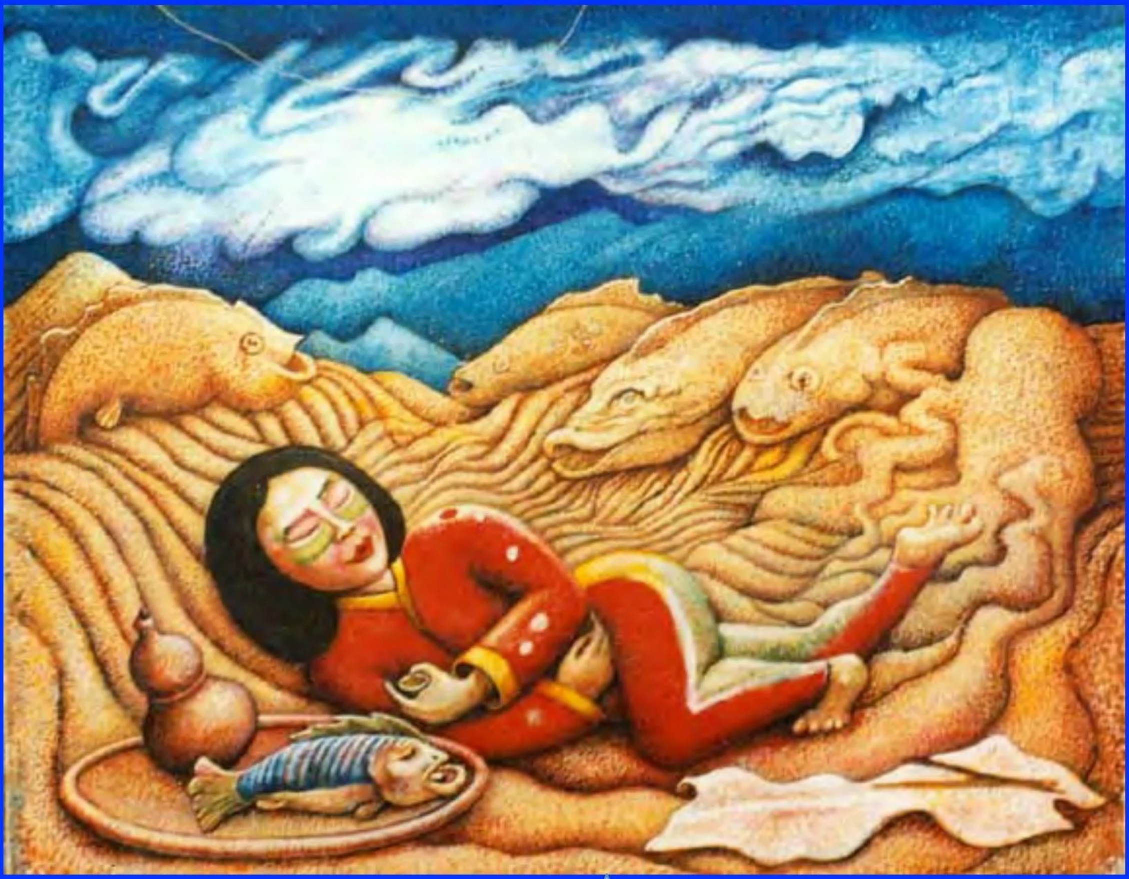
All creatures great and small
When finger she crooks,
answers her call.

The great loving being Gaia



Is pleased with her!

Yuko in her cups is resting well
From Sake fine
She dreams divine
Of fishes in the dunes.

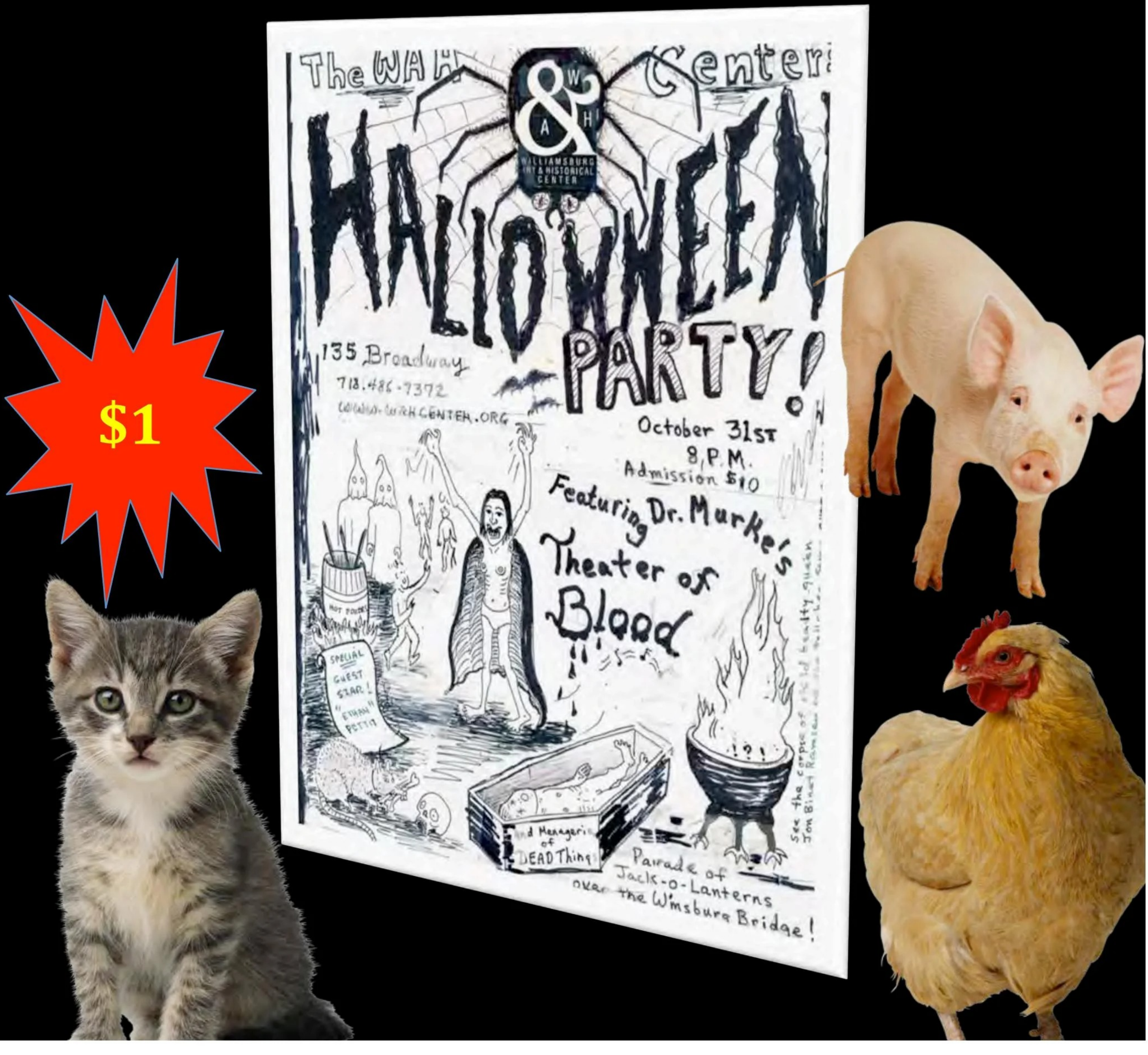


TO BE CONTINUED

A LAUGH A MINUTE!

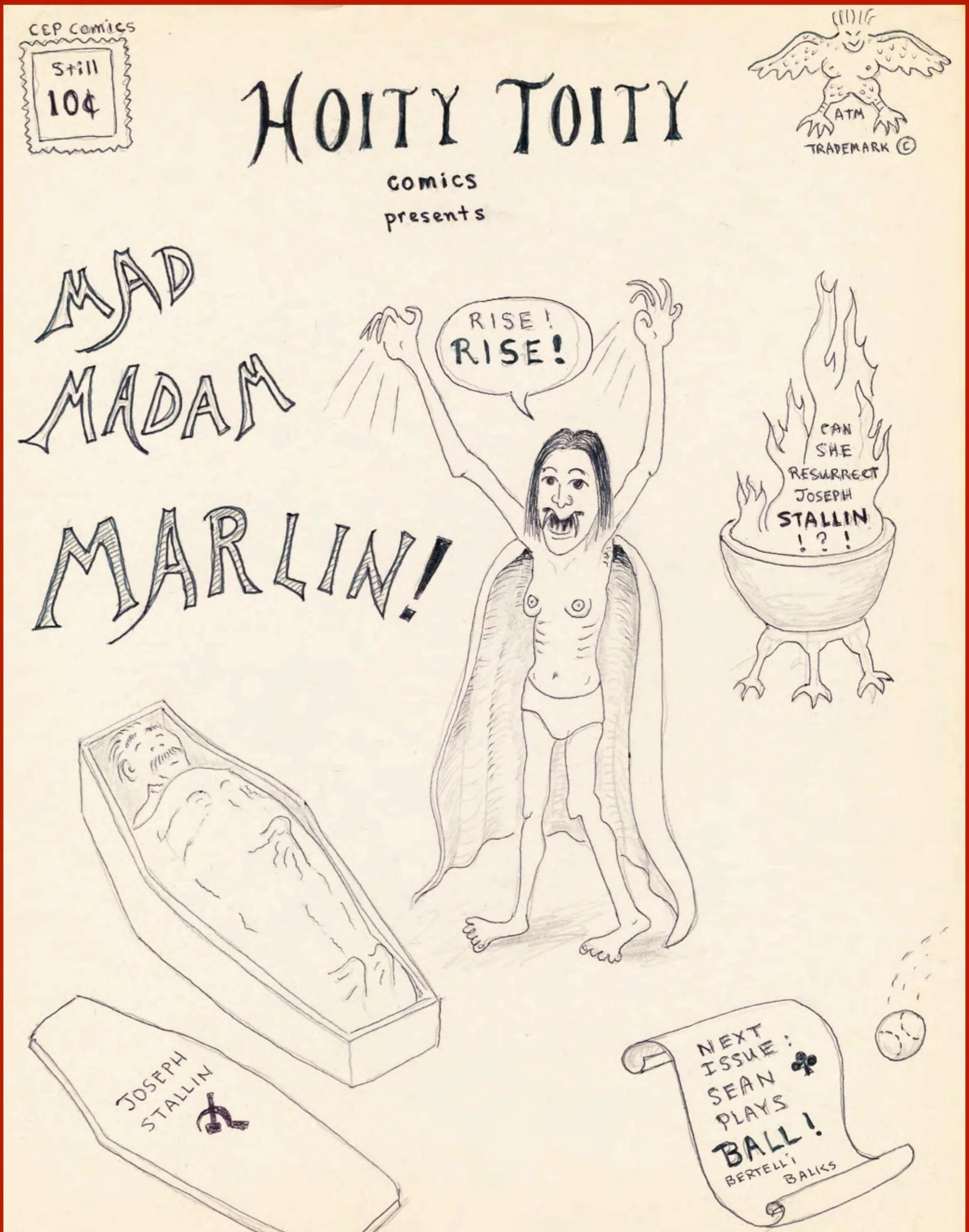
Hoity Toity COMICS

$1


The WAH Center
W & A H
WILLIAMSBURG ART & HISTORICAL CENTER
HALLOWEEN PARTY!
135 Broadway
718.486-7372
www.wahcenter.org
October 31st
8 P.M.
Admission $10
Featuring Dr. Murke's Theater of Blood
HOT POWDER
SPECIAL GUEST STAR! "ETHAN" PETTIT
!?!
And Menagerie of DEAD Things
Parade of Jack-o-Lanterns over the W'msburg Bridge!
See the corpse of child beauty queen
Jon Binet Ramsey

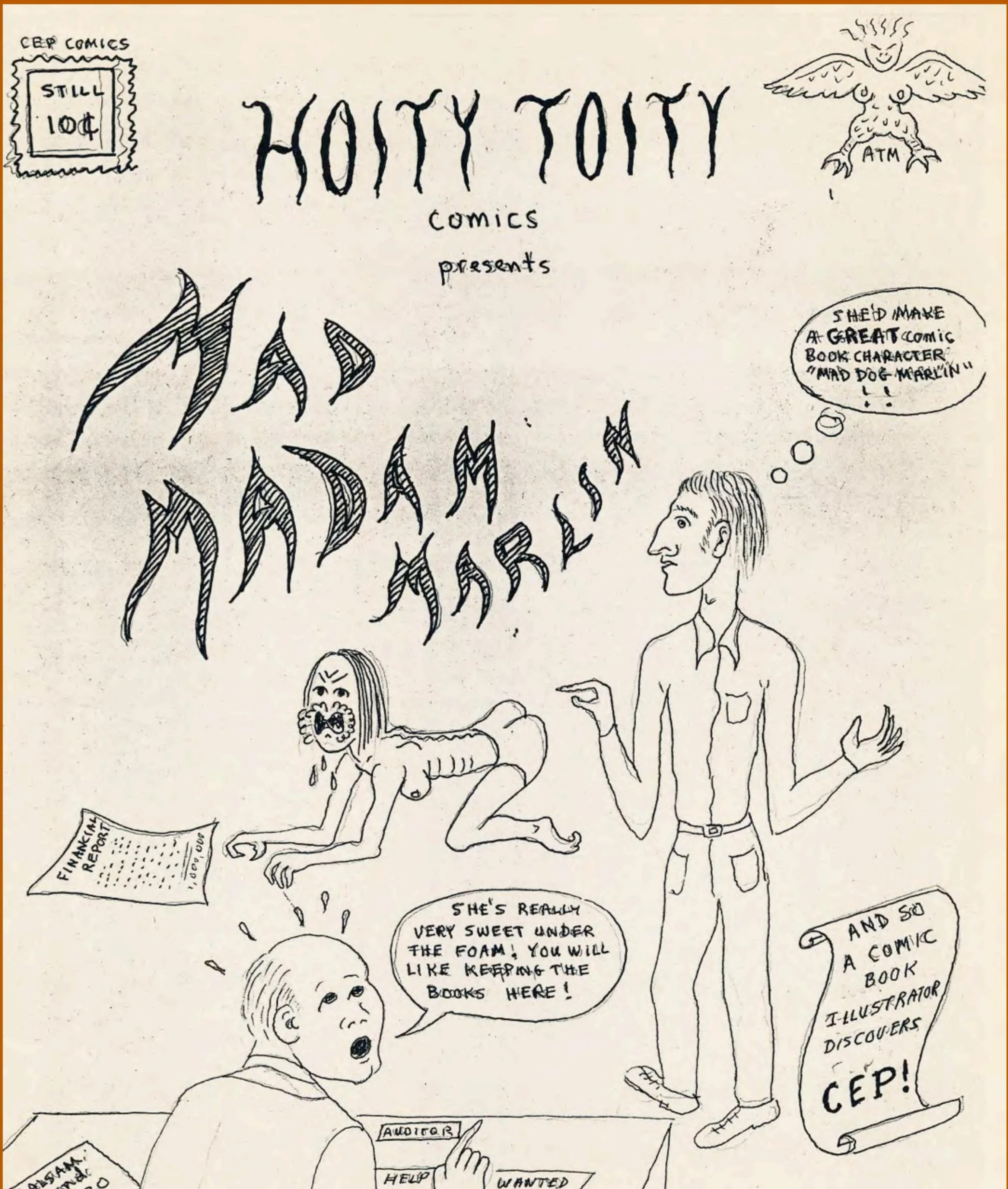
Terrance Lindall always found humor in the places he passed through, whether it be in his day job or in the art community of Williamsburg,

Here are some black & white covers for his own comic books.


CEP comics
Still
10¢
HOITY TOITY
comics
presents
ATM
TRADEMARK ©
MAD
MADAM
MARLIN!
RISE!
RISE!
CAN
SHE
RESURRECT
JOSEPH
STALLIN
!?!
JOSEPH
STALLIN
NEXT
ISSUE:
SEAN
PLAYS
BALL!
BERTELLI
BALKS

Terrance worked at the CEP. It was an extreme left wing anti-corporate action organization. Although charities are not allowed to lobby congress, they did anyway and probably broke some other laws.

So Terrance did some comic books of their organization.


CEP COMICS
STILL 10¢
HOITY TOITY
comics
presents
MAD MADAM MARLIN
ATM
SHE'D MAKE A GREAT comic BOOK CHARACTER "MAD DOG MARLIN" !!
FINANCIAL REPORT
000,000
SHE'S REALLY VERY SWEET UNDER THE FOAM! YOU WILL LIKE KEEPING THE BOOKS HERE!
AND SO A COMIC BOOK ILLUSTRATOR DISCOVERS CEP!
AUDITOR
HELP WANTED
BOOK KEEPER
BALSAM Sand SHAPIRO

SAVE EARTH LIFE

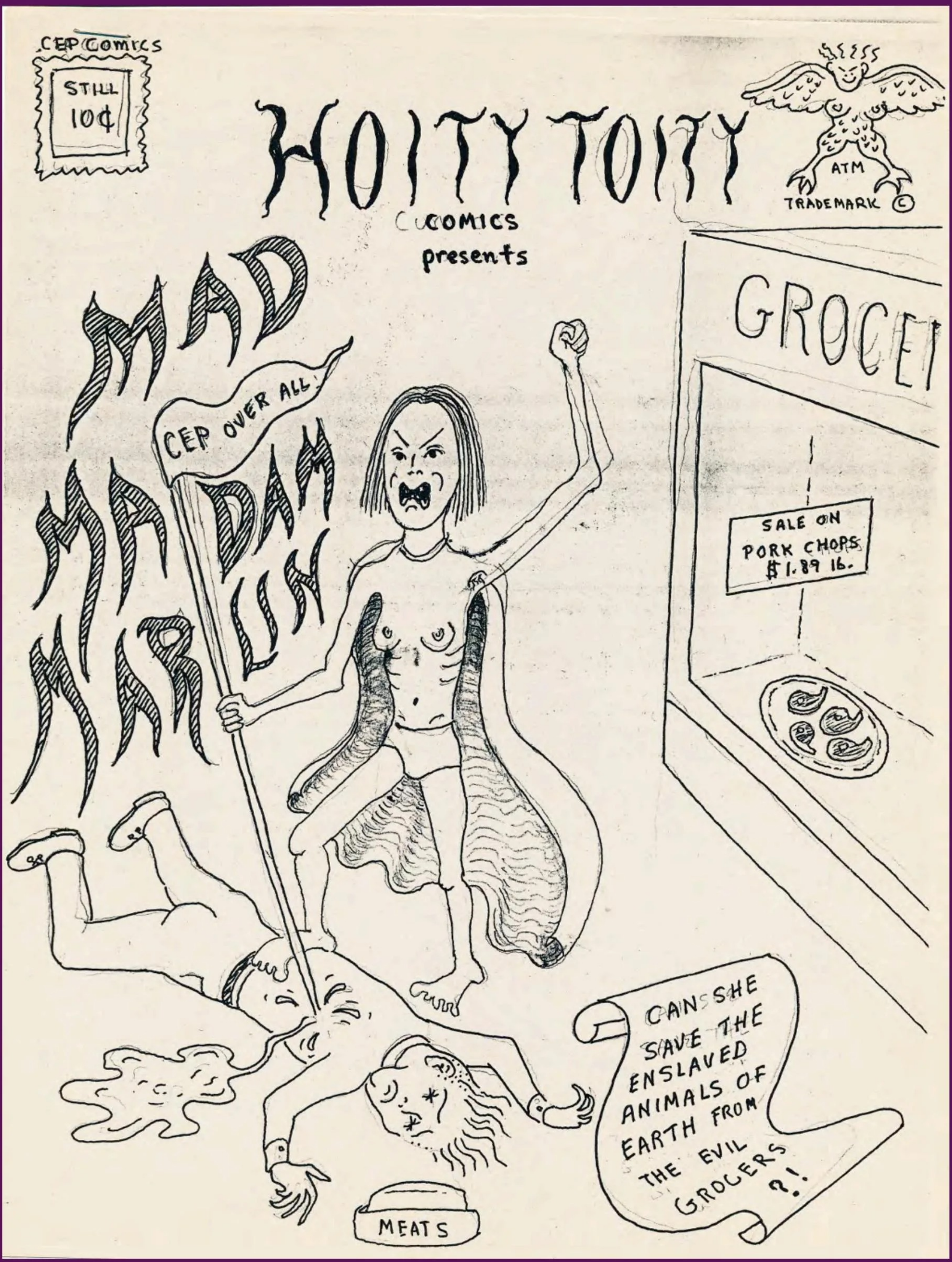
Thank God that we are now making a concerted effort to stop killing wild animals for fur coats. But did you notice that the attacks on people who wear fur coats is mostly against women, since it is mostly women who wear fur coats? THAT'S SEXIST!!!

We at the World In My Pocket Corp. (WIMP) think that we should also attack men equally. First, why should only fur bearing wild animals be protected. What about the right of life of all of the so called "domesticated" animals such as cattle, which we enslave and murder by the millions to produce leather products to wear. WIMP suggests that we can solve the sexist situation of attacking women who wear fur by attacking men at Biker bars who wear leather jackets.

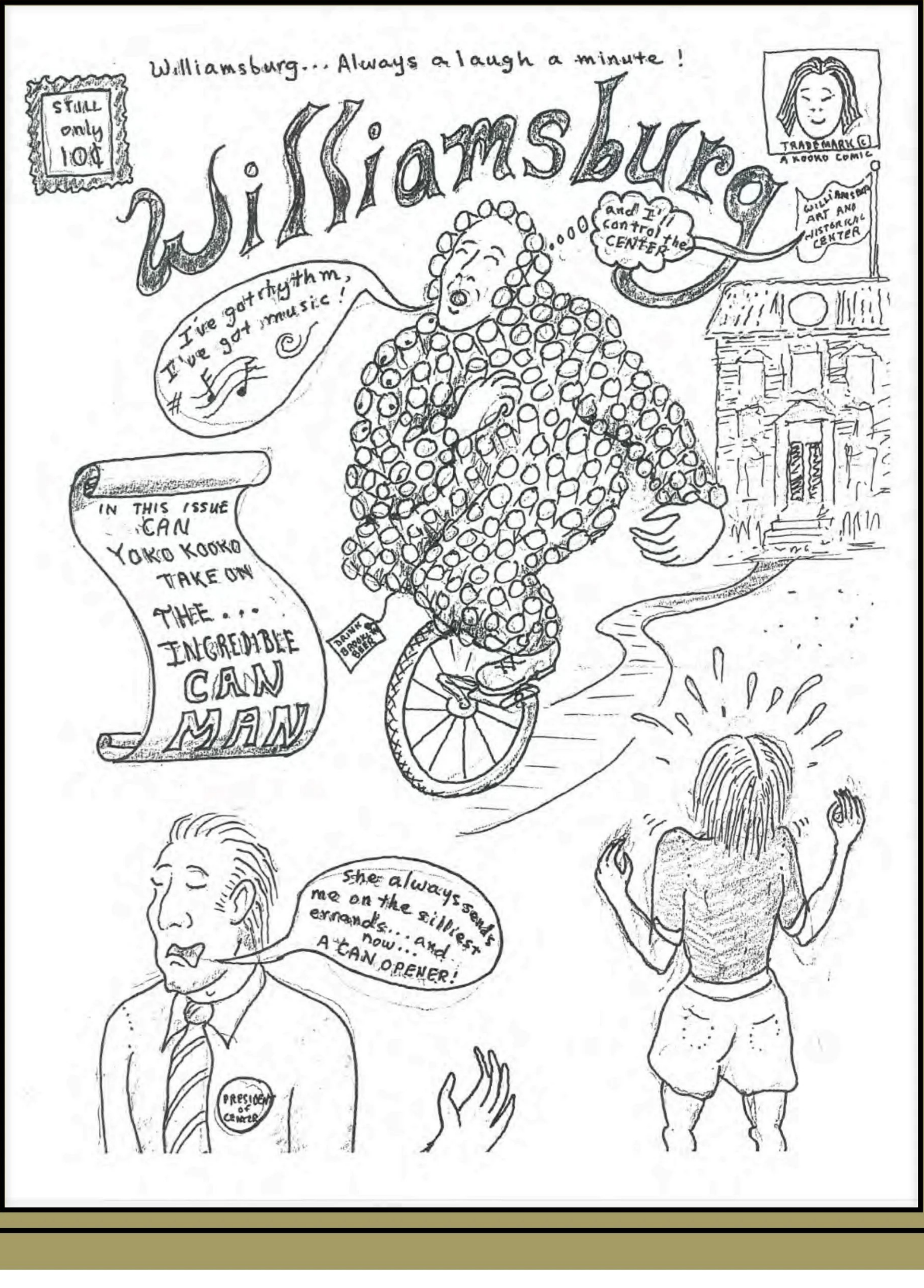
Also, further regarding the enslavement of animals to perform tasks and to murder for our vile brutish meat eating behavior, we should boycott or burn down all meat markets and grocery stores who dare to partipate in this criminal activity.

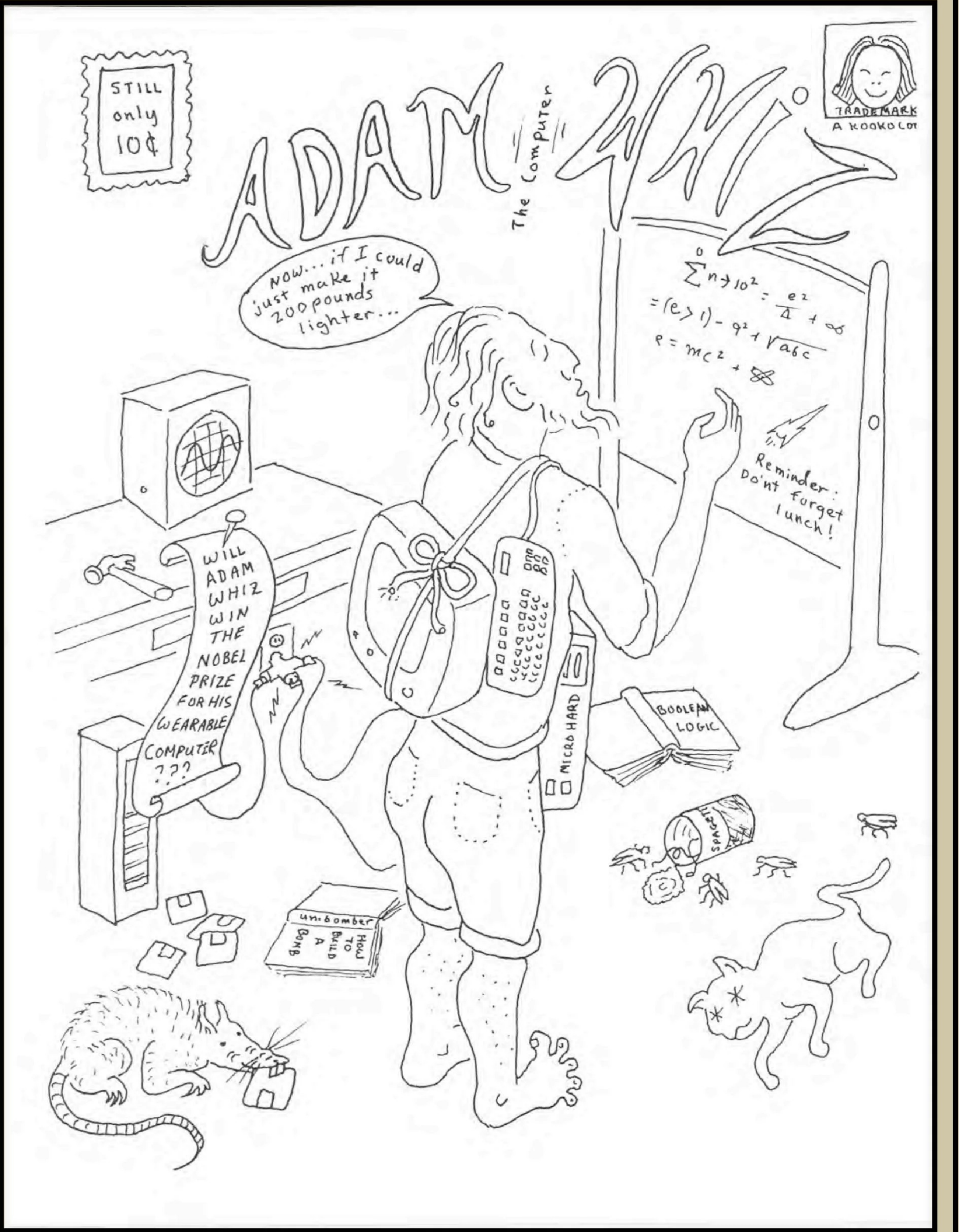
And are not the plants of the Earth also life forms? Should we not also respect their lives and spirits? Is it not right and just that we stop killing and eating them? Just as we save murderers from the death penalty out of respect for life and save wild animals and now domesticated animals, should not all life be sacrosanct and free from our vile uses???

Therefore, Brothers and Sisters, Stop eating plants and animals! Kill all people who do! And then fold your saintly hands and waste away, since there is nothing to eat but the dirt...which contains organic life forms which should not be violated.

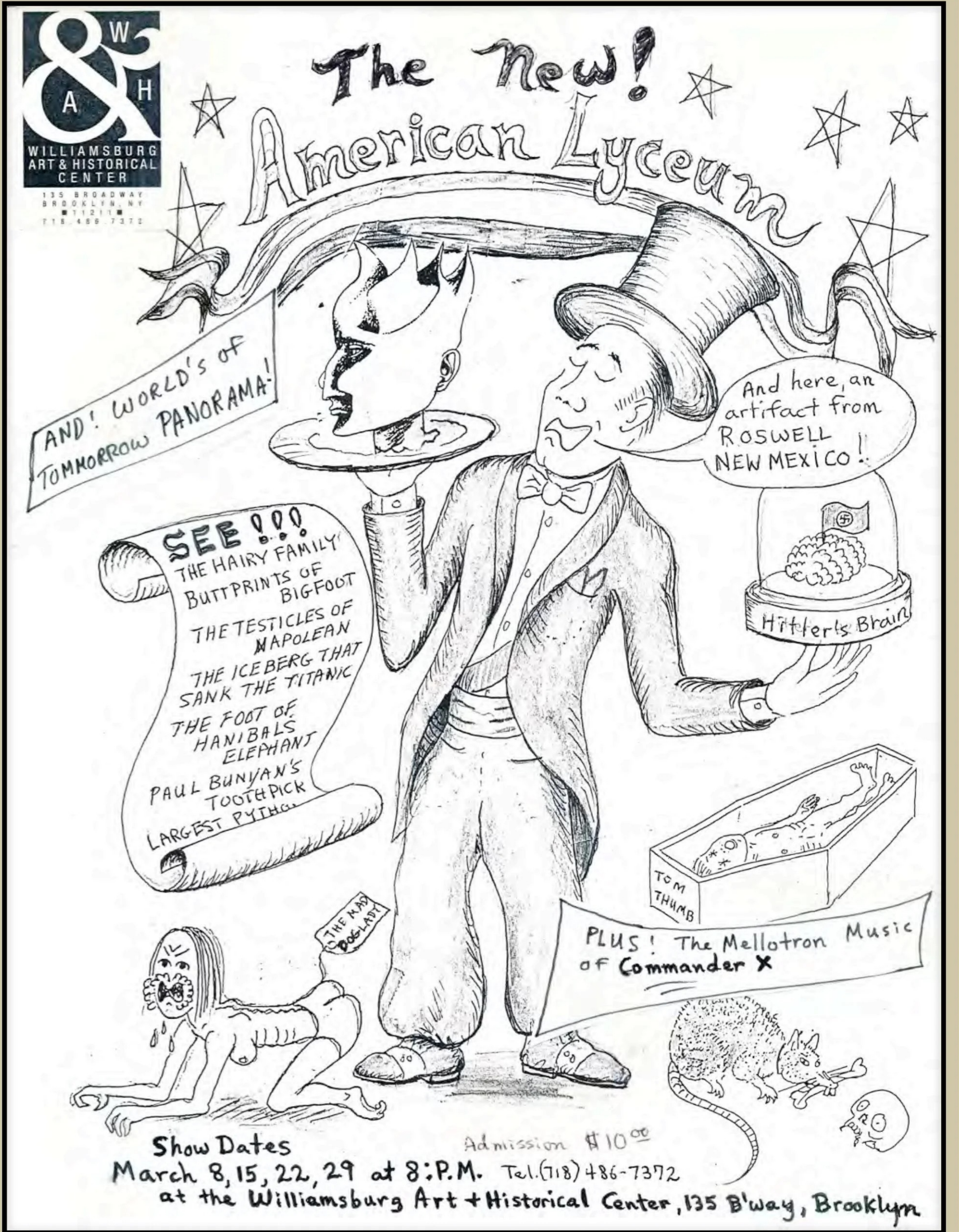

CEP Comics
STILL 10¢
HOITY TOITY
COMICS
presents
ATM
TRADEMARK ©
MAD MADAM MARLYN
CEP OVER ALL
GROCE
SALE ON PORK CHOPS $1.89 lb.
CAN SHE SAVE THE ENSLAVED ANIMALS OF EARTH FROM THE EVIL GROCERS ?!
MEATS

The Williamsburg Brooklyn artists community was also of interest.


Williamsburg... Always a laugh a minute!
STILL only 10¢
Williamsburg
TRADEMARK © A KOOKO COMIC
...ooo and I'll control the CENTER
WILLIAMSBURG ART AND HISTORICAL CENTER
I've got rhythm, I've got music!
IN THIS ISSUE CAN YOKO KOOKO TAKE ON THE... INCREDIBLE CAN MAN
DRINK BROOKLYN BEER
She always sends me on the silliest errands... and now... A CAN OPENER!
PRESIDENT OF CENTER

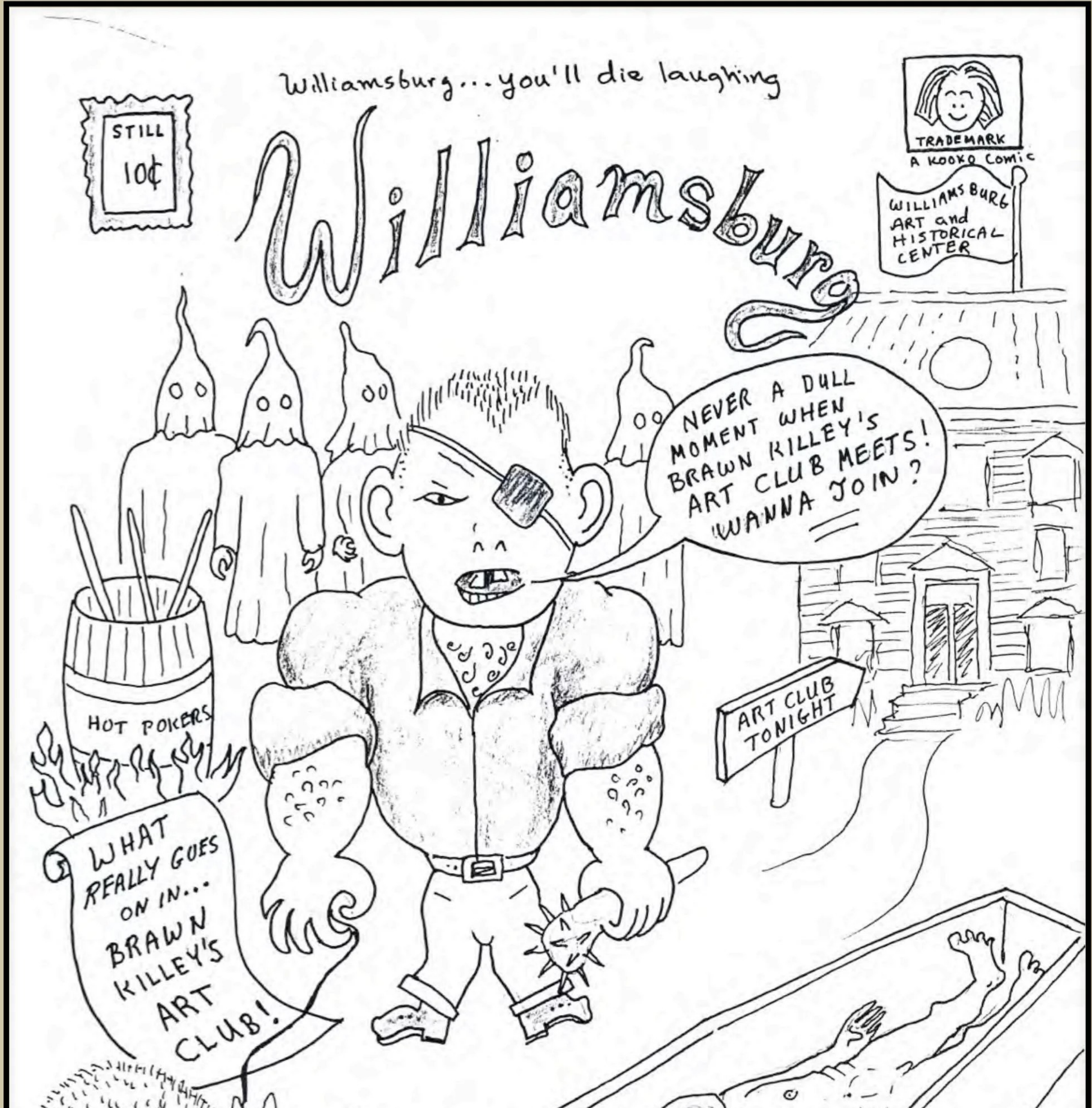

STILL only 10¢
ADAM The Computer WHIZ
TRADEMARK
A KOOKOLO
NOW... if I could just make it 200 pounds lighter...
$\sum_{n \to 10^2}^{0} = \frac{e^2}{\Delta} + \infty$
$= (e > 1) - q^2 + \sqrt{abc}$
$e = mc^2 +$
Reminder: Do'nt furget lunch!
WILL ADAM WHIZ WIN THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR HIS WEARABLE COMPUTER ???
BOOLEAN LOGIC
MICRO HARD
SPAGETTI
unibomber
HOW TO BUILD A BOMB

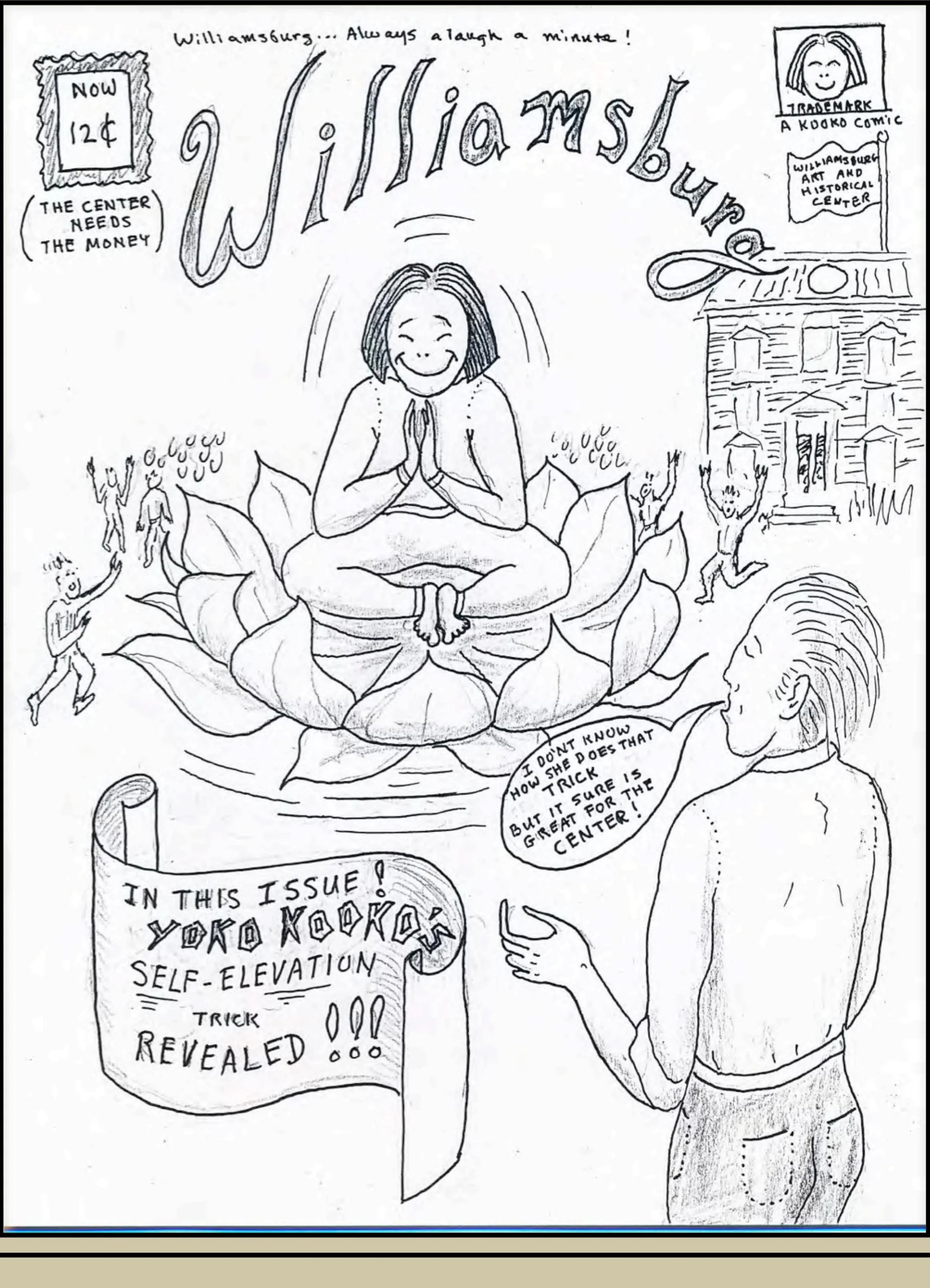
WILLIAMSBURG
ART & HISTORICAL
CENTER
135 BROADWAY
BROOKLYN, NY
11211
718.486.7372


The New!
American Lyceum
AND! WORLD'S of TOMMORROW PANORAMA!
And here, an artifact from ROSWELL NEW MEXICO!!
Hitler's Brain
SEE!!!
THE HAIRY FAMILY
BUTTPRINTS OF BIGFOOT
THE TESTICLES OF NAPOLEAN
THE ICEBERG THAT SANK THE TITANIC
THE FOOT OF HANIBALS ELEPHANT
PAUL BUNYAN'S TOOTHPICK
LARGEST PYTHO
TOM THUMB
THE MAD DOGLADY
PLUS! The Mellotron Music of Commander X

Admission $10.00

Show Dates
March 8, 15, 22, 29 at 8:P.M. Tel.(718) 486-7372
at the Williamsburg Art + Historical Center, 135 B'way, Brooklyn


Williamsburg...you'll die laughing
STILL 10¢
Williamsburg
TRADEMARK
A KOOKO COMIC
WILLIAMSBURG ART and HISTORICAL CENTER
NEVER A DULL MOMENT WHEN BRAWN KILLEY'S ART CLUB MEETS! WANNA JOIN?
HOT POKERS
ART CLUB TONIGHT
WHAT REALLY GOES ON IN... BRAWN KILLEY'S ART CLUB!
MEMBER IN GOOD STANDING
© LINDALL '96


Williamsburg... Always a laugh a minute!
NOW 12¢
(THE CENTER NEEDS THE MONEY)
Williamsburg
TRADEMARK
A KOOKO COMIC
WILLIAMSBURG ART AND HISTORICAL CENTER
I DON'T KNOW HOW SHE DOES THAT TRICK BUT IT SURE IS GREAT FOR THE CENTER!
IN THIS ISSUE! YOKO KOOKO'S SELF-ELEVATION TRICK REVEALED !!!

AND, OF COURSE, THERE WAS THE SOCIO-POLITICAL LANDSCAPE.

Still
10¢

September 1989

HARPIES BIZZARE

(NOT A LESBIAN PUBLICATION)

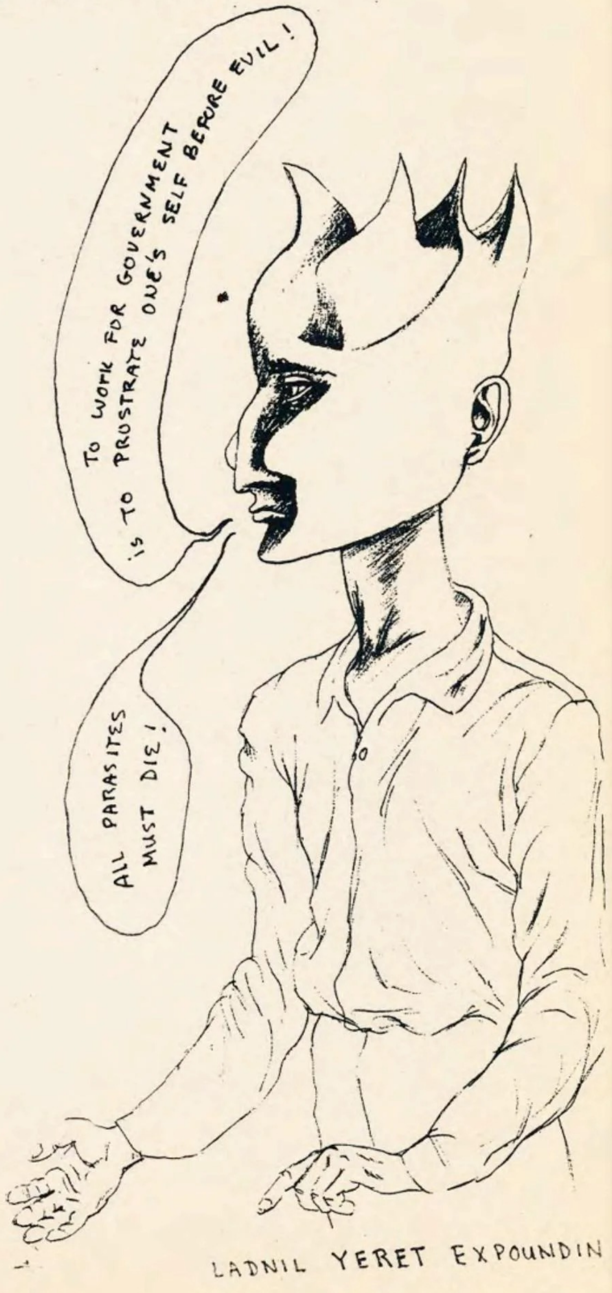
In This Issue!

Is he a
Demigod
or
Demigogue?

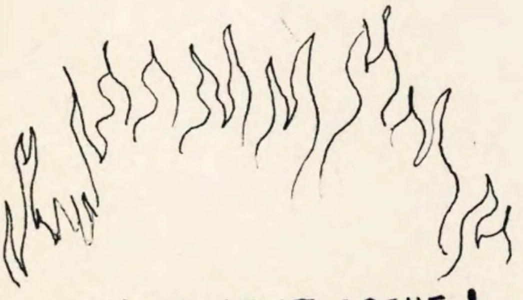
Decide for
yourself!

LADNIL YERET

SPEAKS
OUT!


TO WORK FOR GOVERNMENT
IS TO PROSTRATE ONE'S SELF BEFORE EVIL!
ALL PARASITES
MUST DIE!

LADNIL YERET EXPOUNDIN



HOT NEXT ISSUE!
IS DOMENICK BERTELLI
A RADICAL MODERATE ?!

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL SURREALIST MOVEMENT

Newsletter
Volume 2, No. 1
September 1989

Published by Ladnil Yeret

And now we must consider the parasites of government. Their ranks are composed of those who are incapable of productive work. They do not provide food, nor housing nor distribution of these goods. Instead, they have decided to assume the function of managing the production of wealth in the society and taking as their reward an excessive portion of that wealth. Yes, they are chosen by the people in this democracy. But these chosen people have merely convinced a majority of under-educated sit-com watchers that their looks and rhetoric deserve their vote. Elections are popularity contests. The government says that in order to solve the problems in society, taxes must be paid to create programs to help the poor and middle class. The assumption is that government can eliminate poverty.But the real situation is this:

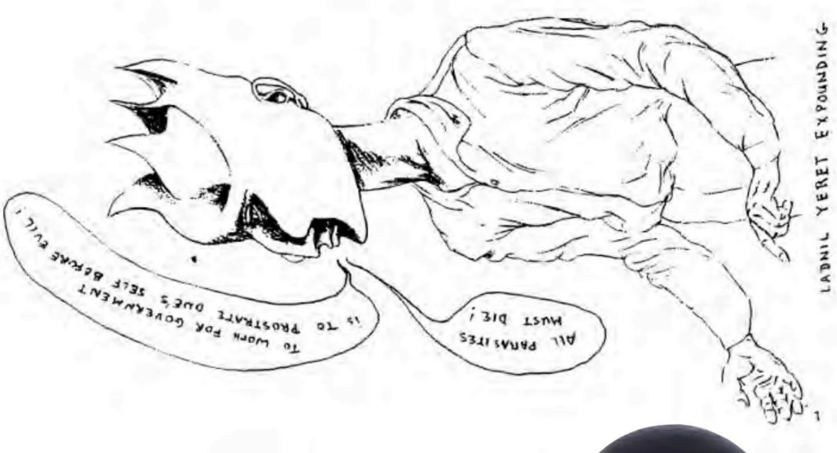
Through its programs the government rewards people with government checks. People who receive these checks become dependent upon those checks and the government which provides. These government dependents have no inclination except to vote for a government which give them money. Also, these voters are not inclined to do productive work to end their dependence upon government. This follows the law "a body at rest tends to stay at rest." Of course the purpose of a polititian is to get re-elected. Therefore, it makes sense that polititians in power should try to enlarge their voting constituency where they can. Therefore, if the governmenmt can create a larger body of population in the throws of poverty, the greater the population dependent upon government programs and the more likely that this population will vote for current government policies in order to maintain their government support. And of course, the more people on government welfare, the less people producing the actual wealth of the nation. And the more the the government has to tax the productive population in order to pay out government welfare to the parasites. The spiral, although slow to gain momentum, must necessarily result in the collapse of a democracy, just as Plato's Socrates precdicted in his REPUBLIC.

Remember Ralph Nader's cry that government must create more regulation to curb the excesses of big business. What is "government regulation?" It is rhetoric of polititians hiding an unsavory fact. In fact it is is host parasite binding its victim so that it can be sucked of its life blood. If "government regulation" had been called instead "government regimentation," we would have been horrified, since we would be made to think of dictatorships both fascist and communist. In fact, what is the difference between regulation and regimentation? With "government regimentation" the people must follow the rules or they are fined, imprisoned or their property is taken away. With "government regulation" the people must follow the rules or they are fined, imprisoned or their property is taken away. A little rhetoric and the polititians can sell a dictatorship in the guise of a democracy.

it is clear that:

> The governments purpose is to create a larger poor population in order to secure a dependent obedient population.
>
> The government must have regulations to punish the non-dependent wealth producing segment of the population to make it obedient to government demands that a segement of that wealth be given to the government so that polititians can enjoy a standard of living higher than the rest of the population.

The hope of the people host population is that the parasite will die, as all parasites die when they have strangled the life sustaining industry of its victim. Surely, government agencies never solve problems of poverty and crime and become smaller. No government official intends to solve the problems of society which in fact they are created to do. No government official wants to lose his job. Therefore, If a government agency is created to reduce crime, the tendency of the official in charge is not to solve the problems of crime and dissolve his job and paycheck, rather he tends to seek to make his position more powerful by finding a need to hire more people under him, and this can only be done by encouraging crime and enlarging the force needed to combat crime. You will find that criminals, lawyers and polititians are a sybiotic brotherhood. One cannot live without the other. These parasites can only survive if they have a large poor population that depends upon government welfare programs to eat and live or must committ crimes to survive. It is therefore obvious that the purpose of polititians and lawyers (most polititians are lawyers) are deicated to increase of poverty and misery in society. But again all parasites must die, for how far can poverty and misery and taxes be increased before the population arises in that paroxism of state death called revolution? Revolution or absolute dictatorship is inevitable in any democracy because the tendency of parsites is to bleed the host to death.


TO WORK FOR GOVERNMENT IS TO PROSTRATE ONE'S SELF BEFORE EVIL!
ALL PARASITES MUST DIE!
LABNIL YERET EXPOUNDING

From the Blog of PROFESSOR HORACE JEFFERY HODGES
http://gypsyscholarship.blogspot.com/2013_02_01_archive.html

"Satan's Peculiar Grace"

Terrance Lindall
WAH Center

On January 26th, 2013, , Bienvenido Bones Banez gave an extemporaneous piano recital, "The Satanic Rhapsody," followed by Terrance Lindall expounding, also extemporaneously, on the "peculiar graces" of Satan in extrapolating from Bien's now-famous dictum, that "Satan gives color to the world!"

Bien's statement sounds rather disturbing, initially, but Lindall sets it within the context of the quasi-orthodox position known as the *felix culpa*, or "fortunate fall." The basic idea is that without Satan's role in bringing about the fall, Christ would never have taken on flesh to take on humankind's sins, but in order for Satan to 'cooperate' with God's aims -- whatever Satan's intentions -- Satan has to be graced by God with certain gifts, Satan's peculiar graces.

Lindall opens with a gambit that plays on Steve Fallon's views about John Milton's peculiar grace, and since the video was finally put up on YouTube, I took the time to transcribe Lindall's extemporaneous talk:
Milton's peculiar grace was the fact that he always wrote about himself so much, and of course he was the great inspiration for truth. He said truth on any battlefield against any foe will prevail.

Now, when Bien came here a few years ago, he inspired me with a saying of his. He said, "Satan gives color to the world." Well, what does that mean exactly? It means that all of the strife and everything in the world inspires poets, writers, artists. If you go to a museum, you'll see a lot of that. If you read a book, books from the sixteenth-century on, it's all about conflict and war, love and hatred, and all these things, competition -- well, that's Satan-inspired.

Can you imagine if this were God's perfect world, if you had everything you wanted, good food, place to rest, no problems, no pain, live forever? You could live as vegetables! Imagine that! So, Satan's peculiar grace is that he has given you something to aspire to, to compete with. He's the adrenaline rush in your blood, and he also gives you great literature talking about the struggles you have, and so that is Satan's peculiar grace. It's a grace given to you by Satan.

Also, something else in the history of religious philosophy, there was something called the "fortunate fall." Does anybody know what the fortunate fall is? Ah (pointing to man in audience), here's one scholar. The fortunate fall is . . . because man has fallen, we have been given the grace of Christ being born into the world, and Christ, of course, is sacrificing himself for your good, supposedly. He has taken all your sins upon him[self],

Bienvenido Bones Banez, Jr and Terrance Lindall that you might be redeemed. That's the fortunate fall of man, the fortunate fall of Adam and Eve from the garden. They had to be redeemed, and Christ did that. That's the fortunate fall.

So, just recently, I came up with a hair-raising idea. Well, every year at Christmas -- and I know some of you aren't Christians -- but every year at Christmas, we should thank Satan because Satan has caused Christ to be born into the world, so let's thank Satan as well as God for giving us Christ.

Of course, I got a letter from a professor in South Korea who said, "Why, that's hair-raising, that's nearly heretical!" And of course, it's not. And I'll tell you why. Everybody should be thinking about ideas and things. If you're Jewish or Catholic or Muslim or whatever, you should actually be thinking about your religion, not just following it, because I do believe that knowledge, supposedly given to man when Adam and Eve bit into the apple, is a good thing, and I also believe . . . I also believe that, ultimately, knowledge is the savior of mankind, whether you believe in a mythology of religion or whether you believe that religion is exactly the truth of the world, I believe man will be redeemed through knowledge.

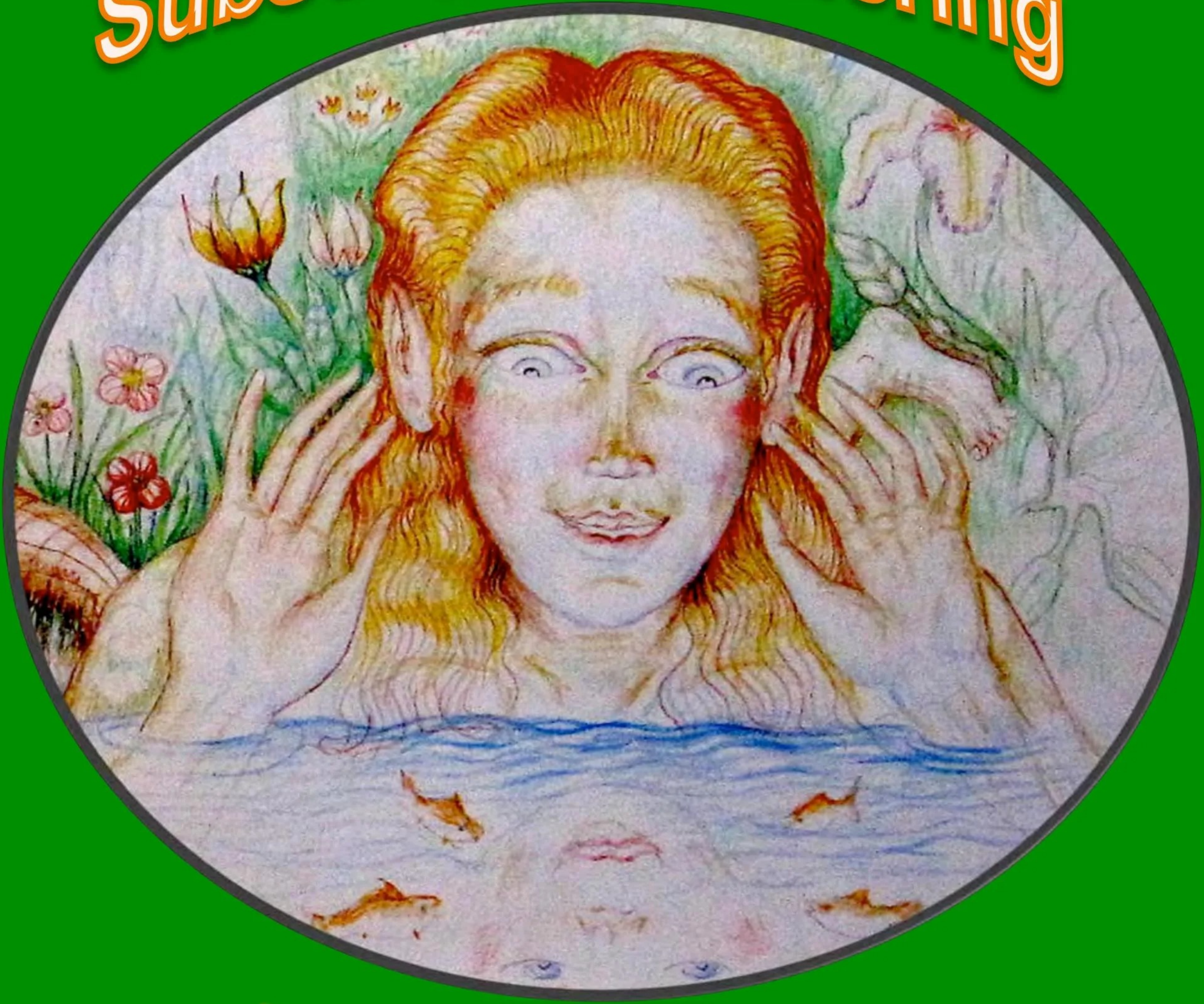
And it's coming to understand yourself. Accommodate yourself to the world. Accommodate yourself peaceably with other men. And that's our struggle right now, accommodating ourselves with the different cultures around the world, the different religions, accommodating ourselves to build a better world. And that's what Yuko's idea is all about: Peace, Harmony, and Unity. And that's her idea. It comes from a Japanese concept, of *wah*, which is what WAH means, WAH Center.

And we created recently the Williamsburg Circle of International Arts and Letters, which is a very intellectual organization. We have people on it like Arthur Danto, the famous art critic, probably the most outstanding art critic or commentator of the twentieth century. He's now ninety years old. We also have the former president of St. Bonaventure University, who's probably the foremost Milton scholar, apart from Steve Fallon, and he formed the largest Milton collection in the world, of which of course I'm part. But it's an outstanding scholarly group.

Bien is one of the members, and so, it's not a thing [only] about knowledge. We're pursuing knowledge, we're finding out about how literature intersects with the arts. And you can look it up on the internet.

Meanwhile, do you have any questions?
There were questions and Lindall's further extrapolations on his concept of Satan's peculiar graces, but I didn't have time or energy to transcribe those. After I first watched the video, I wrote Lindall a note: Good talk, Terrance. Your gestures show the peculiar grace of good public speakers. I was especially impressed that you could speak well extemporaneously despite the distractions of people walking through, people talking, and infants crying.
. .

Paradise Lost Giclee Print Subscription Offering



Eve sees herself in water

By renowned illustrator Terrance Lindall

Subscription Offering

A series of 15 signed and numbered Giclee prints of color drawings of dramatic scenes from John Milton's Lost by the renowned illustrator Terrance Lindall.
13 X 19 inches each, limited to an edition of 100.

$3000
Matted and framed $4500

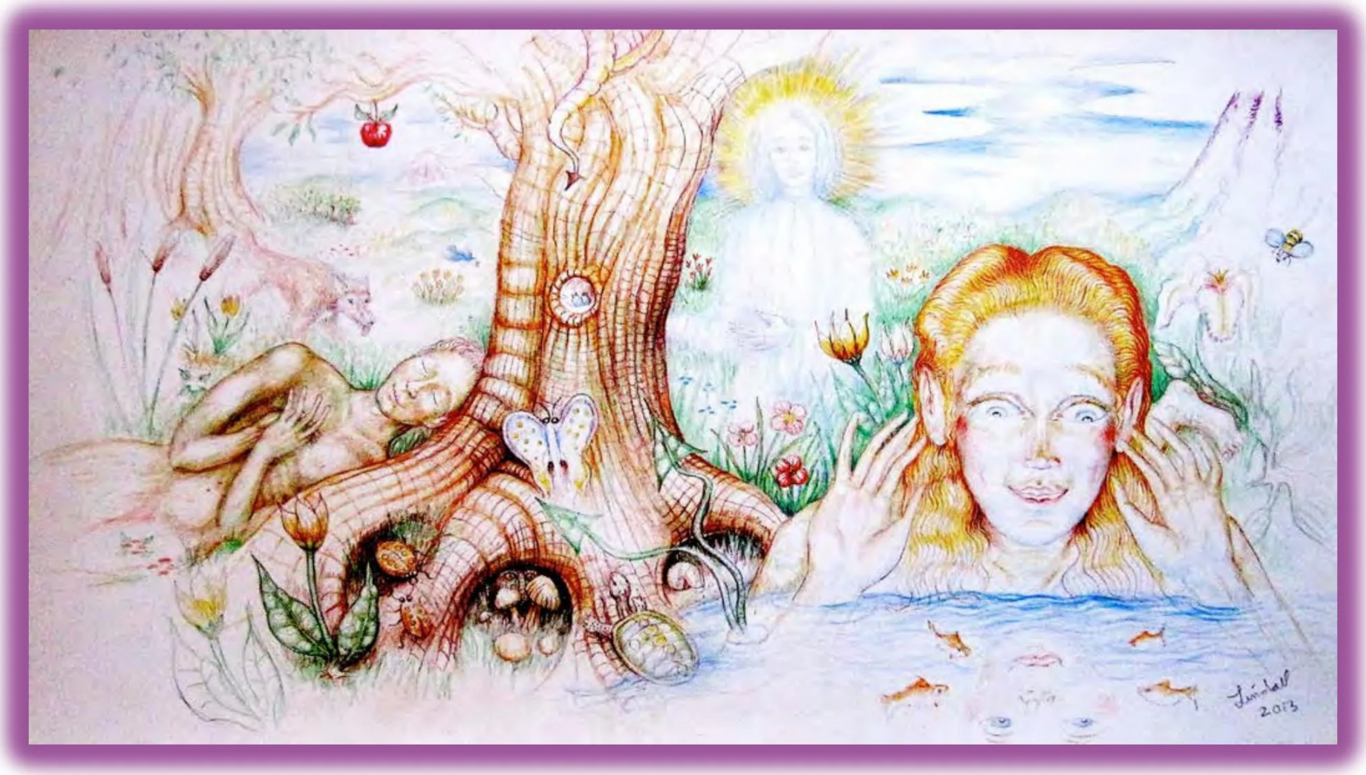
Milton@wahcenter.net

(718) 486-6012

Lindall's art for Paradise Lost appears on the 2008 cover of the Modern Library college text book, **The Complete Poetry and Essential Prose of John Milton**, Edited by William Kerrigan, John Rumrich and Stephen M. Fallon.

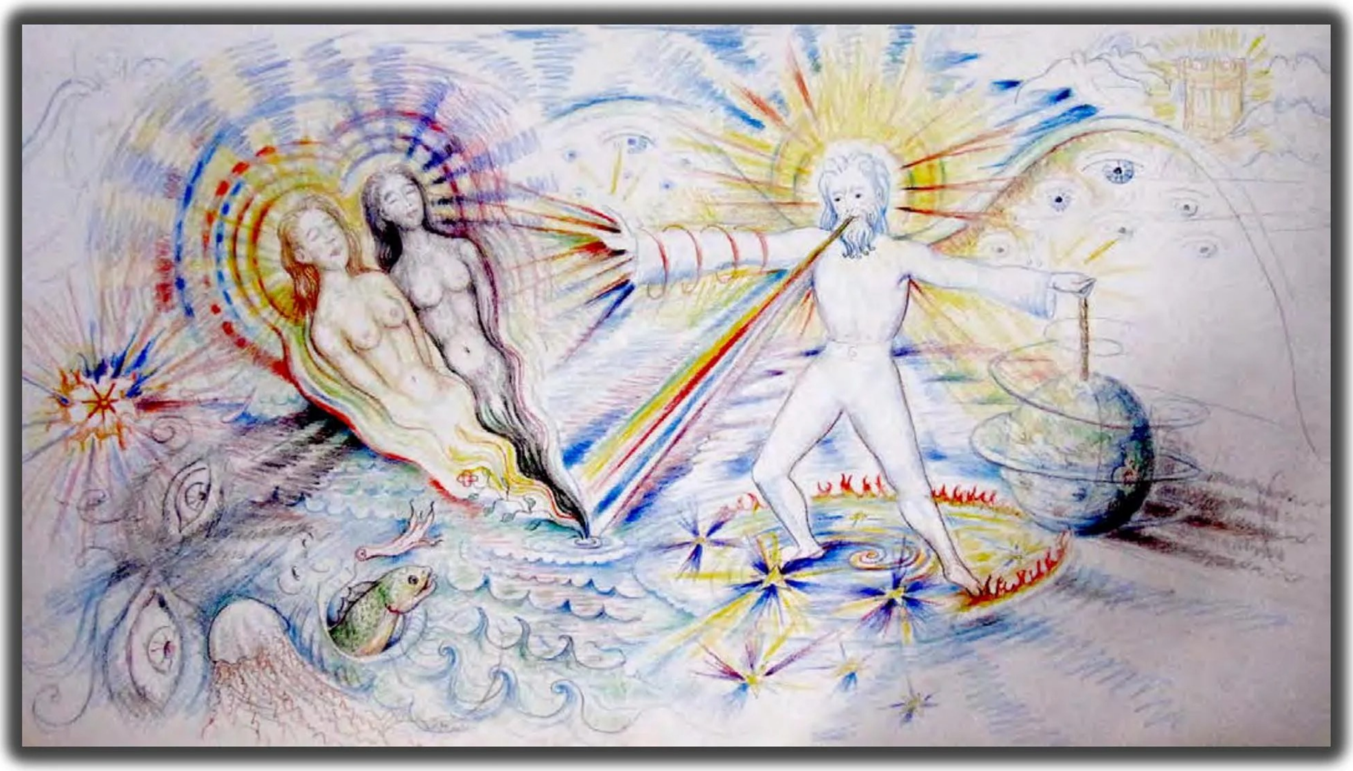
Holt Rinehart & Winston used another Lindall Paradise Lost image in a 2009 high school textbook, with a first run of 370,000.

Cambridge University Press uses another Lindall illustration on the cover of the 2013 **Cambridge Companion to Paradise Lost.**



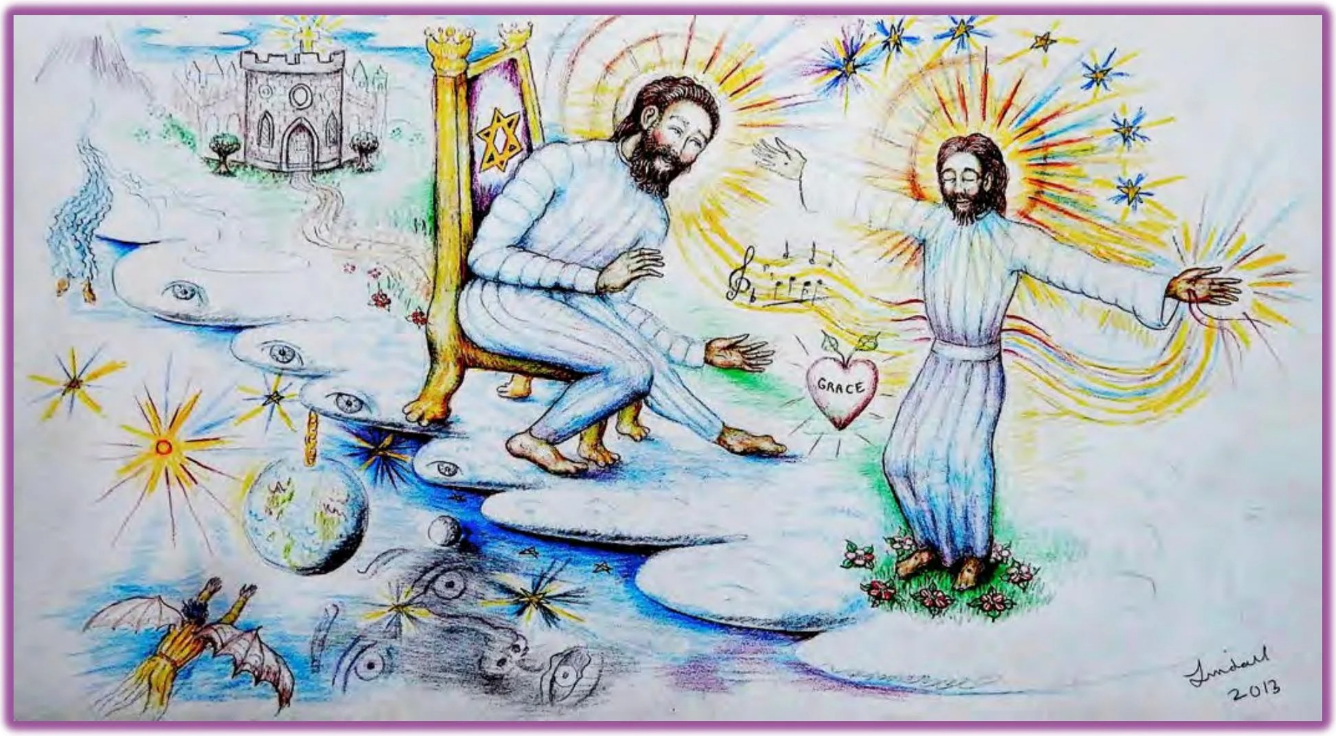
"That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak't, and found my self repos'd
Under a shade of flours, much wondring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issu'd from a Cave and spread
Into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc't thought, and laid me downe
On the green bank, to look into the cleer
Smooth Lake, that to me seemd another Skie.
As I bent down to look, just opposite,
A Shape within the watry gleam appeard
Bending to look on me, I started back,
It started back, but pleas'd I soon returnd,
Pleas'd it returnd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathie and love; there I had fixt
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire..."

Book 4, John Milton's Paradise Lost

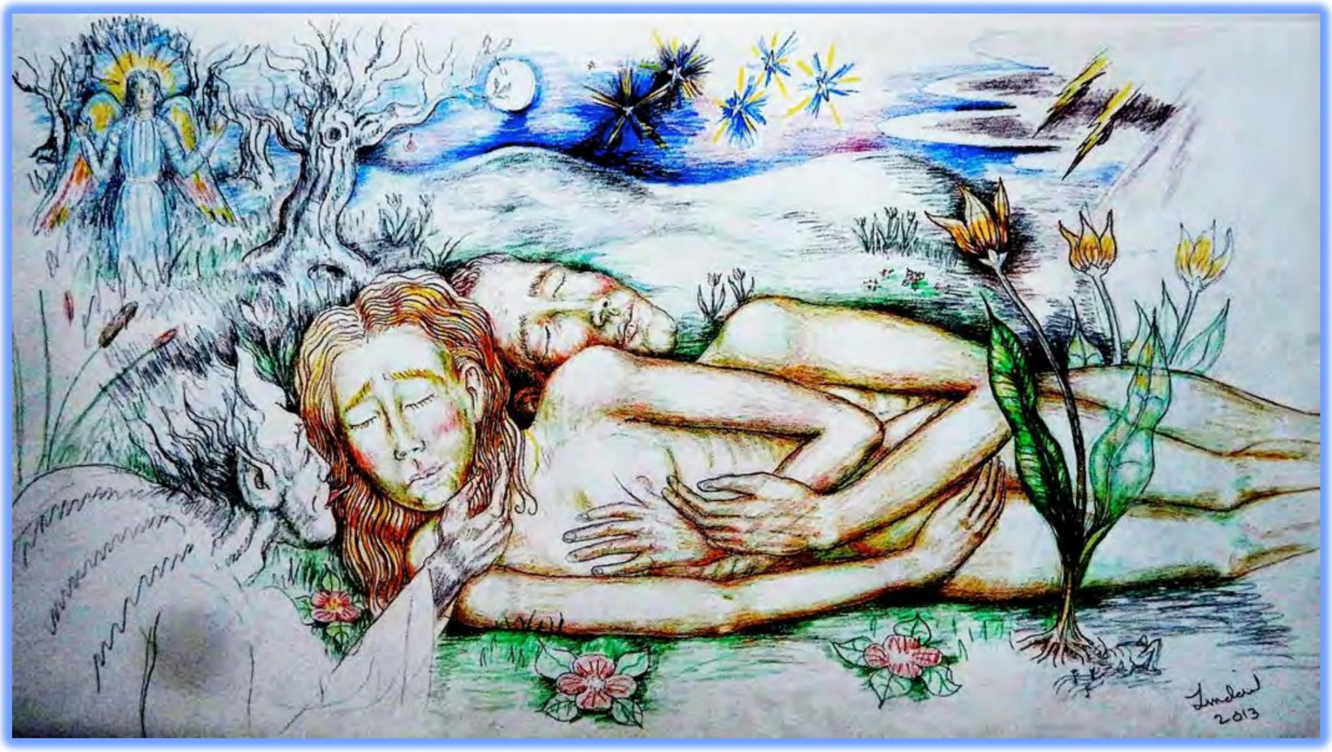


Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
Matter unform'd and void: Darkness profound
Cover'd th' Abyss: but on the watrie calme
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspred, [235]
And vital vertue infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid Mass…
And Earth self ballanc't on her Center hung.

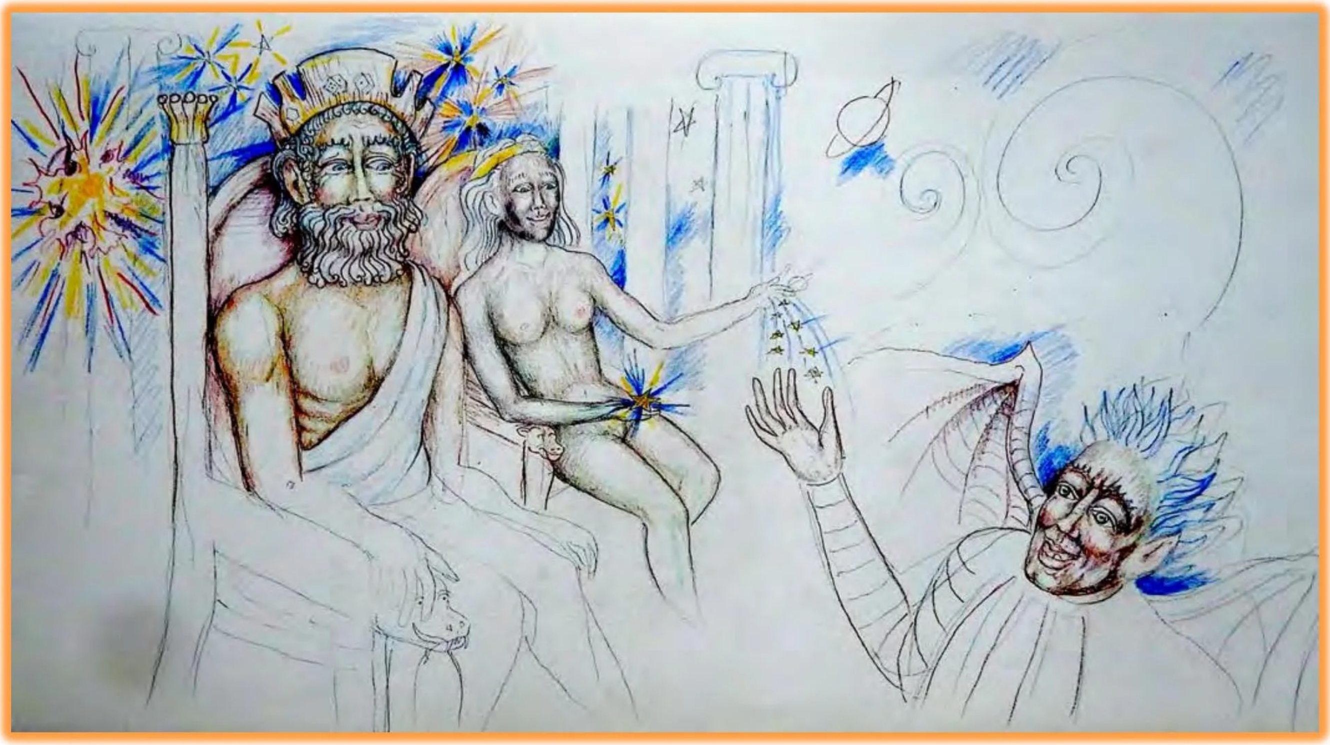
Let ther be Light, said God, and forthwith Light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure
Sprung from the Deep, and from her Native East [245]
To journie through the airie gloom began,
Sphear'd in a radiant Cloud, for yet the Sun
Was not; shee in a cloudie Tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the Light was good;
And light from darkness by the Hemisphere [250]
Divided: Light the Day, and Darkness Night



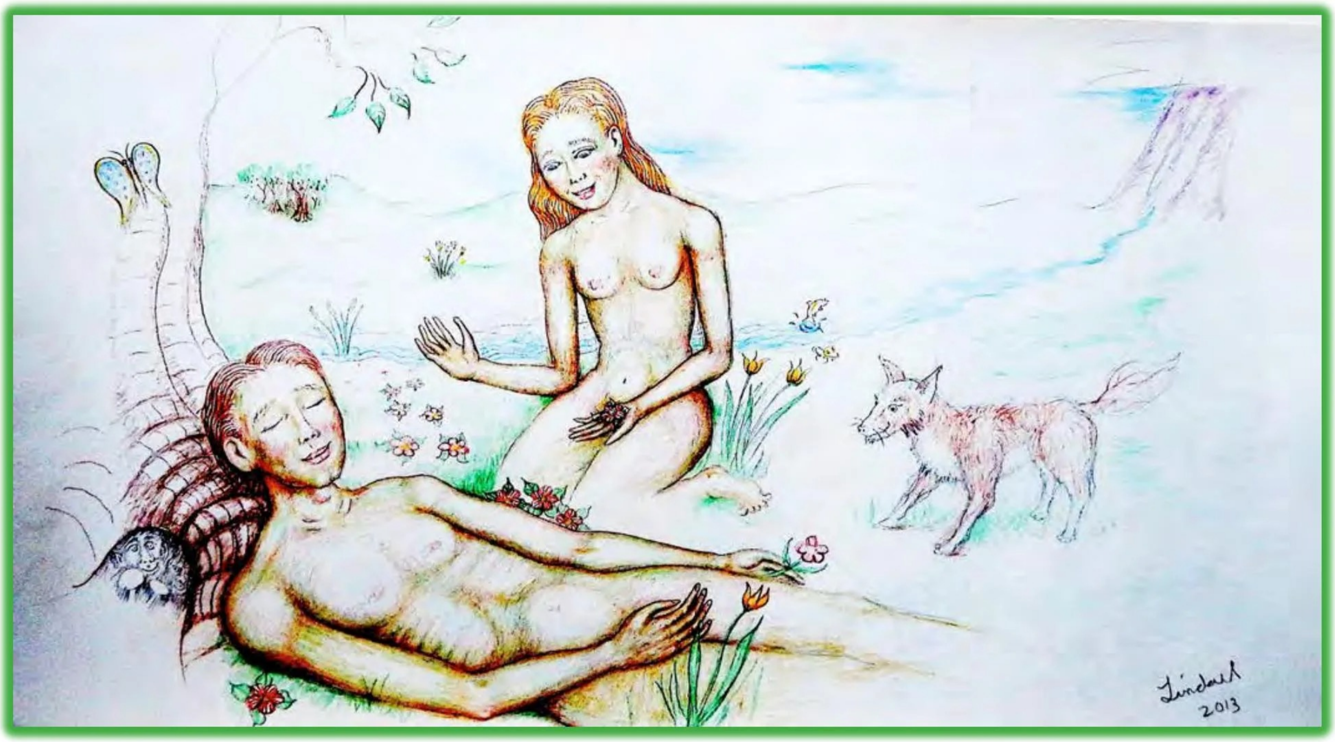
Behold mee then, mee for him, life for life I offer, on mee let thine anger fall; Account mee man; I for his sake will leave Thy bosom, and this glorie next to thee Freely put off, and for him lastly dye Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreck all his rage; Under his gloomie power I shall not long Lie vanquisht; thou hast givn me to possess Life in my self for ever, by thee I live,Though now to Death I yield, and am his due All that of me can die, yet that debt paid, Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsom grave His prey, nor suffer my unspotted SouleFor ever with corruption there to dwell;



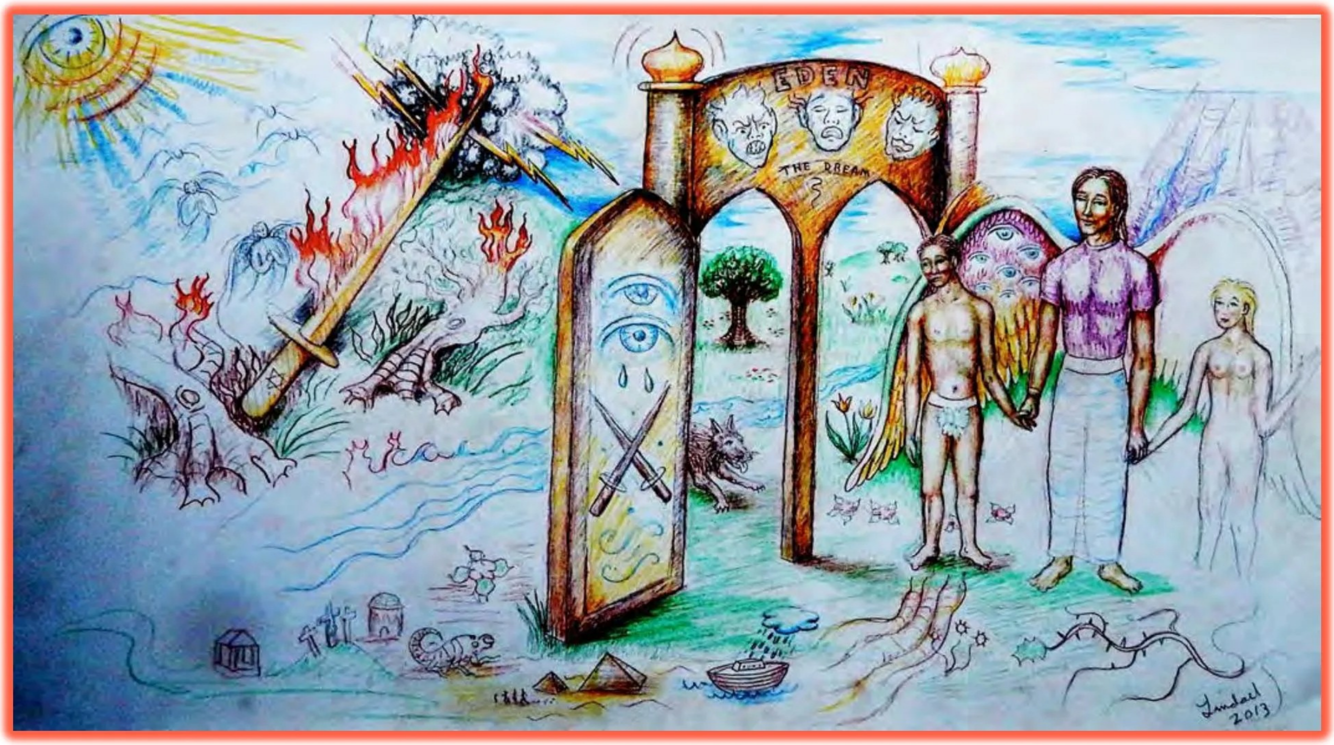
Squat like a Toad, close at the eare of *Eve*; [800]
Assaying by his Devilish art to reach
The Organs of her Fancie, and with them forge
Illusions as he list, Phantasms and Dreams,
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise [805]
Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure, thence raise
At least distemperd, discontented thoughts,
Vaine hopes, vaine aimes, inordinate desires
Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.



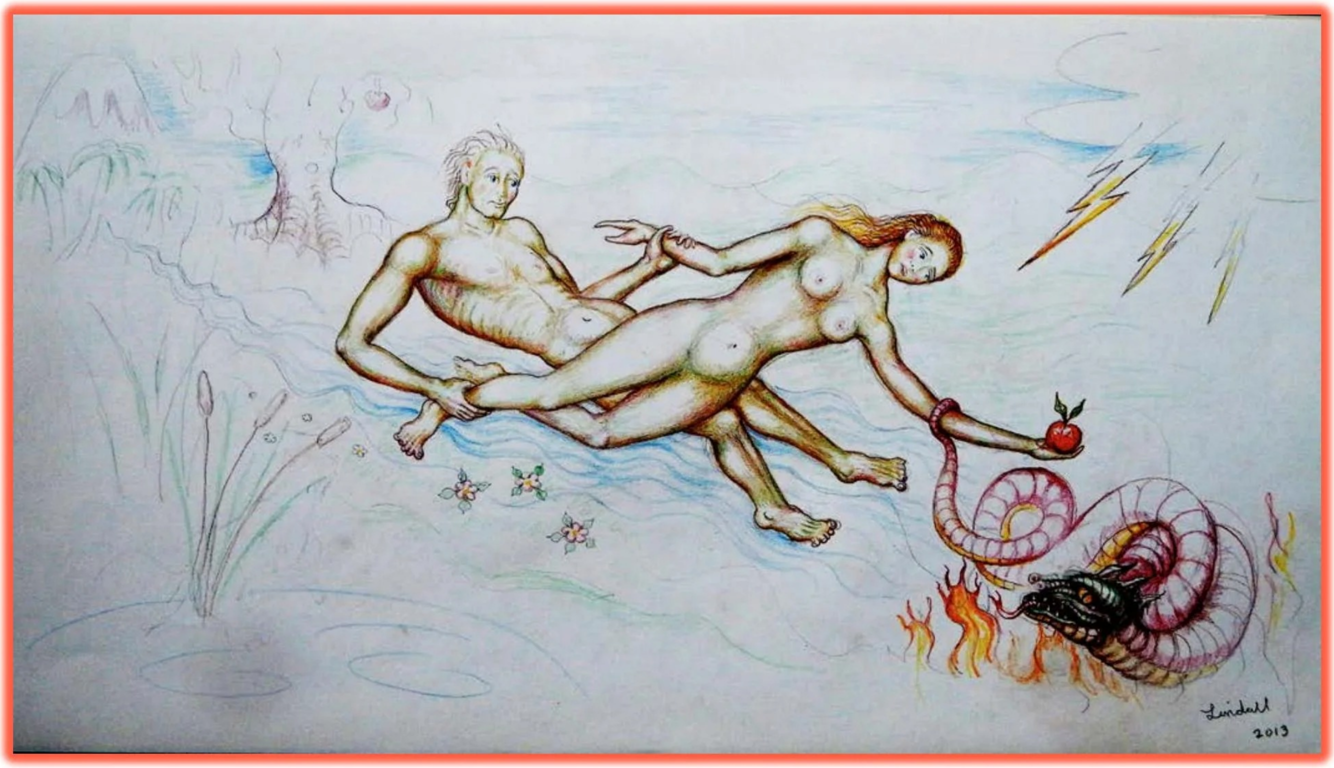
T' whom *Satan* turning boldly, thus. Ye PowersAnd Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,*Chaos* and *ancient Night*, I come no Spy, [970]With purpose to explore or to disturb The secrets of your Realm, but by constraint Wandring this darksome Desart, as my wayLies through your spacious Empire up to light,Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek [975] What readiest path leads where your gloomie bounds Confine with Heav'n; or if som other place From your Dominion won, th' Ethereal King Possesses lately, thither to arriveI travel this profound, direct my course;



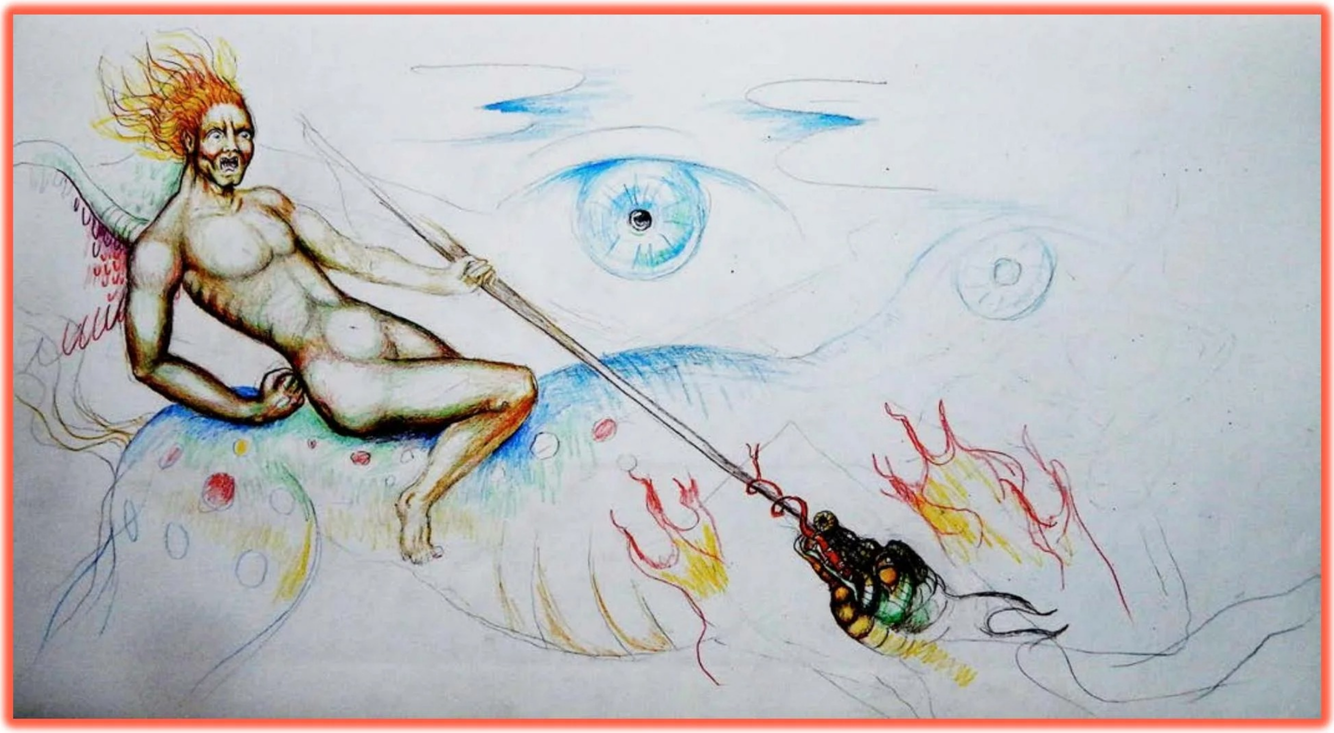
I espi'd thee, fair indeed and tall,Under a Platan, yet methought less faire,Less winning soft, less amiablie milde,Then that smooth watry image; back I turnd, [480]Thou following cryd'st aloud, Return faire *Eve*, Whom fli'st thou? whom thou fli'st, of him thou art, His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent Out of my side to thee, neerest my heart Substantial Life, to have thee by my side [485] Henceforth an individual solace dear; Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim My other half: with that thy gentle hand Seisd mine, I yielded, and from that time see How beauty is excelld by manly grace [490] And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.



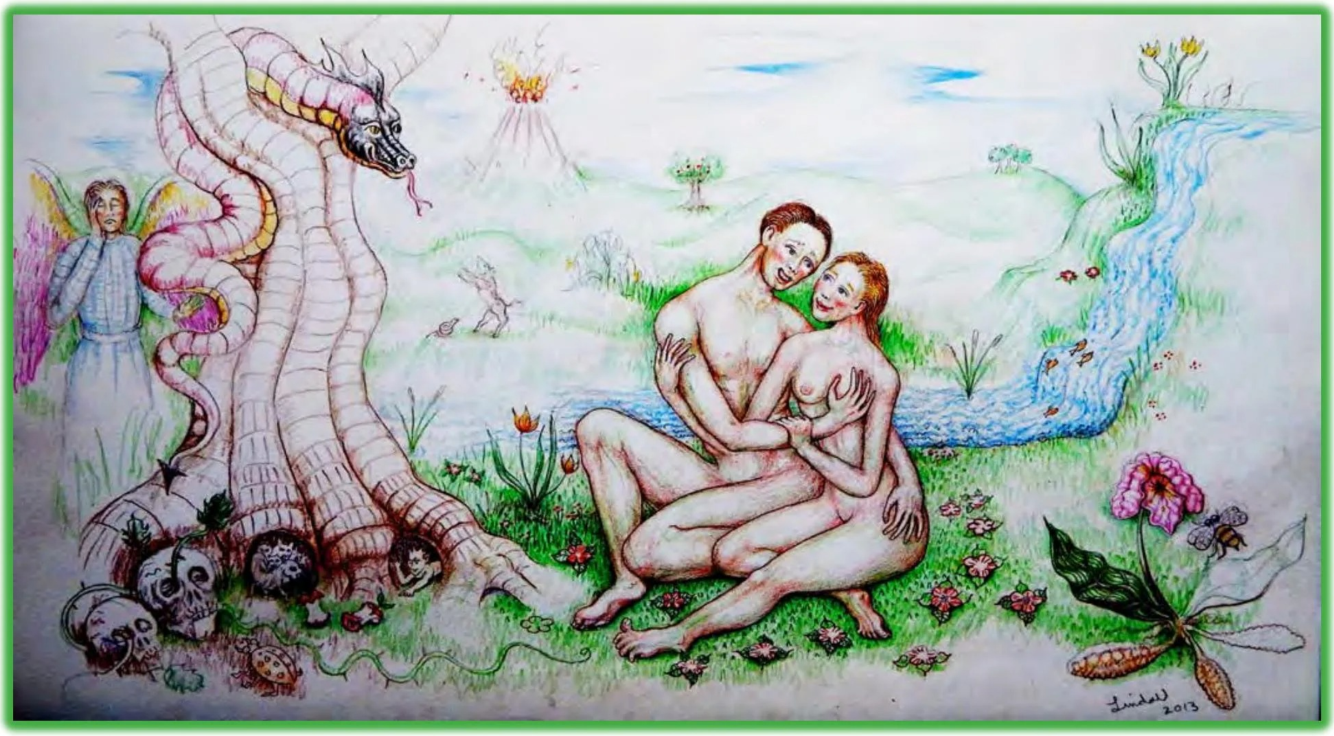
High in Front advanc't, The brandisht Sword of God before them blaz'd Fierce as a Comet; which with torrid heat,And vapour as the *Libyan* Air adust, [635] Began to parch that temperate Clime; whereatIn either hand the hastning Angel caught Our lingring Parents, and to th' Eastern GateLed them direct, and down the Cliff as fast To the subjected Plaine; then disappeer'd. [640]They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld Of Paradise, so late thir happie seat, Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the GateWith dreadful Faces throng'd and fierie Armes: Som natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon; [645]The World was all before them, where to choose Thir place of rest, and Providence thir guide:They hand in hand with wandring steps and slow, Through *Eden* took thir solitarie way.



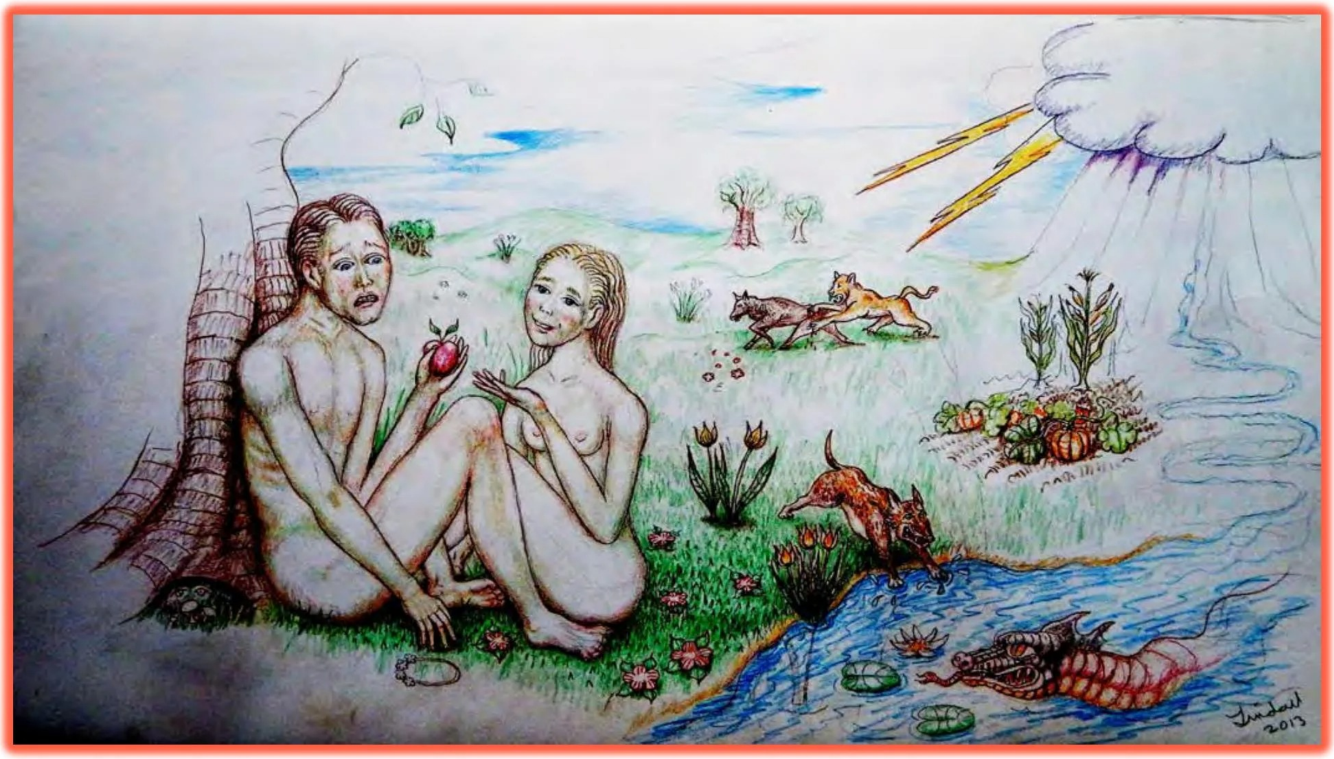
Departure from this happy place, our sweetRecess, and onely consolation left Familiar to our eyes, all places else [305] Inhospitable appeer and desolate, Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer Incessant I could hope to change the will Of him who all things can, I would not cease To wearie him with my assiduous cries: [310] But prayer against his absolute Decree No more availes then breath against the winde, Blown stifling back on him that breaths it forth:Therefore to his great bidding I submit.



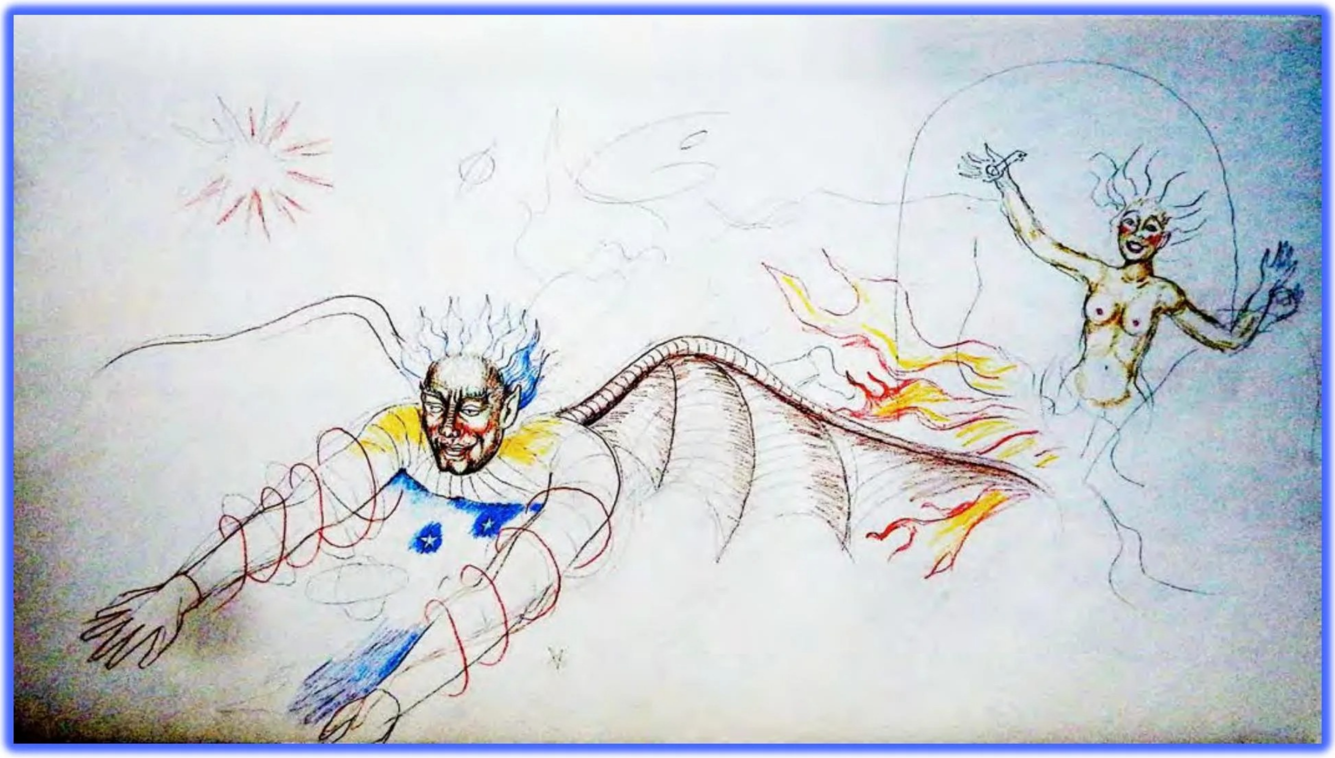
Him thus intent *Ithuriel* with his Spear [810] Touch'd lightly; for no falshood can endure Touch of Celestial temper, but returns Of force to its own likeness: up he starts Discoverd and surpriz'd. As when a spark Lights on a heap of nitrous Powder, laid [815] Fit for the Tun som Magazin to store Against a rumord Warr, the Smuttie graine With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the Aire:



Eve, whose Eye darted contagious Fire. Her hand he seis'd, and to a shadie bank,Thick overhead with verdant roof imbowr'd He led her nothing loath; Flours were the Couch,Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel, [1040] And Hyacinth, Earths freshest softest lap.There they thir fill of Love and Loves disport Took largely, of thir mutual guilt the Seale…



O fairest of Creation, last and best Of all Gods works, Creature in whom excell'd Whatever can to sight or thought be formd, Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet! How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost, [900] Defac't, deflourd, and now to Death devote? Rather how hast thou yeelded to transgress The strict forbiddance, how to violate The sacred Fruit forbidd'n! som cursed fraud Of Enemie hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown, [905] And mee with thee hath ruind, for with thee Certain my resolution is to Die; How can I live without thee, how forgoe Thy sweet Converse and Love so dearly joyn'd, To live again in these wilde Woods forlorn? [910] Should God create another *Eve*, and I Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee Would never from my heart; no no, I feel The Link of Nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh, Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State [915] Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.



Before thir eyes in sudden view appear [890] The secrets of the hoarie deep, a dark Illimitable Ocean without bound, Without dimension, where length, breadth, & highth, And time and place are lost; where eldest NightAnd *Chaos,* Ancestors of Nature, hold [895] Eternal *Anarchie,* amidst the noise Of endless Warrs, and by confusion stand.

A Brief Overview

The Milton Collection

of the

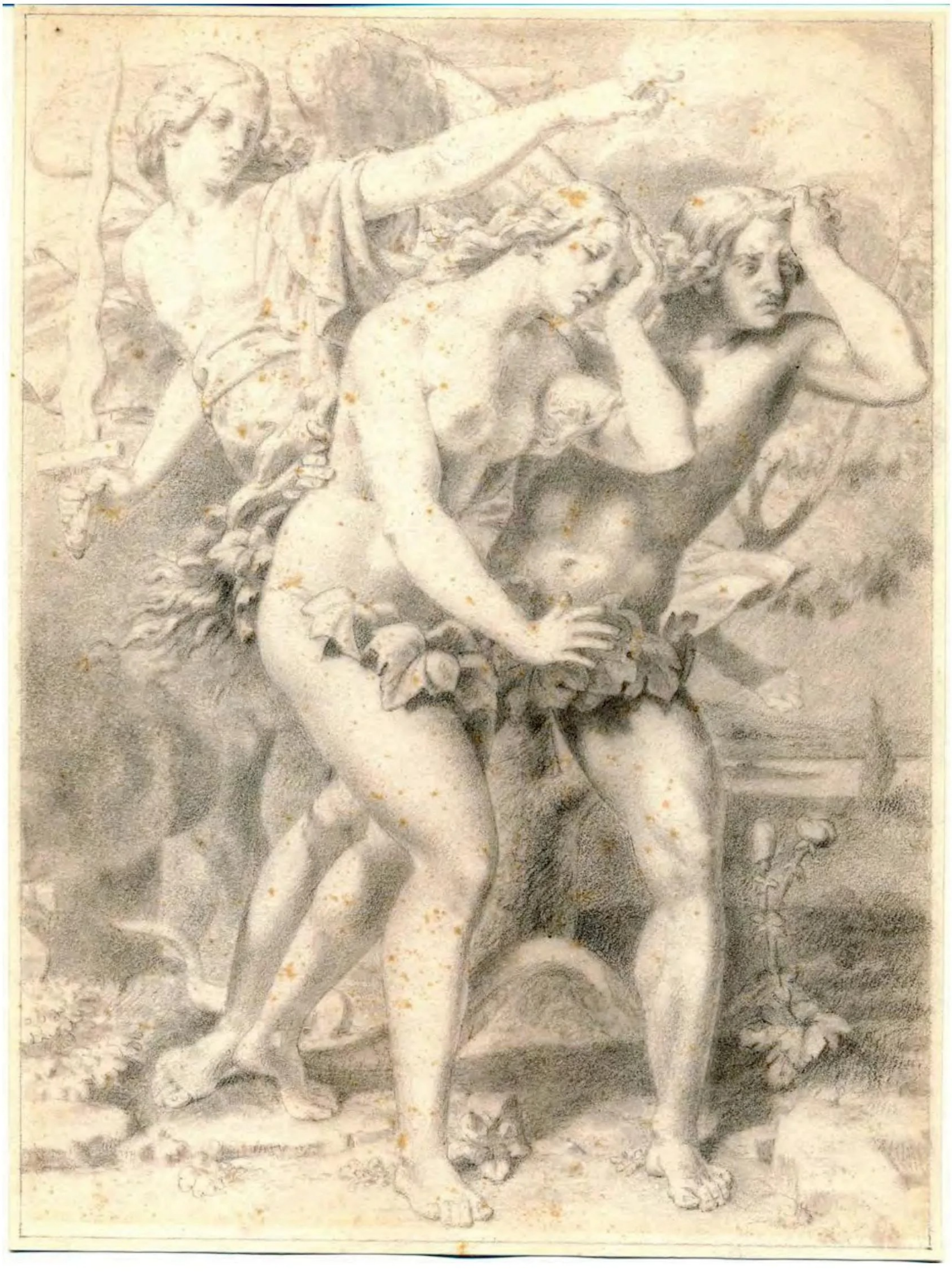
YUKO NII FOUNDATION

YNF
Yuko Nii
Foundation

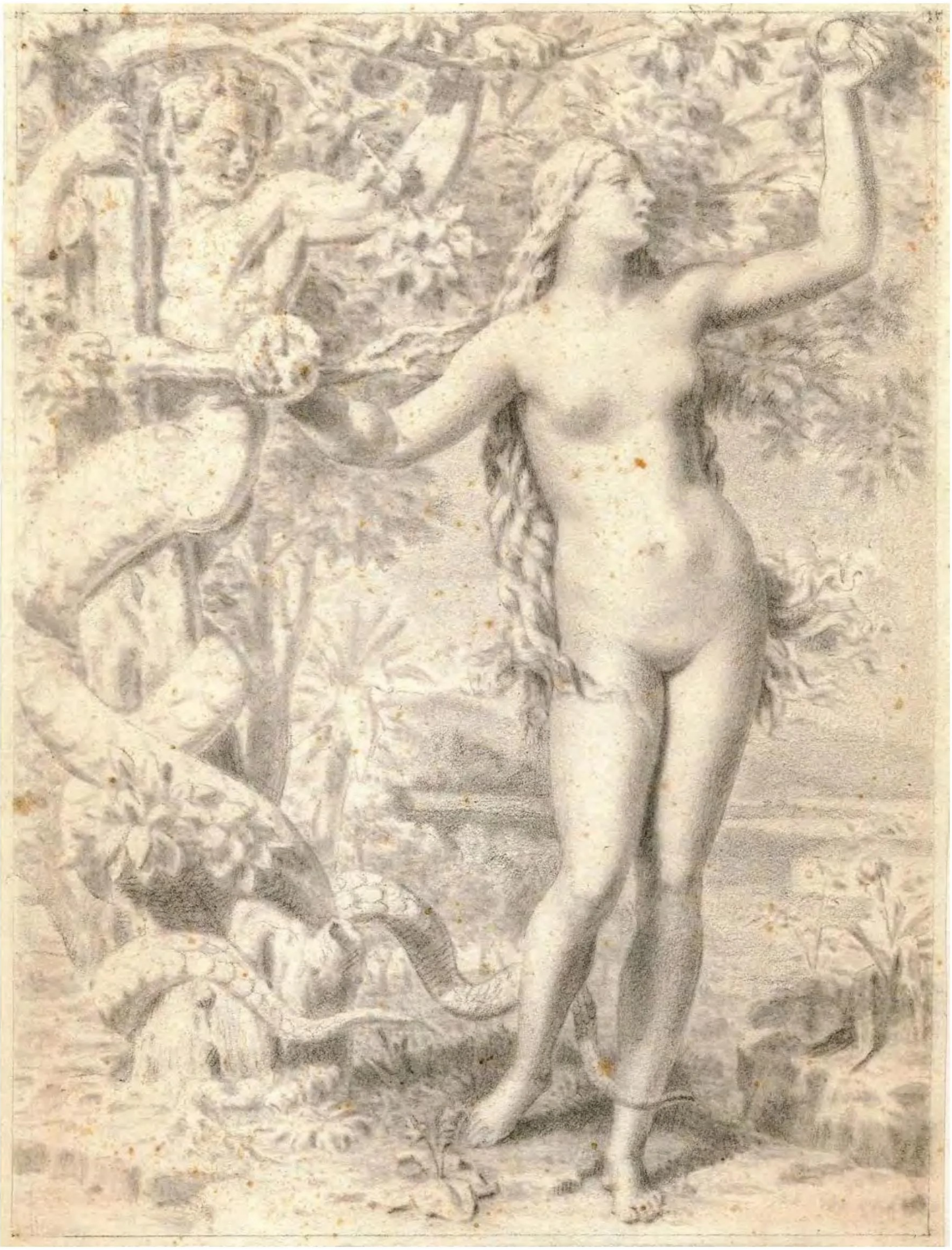
YNF

Yuko Nii
Foundation

Copyright Yuko Nii Foundation 2016



The Expulsion, pencil on paper, circa 1800, Unknown artist
Collection of the Yuko Nii Foundation



Eve Picks Fruit, pencil on paper, circa 1800, Unknown artist
Collection of the Yuko Nii Foundation

Planned Giving/Bequest

Members and friends may support upkeep of our landmark building and its collections in a number of ways. The most common forms of giving are outright gifts of cash and securities, but there are other types of assets that may be donated as well and planned giving options that have favorable financial and tax benefits.

Today planned gifts are more important than ever to the WAH Center's stability and future success. The term "planned giving" refers to any major gift that involves financial or estate planning. Such gifts can provide important benefits both to you and to the WAH Center. The different types of planned gifts include bequests, life income plans (charitable gift annuities and charitable remainder trusts), charitable lead trusts, gifts of life insurance policies, and gifts of tangible personal property. The Williamsburg Circle is the recognition society for individuals who have chosen to make planned gifts to The WAH Center.

We would be pleased to work with you and your advisors to structure a gift that best fulfills your charitable goals. Before making a gift to The Yuko Nii Foundation, you should consult with your financial, tax, and legal advisors for a thorough analysis of your individual situation and the tax consequences and to decide which of these ways of giving might work best for you.

Naming Rights

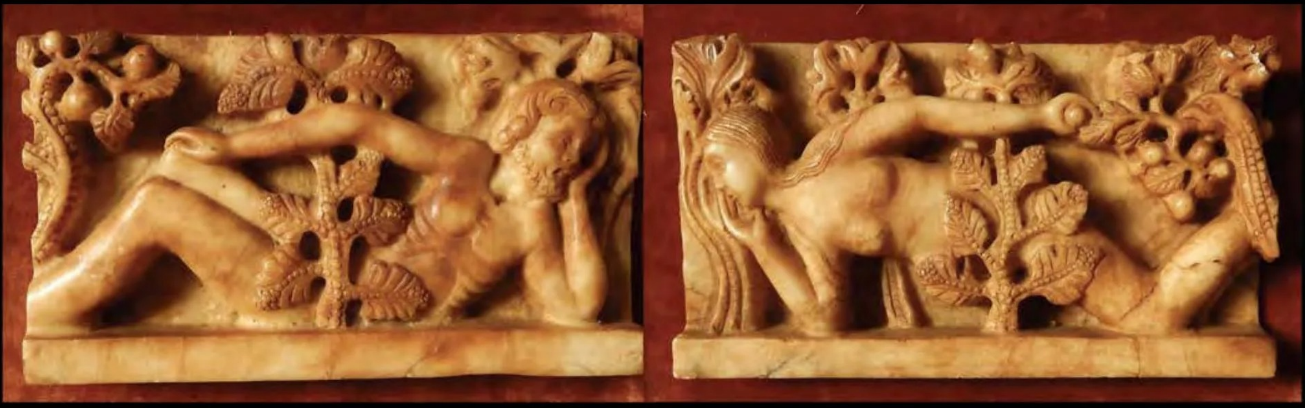
Major donors can name parts of the building, such as "The John Doe Grand Reception Hall. "Please inquire.

WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE
BROADWAY

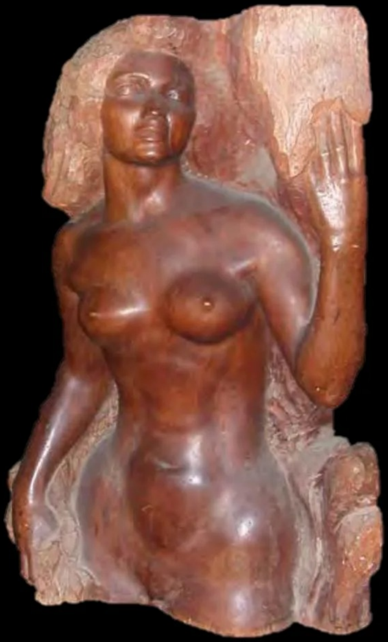
Above is the home of the Yuko Nii Foundation (YNF), the repository of the paintings, writings of renowned Paradise lost illustrator Terrance Lindall. The building is on the National Register of GHistoric Places and the 7th building in all of New York to be landmarked.

The YNF is seeking a capital fund of $3,000,000 to install an elevator to its mansard roof and build its archive room and $2,000,000 to endow the collections.

A LOOK AT SOME OF THE YUKO NII FOUNDATIONS MILTON RELATED COLLECTIONS



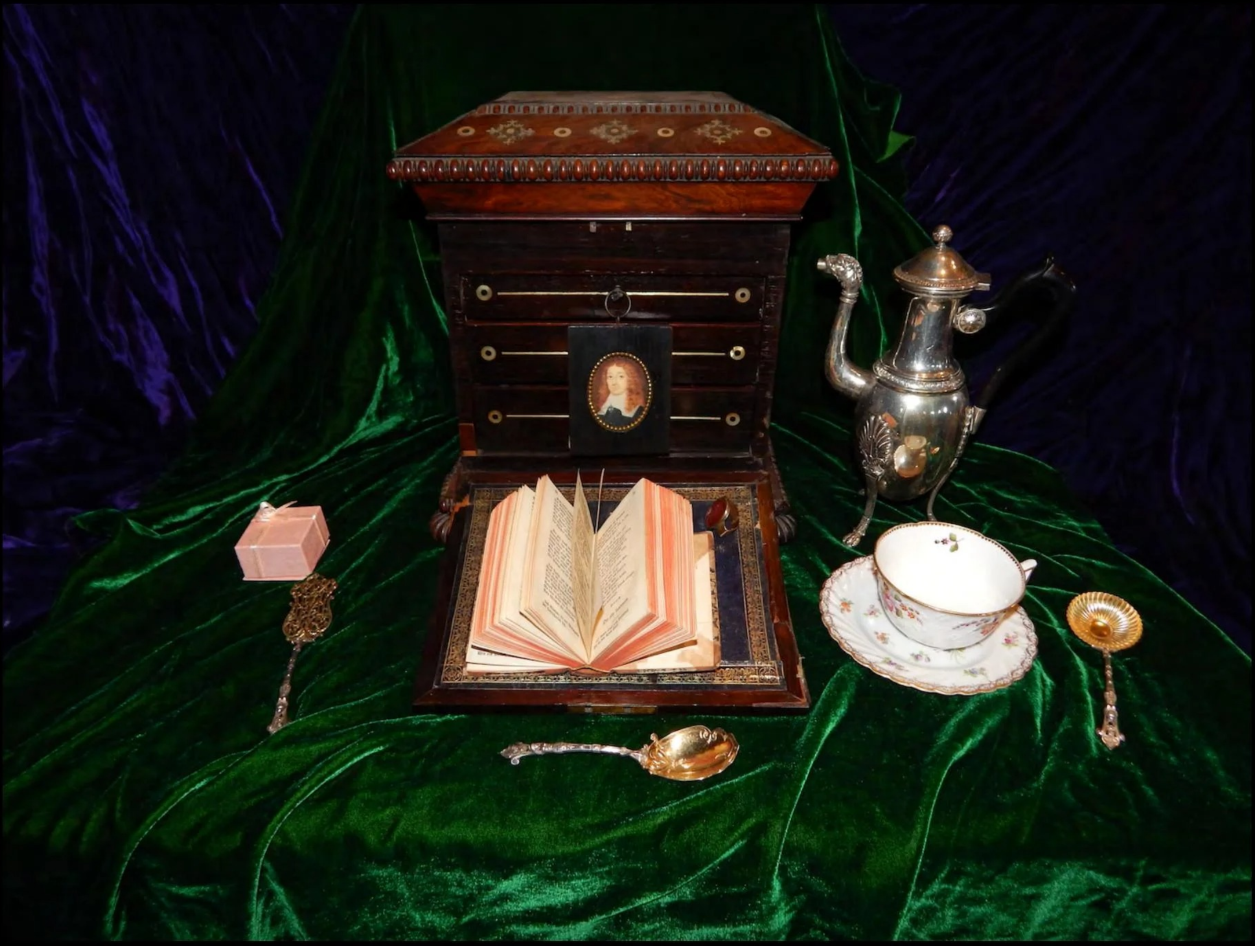
These YNF alabasters replicas of the Autun Cathedral Adam and Eve lintels were probably done while the Autun lintels were intact before or after the 15th century fire or before the 18th century "redecorating" and plastering or even the possible French Revolution smashing, which means somewhere between the 15th and 18th centuries, or even back further to the 12th century. The YNF alabaster may be the ***only surviving replica of this Gislebertus Adam masterpiece,*** which makes it significant.



Left: cherry wood sculpture of Eve circa 1940 by McNeil Smith

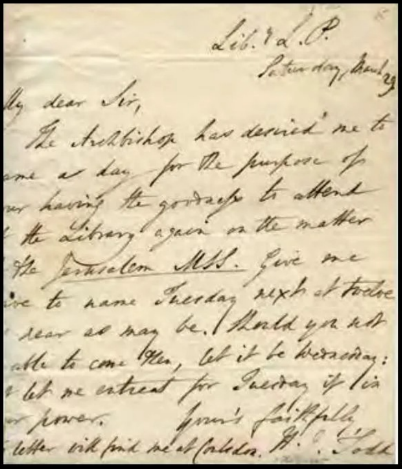
Right: 17th C. Torah Scroll of the Book of Genesis, 23 feet long

The Traveling Desk



This is an early 19th C. Georgian traveling desk. A wealthy lady or gentleman could do their correspondence while on their coach or staying at an inn on the road. The miniature portrait of John Milton is 18th/19th C. on ivory.

Right: Letter from renowned **Henry John Todd** (1763–1845). Todd was an English clergyman, librarian, and scholar, known as an editor of John Milton. He was librarian at Lambeth Palace. The letter by Todd from Lambeth Castle references the Jerusalem Manuscripts.

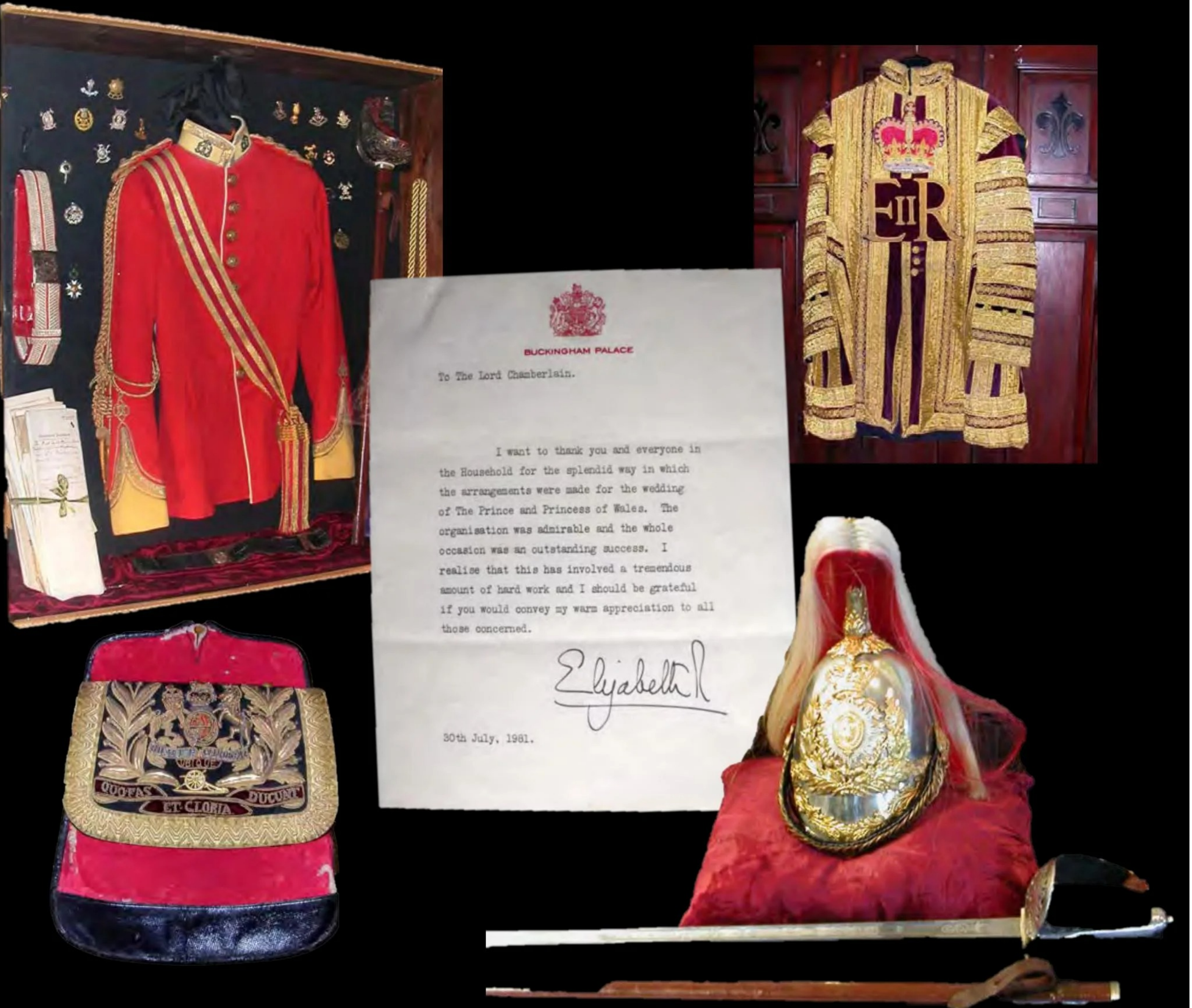


Lib. & L. P.
Saturday, March 29

ly dear Sir,

The Archbishop has desired me to
ame a day for the purpose of
ur having the goodness to attend
t the Library again on the matter
f the Jerusalem MSS. Give me
ive to name Tuesday next at twelve
near as may be. Should you not
able to come then, let it be Wednesday:
t let me entreat for Tuesday if in
r power. Yours faithfully
letter will find me at Coulsdon. H. J. Todd

Objects of British Heritage



BUCKINGHAM PALACE

To The Lord Chamberlain.

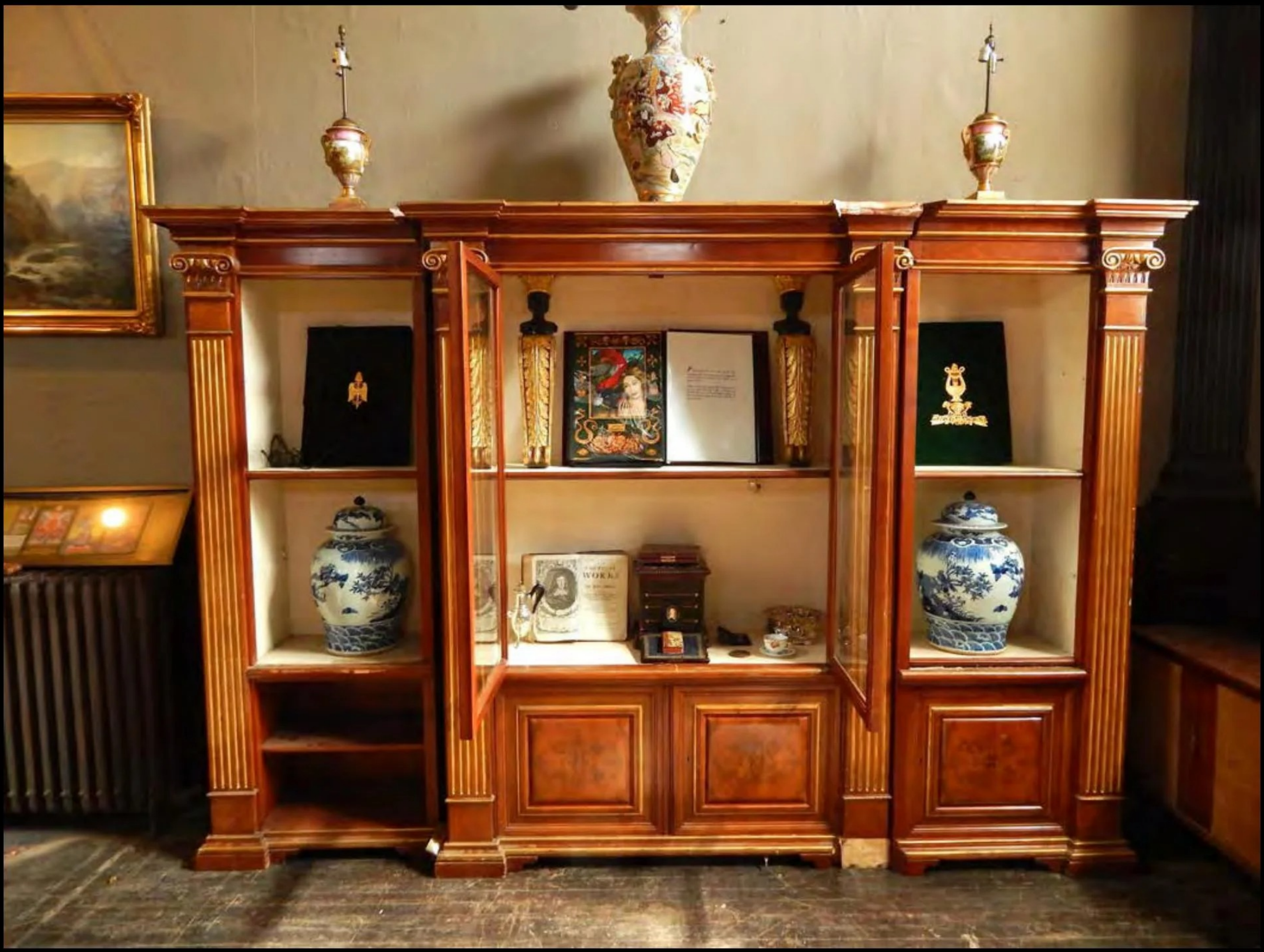
I want to thank you and everyone in the Household for the splendid way in which the arrangements were made for the wedding of The Prince and Princess of Wales. The organisation was admirable and the whole occasion was an outstanding success. I realise that this has involved a tremendous amount of hard work and I should be grateful if you would convey my warm appreciation to all those concerned.

Elizabeth R

30th July, 1981.

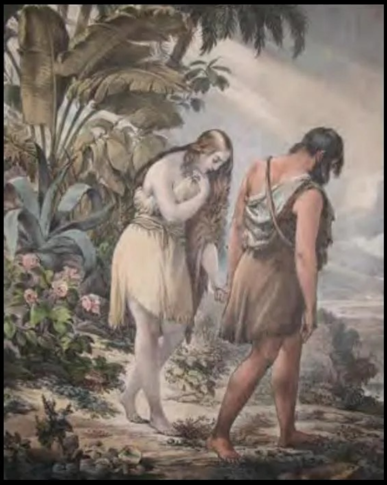
Colonel’s uniform, Empress of India Regiment, 19th C., Coat of the Herald of Queen Elizabeth II, Letter from Queen Elizabeth II to the Lord Chamberlain, Sword of the household of King Edward VIII

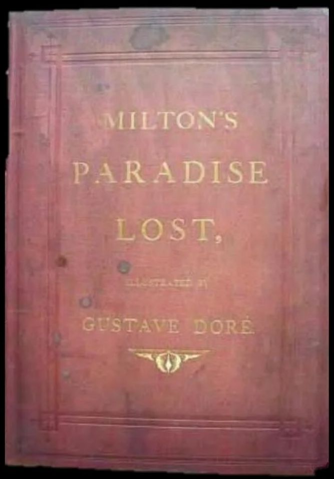
The Book Case First Floor Yuko Nii Foundation

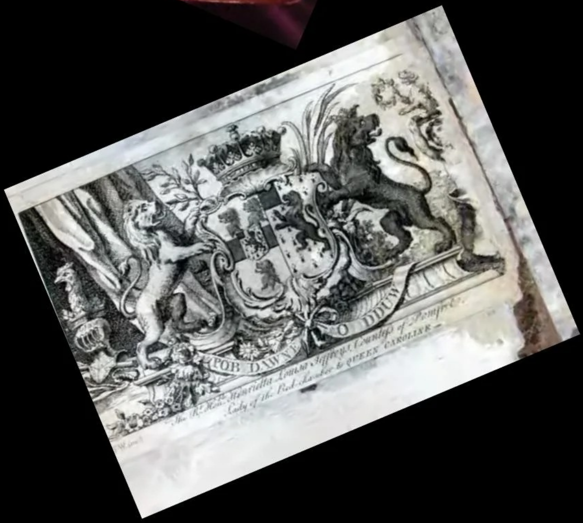


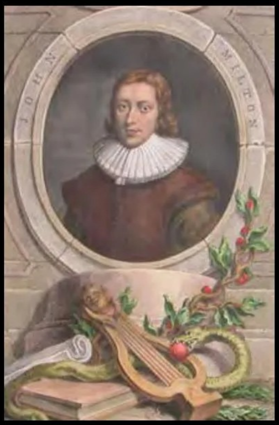
Cabinet contains left to right: The Traveling Elephant Folio. The Gold Folio of Paradise Lost and the Satanic verses of Bones Banez

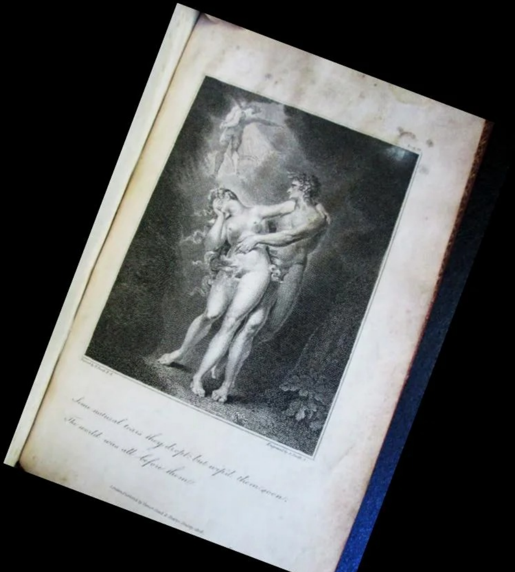
Some of The Yuko Nii Foundation's Various Editions of Paradise Lost & Artifacts 1688-1880

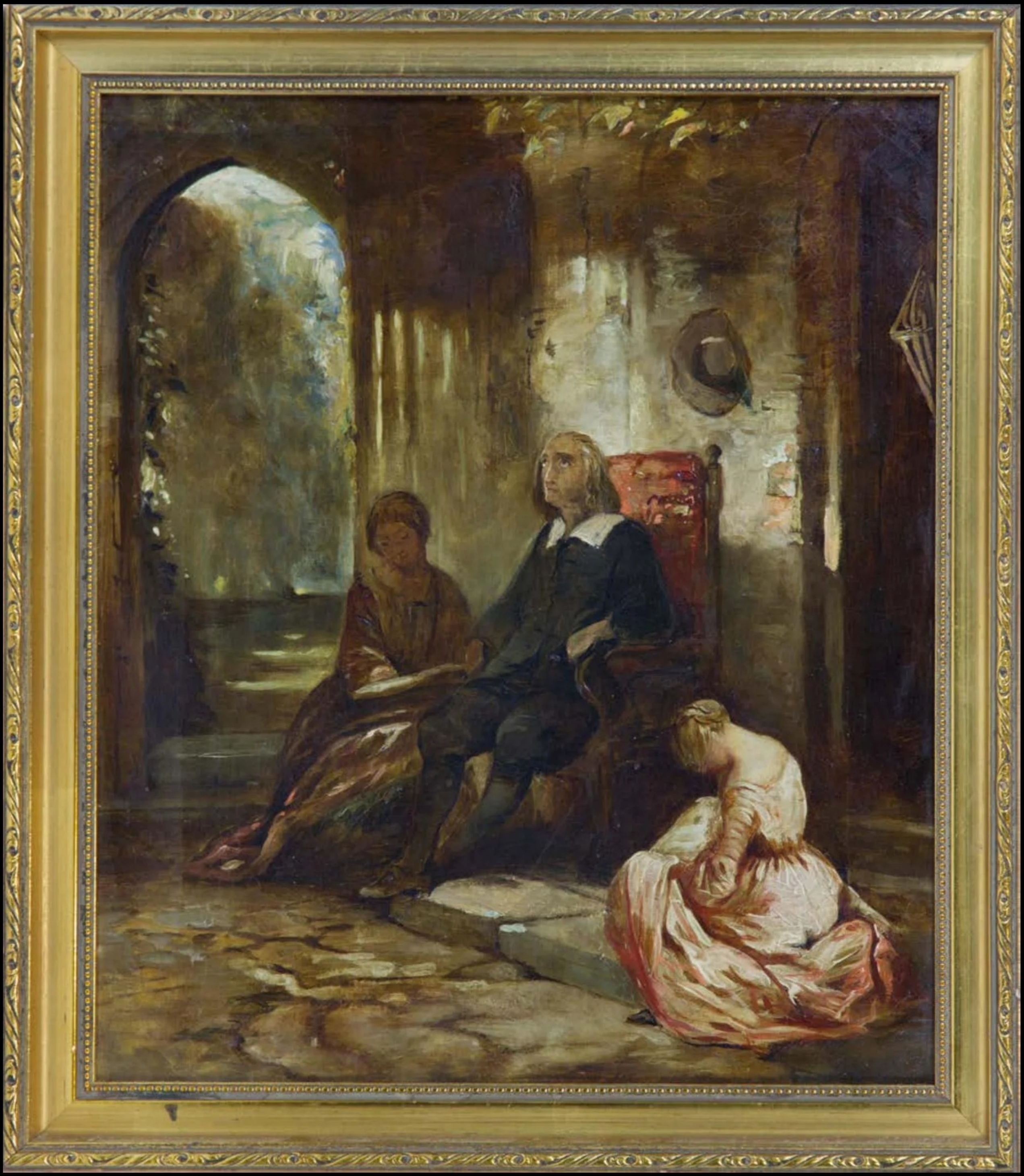



MILTON'S
PARADISE
LOST,
ILLUSTRATED BY
GUSTAVE DORÉ


POB DAWNE O DDUW
The Rt. Hon. Henrietta Louisa Jeffreys Countess of Pomfret,
Lady of the Bed-Chamber to QUEEN CAROLINE


JOHN MILTON

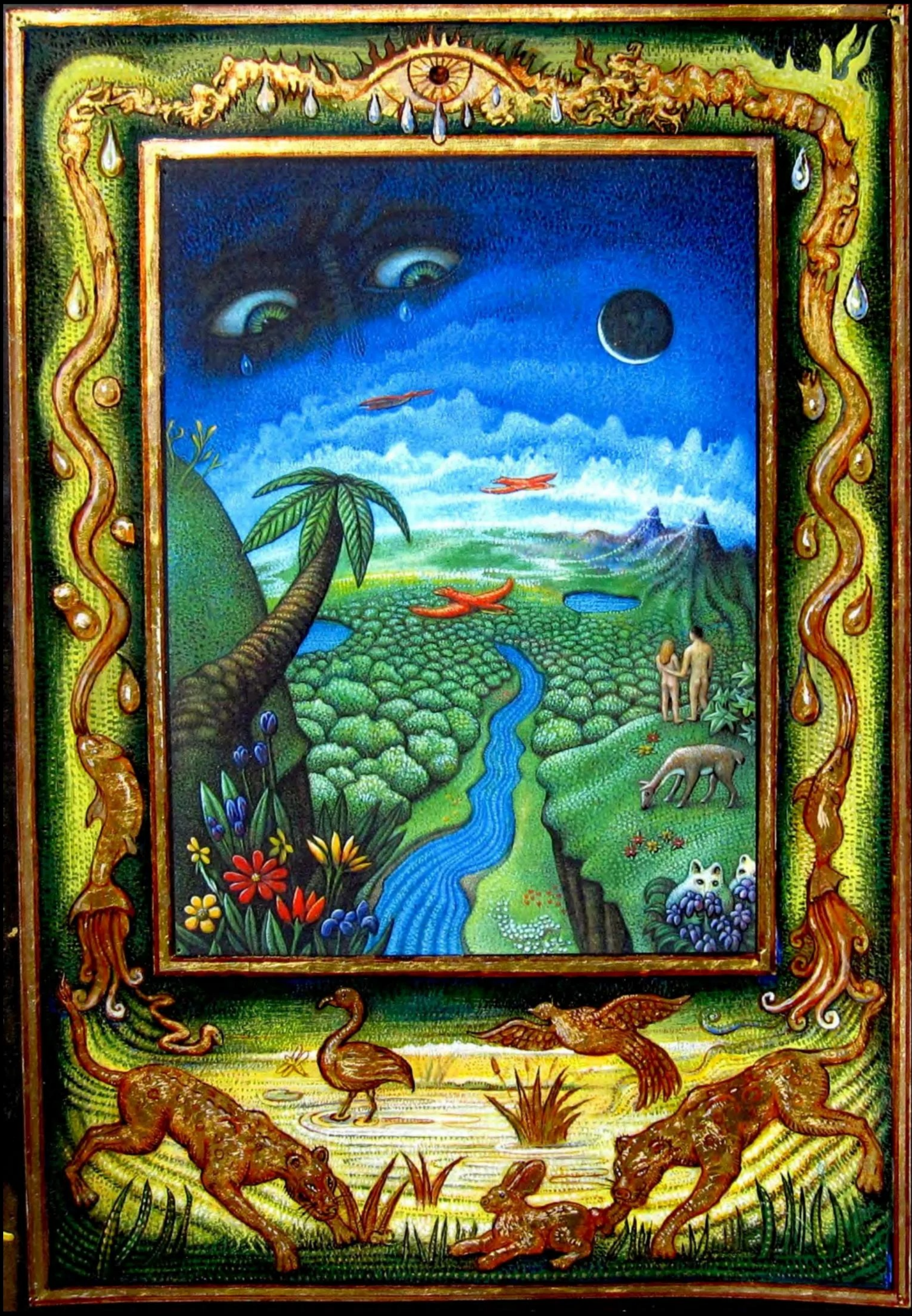

Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them soon;
The world was all before them



Above: The YNF's 19th c. oil Portrait of Milton dictating Paradise Lost to his daughters at Milton's Cottage.

Milton's Cottage Trust (CIO) is a Registered Charity 1163039
21 Deanway, Chalfont St Giles, Buckinghamshire, HP8 4JH, England

The Paradise Lost Gold Folio of Paradise Lost



Above is the "Harmless Innocence" page from the Yuko Nii Foundation Gold Elephant Folio. It is also the cover for the Cambridge Companion to Paradise Lost

“Without a doubt, Terrance Lindall is the foremost illustrator of Paradise Lost in our age, comparable to other great illustrators through the ages, and someone who has achieved a place of high stature for all time.” Robert J. Wickenheiser, Ph. D.

Terrance Lindall's art for Paradise Lost appears on the 2008 cover of the Modern Library college text book, The Complete Poetry and Essential Prose of John Milton, Edited by William Kerrigan, John Rumrich and Stephen M. Fallon.

Holt Rinehart & Winston used another Lindall Paradise Lost image in a 2009 high school textbook, with a first run of 370,000.

Cambridge University Press uses another Lindall illustration on the cover of the 2014 Cambridge Companion to Paradise Lost.

Above: The renowned Milton collector D. Robert J. Wickenheiser with his copy of the Lindall Gold Folio of Paradise Lost and patron Estelle Levy

FROM THE ROBERT J. WICKENHEISER COMMENTARY

“The Paradise Lost Elephant Folio," in particular, is a hand-embellished and gold illuminated 13 x 19 inch book containing 14 full-page color 1000 dpi prints with 23.75 carat gold leaf edging on Crane archival paper. Each illustration is signed by Terrance Lindall, some pages with hand-painted illustrated or decorated borders and large, carefully embellished head- or tail-piece illustrations, others with historiated initials with 23.75 carat gold leaf embellishments. All add to the depth and meaning of a given illustration of Lindall’s synopsized Paradise Lost (1983) appearing across from an illustration. For the Elephant Folio, Terrance Lindall is also providing a final painting, The Celestial Orbit, as a frontispiece. It is Lindall's "ultimate statement" as an artist's interpretation of Milton's great epic. This painting will only be produced as a print for the Elephant Folio and will not be reproduced for collectors as a signed print in any other format.

“And while Lindall may now think that he has finished his work with Milton, he hasn’t, because Milton lives within Lindall in a special way, as surely as Lindall remains dedicated to bringing Milton alive to new generations in fresh and vibrant new ways, doing the same for countless generations in centuries to come.In his folio edition and the illustrations in it, Terrance Lindall shows the influence by certain great master illustrators of Paradise Lost through the centuries before him, especially with the inclusion of richly illustrated margins for each color illustration, the margins colored in 23.75 carat gilt and consisting of brightly colored details drawn from the epic in order to advance the meaning of the given illustration. Moreover, again in the tradition of certain great master illustrators of Milton‘s Paradise Lost through the centuries, historiated initials, in imitation of the initial letter in an illuminated manuscript, each in rich gilt and bright colors, are used as the first initial of a section and decorated with designs representing scenes from the text, in order to heighten the intensity of the cumulatively related details in each component part: illustration, border, and historiated initial.

“The illustrated borders in the elephant folio are complete paintings in themselves. Although the border art focuses principally on elements of design, they also sometimes tell stories or make commentary about what is illustrated in the featured central painting. The borders likewise pay tribute to both humanity’s great achievements, such as music, dance and architecture, as well as tribute to those individuals and institutions and friends who have had important influences on Lindall’s ideas, or who have shown substantial support or affinity.”

INTRODUCTION TO THE GOLD ILLUMINATED PARADISE LOST SCROLL

by Yuko Nii of the Yuko Nii Foundation

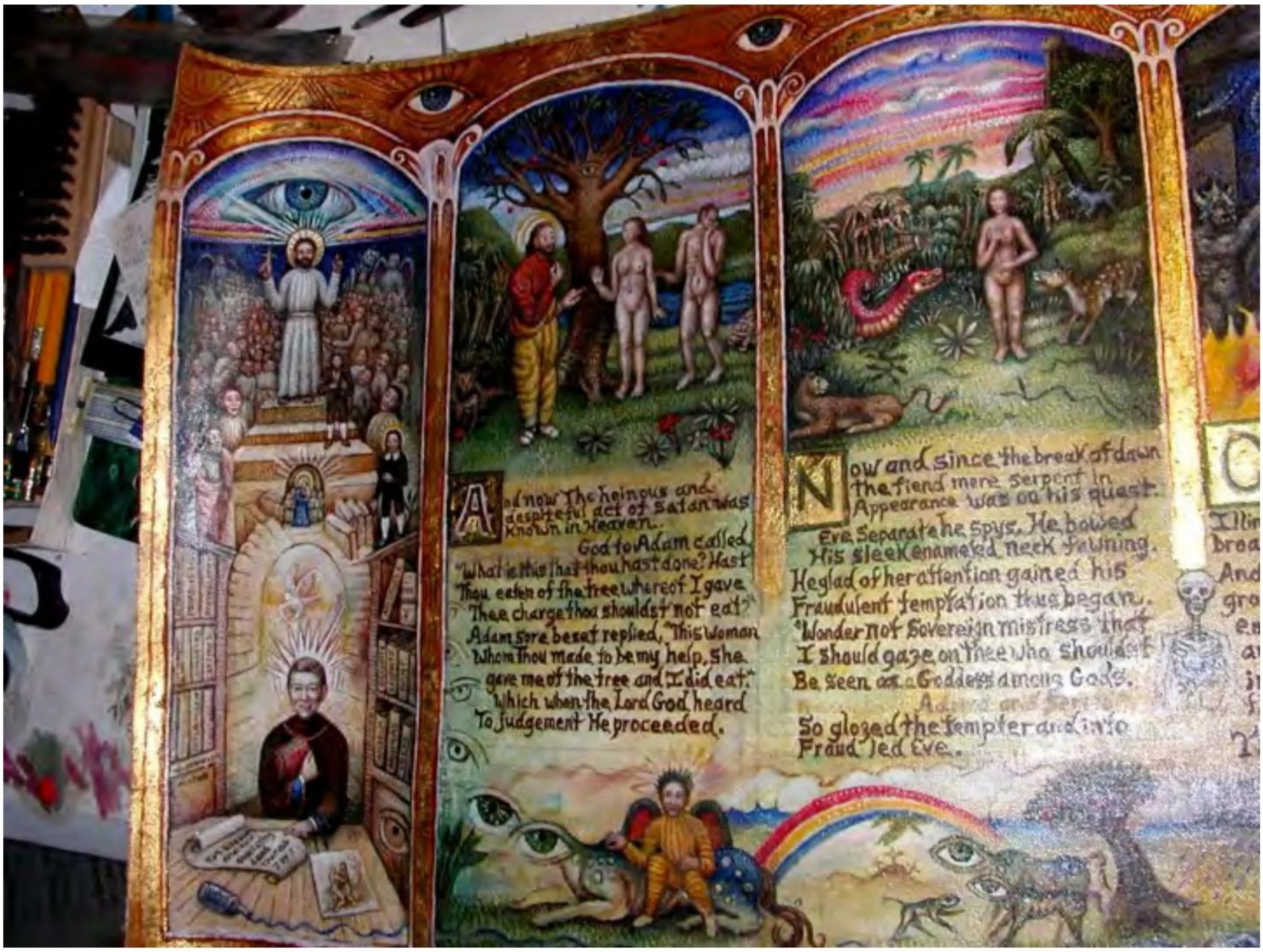
“The written word skims in through the eye and by means of the utterly delicate retina hurls shadows like insect legs inward for translation. An immense space opens up in silence and privacy, a space where literally, anything is possible. “ John Updike Updike’s is a wonderful description of why the written word cannot be superseded and why the written word will endure. Written words in a master’s hand can conjure landscapes, colors, sensations, music, philosophy and artistic visions without confining them. And as the words are scanned, the receptive and imaginative reader, a "sine qua non" part of this formula or process, brings them to life. As John Milton said “Books are not absolutely dead things!”

With Paradise Lost, the written word in it’s greatest form, Milton was able to evoke Updike’s “immense space” and project spectacular landscapes of both heaven and hell, and create also the monumentally tragic character of Satan, courageous yet debased, blinded by jealousy and ambition, heroic nonetheless. The blind poet brings powerful visionary life to one of the world's greatest stories, id est, the Western legend of man’s creation and fall, a story encompassing philosophical concepts of free will, good and evil, justice and mercy, all presented with the greatest artistry to which the written word can aspire.

“The artist Terrance Lindall came to Milton while pursuing a double major in Western Philosophy and English Literature, graduating Magna Cum Laude from Hunter College of the City University of New York. Paradise Lost, this “greatest work in the English language," enraptured Lindall because it encapsulates his metaphysical, epistemological and axiological philosophies. Today Terrance Lindall’s paintings for John Milton's Paradise Lost are perhaps the best-known illustrations for this epic outside of those by William Blake and Gustave Dore'. It appeared in the popular Heavy Metal Magazine around 1980 and one of the images appears on the 2008 cover of Complete Poetry and Essential Prose of John Milton, Random House 2008, edited by William Kerrigan, John Rumrich and Stephen M. Fallon. Holt Rinehart & Winston uses another Lindall Paradise Lost image in a 2009 high school textbook, which had a first run of 370,000.

Lindall believes that insight into Milton and the aesthetic and intellectual pleasures of Paradise Lost can elevate every individuals experience in education, thought and human endeavor...through the inspiration of the "written word." Lindall's Gold Illuminated Paradise Lost Scroll is a final and complete tribute to his love and sincere gratitude for Milton's great contribution to humanity. “

The Gold Paradise Lost Scroll of Lindall


And now The heinous and despiteful act of Satan was Known in Heaven.
God to Adam called
"What is this that thou hast done? Hast
Thou eaten of the tree whereof I gave
Thee charge thou shouldst not eat?"
Adam sore beset replied, "This woman
Whom Thou made to be my help, she
gave me of the tree and I did eat."
Which when the Lord God heard
To judgement He proceeded.
Now and since the break of dawn
the fiend mere serpent in
Appearance was on his quest.
Eve Separate he spys. He bowed
His sleek enameled neck fawning.
He glad of her attention gained his
Fraudulent temptation thus began.
"Wonder not Sovereign mistress that
I should gaze on thee who shouldst
Be seen as a Goddess among Gods.
So glozed the tempter and into
Fraud led Eve.

Terrance Lindall completed on December 8, 2009 what is considered by the few who have seen it already to be the most unusual painting for Milton's Paradise Lost ever done. It is in the form of a scroll that reads from right to left like a Torah. It is 14 inches high and 48 inches long with several highly detailed 24 K (23.75) gold illuminated miniatures.

Ten (10) highest quality Giclee prints facsimiles on canvas and signed by the artist have been produced. They are the same size as the original (with border 50" x 17") and they look exactly like to original painting in every detail except for the use of gold leaf on the original. As of this printing only three remain available.

One Hundred (100) slightly smaller Giclee prints on watercolor paper (with border 45" x 15.3" are being produced.

This facsimile edition of the Gold Scroll has already been purchased for the following renowned collections:

1) Huntington Library in California. The Huntington's highlights include one of the world's most extensive collections of William Blake material, most notably the original illustrations for Milton's Paradise Lost.

2) The University of Pennsylvania Rare Book Collection, which holds over 560 exemplars of books printed in Europe from movable type before 1501. Sixty-six of these titles are the only recorded copies in North America.

3) The University of Kentucky whose collections include many famous artists.

4) The Alexander Turnbull Milton Library of the National Trust of Zealand

5) The collection of Robert J. Wickenheiser, one of the world's foremost collectors of Milton books and original illustrations for Milton's works.

6) Dr. John Geraghty, notable collector of Milton books.

Purchases of the signed and numbered facsimile support the collections of the YNF.

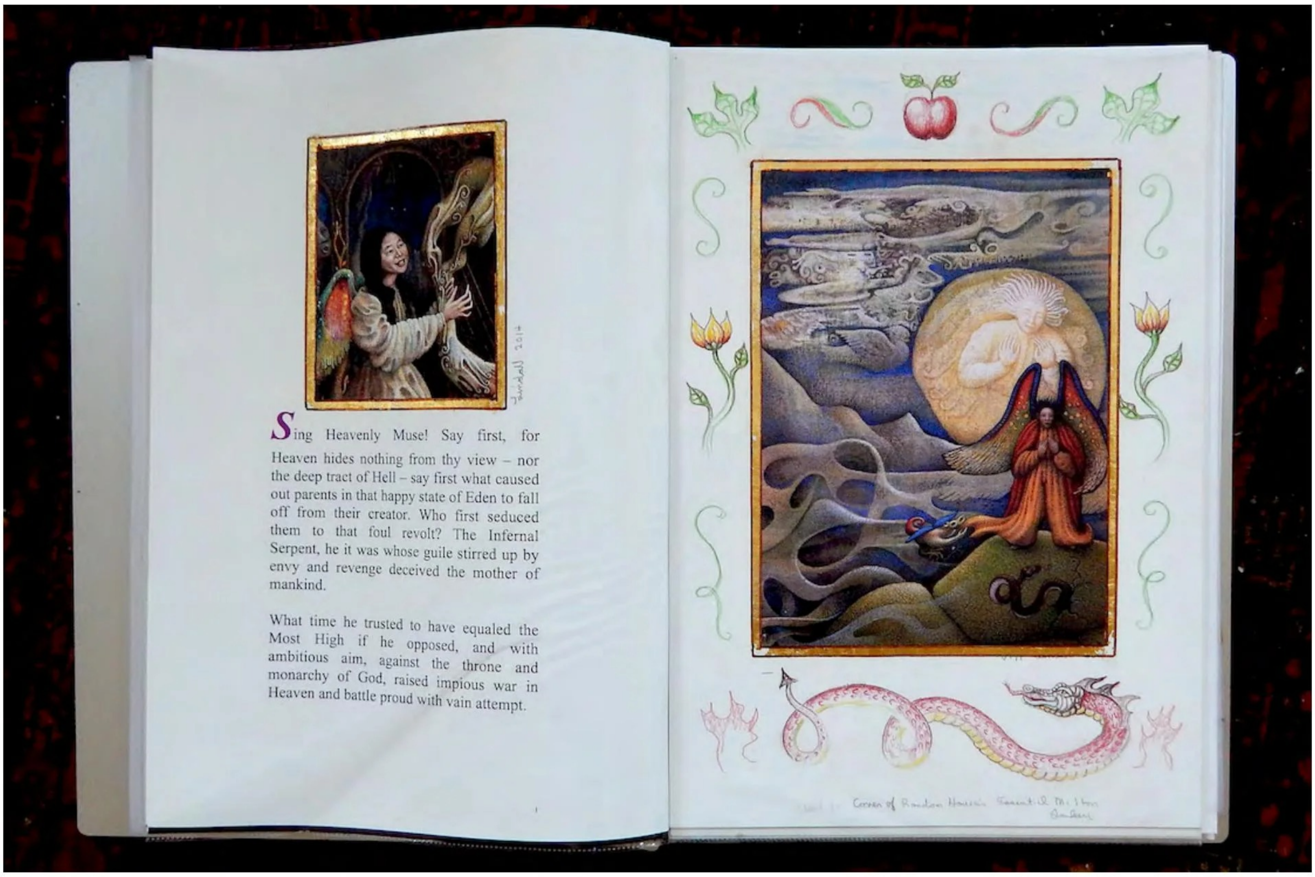
Info.: milton@wahcenter.net

Above: Terrance Lindall with noted Milton scholar and collector Dr. Joseph Wittreich in front of Lindall's Paradise Lost Altarpiece, another unique interpretation of Milton's epic.

The Lindall Traveling Elephant Folio

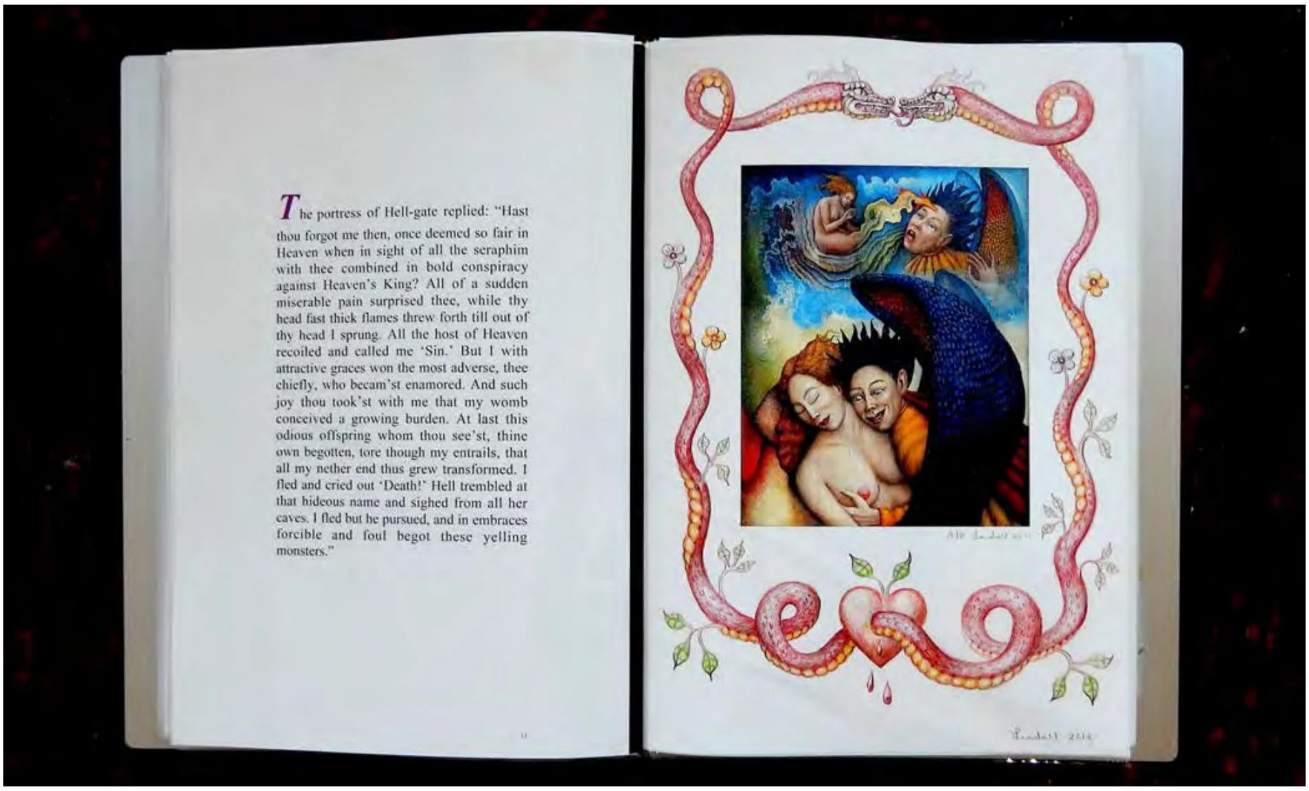
A third 13 X 19 inch elephant folio has been produced for tour. It contains the complete synopsized version of Paradise Lost plus the Wickenheiser commentary and all of the illustrations as giclee prints. There are also many original drawings and decorations by Terrance Lindall and even some 24 k gold leaf appointments. It is an impressively large folio designed to engage the viewer who will actually be able to open the book and turn the pages, not usually allowed for in rare book collections, a great way to engage students of Milton!

Pages from the Traveling Elephant



Sing Heavenly Muse! Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from thy view – nor the deep tract of Hell – say first what caused out parents in that happy state of Eden to fall off from their creator. Who first seduced them to that foul revolt? The Infernal Serpent, he it was whose guile stirred up by envy and revenge deceived the mother of mankind.

What time he trusted to have equaled the Most High if he opposed, and with ambitious aim, against the throne and monarchy of God, raised impious war in Heaven and battle proud with vain attempt.



The portress of Hell-gate replied: "Hast thou forgot me then, once deemed so fair in Heaven when in sight of all the seraphim with thee combined in bold conspiracy against Heaven's King? All of a sudden miserable pain surprised thee, while thy head fast thick flames threw forth till out of thy head I sprung. All the host of Heaven recoiled and called me 'Sin.' But I with attractive graces won the most adverse, thee chiefly, who becam'st enamored. And such joy thou took'st with me that my womb conceived a growing burden. At last this odious offspring whom thou see'st, thine own begotten, tore though my entrails, that all my nether end thus grew transformed. I fled and cried out 'Death!' Hell trembled at that hideous name and sighed from all her caves. I fled but he pursued, and in embraces forcible and foul begot these yelling monsters."

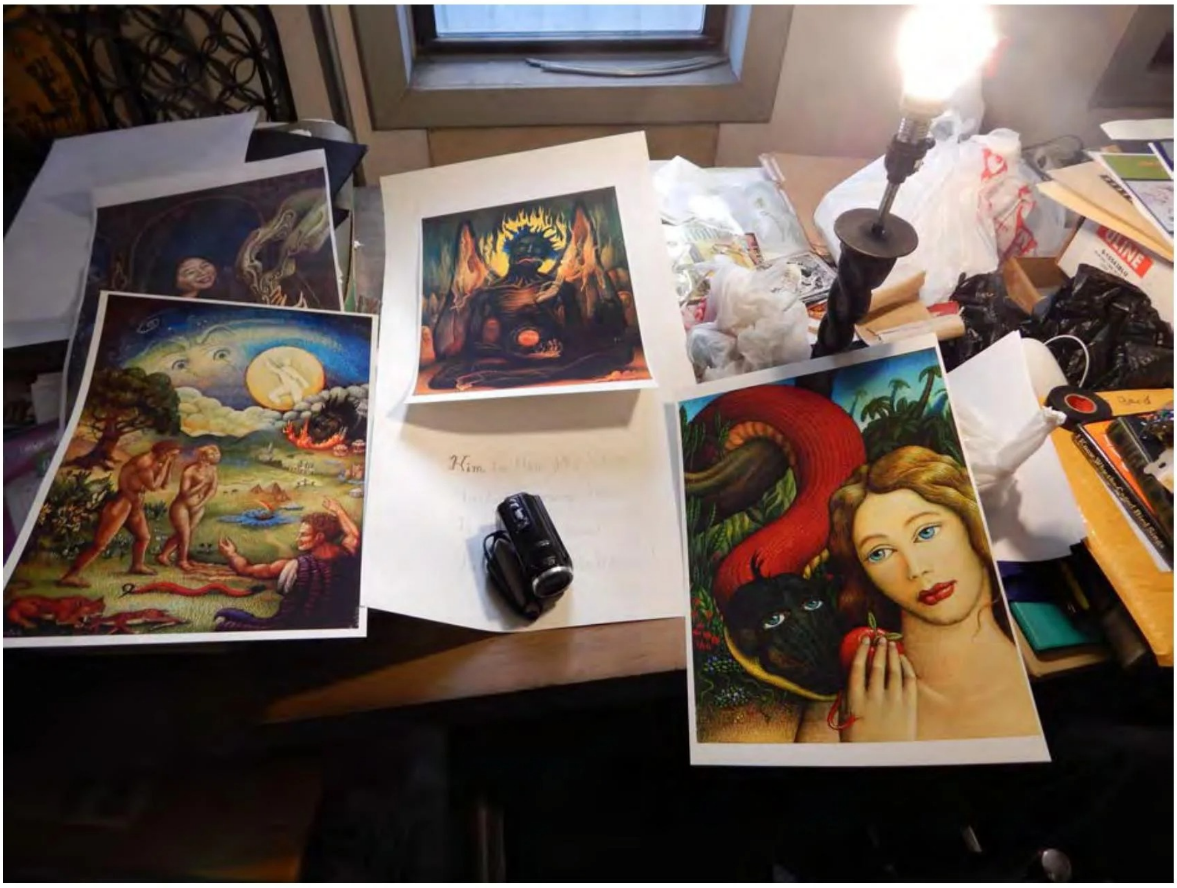
The Lindall Grand Elephant Folio

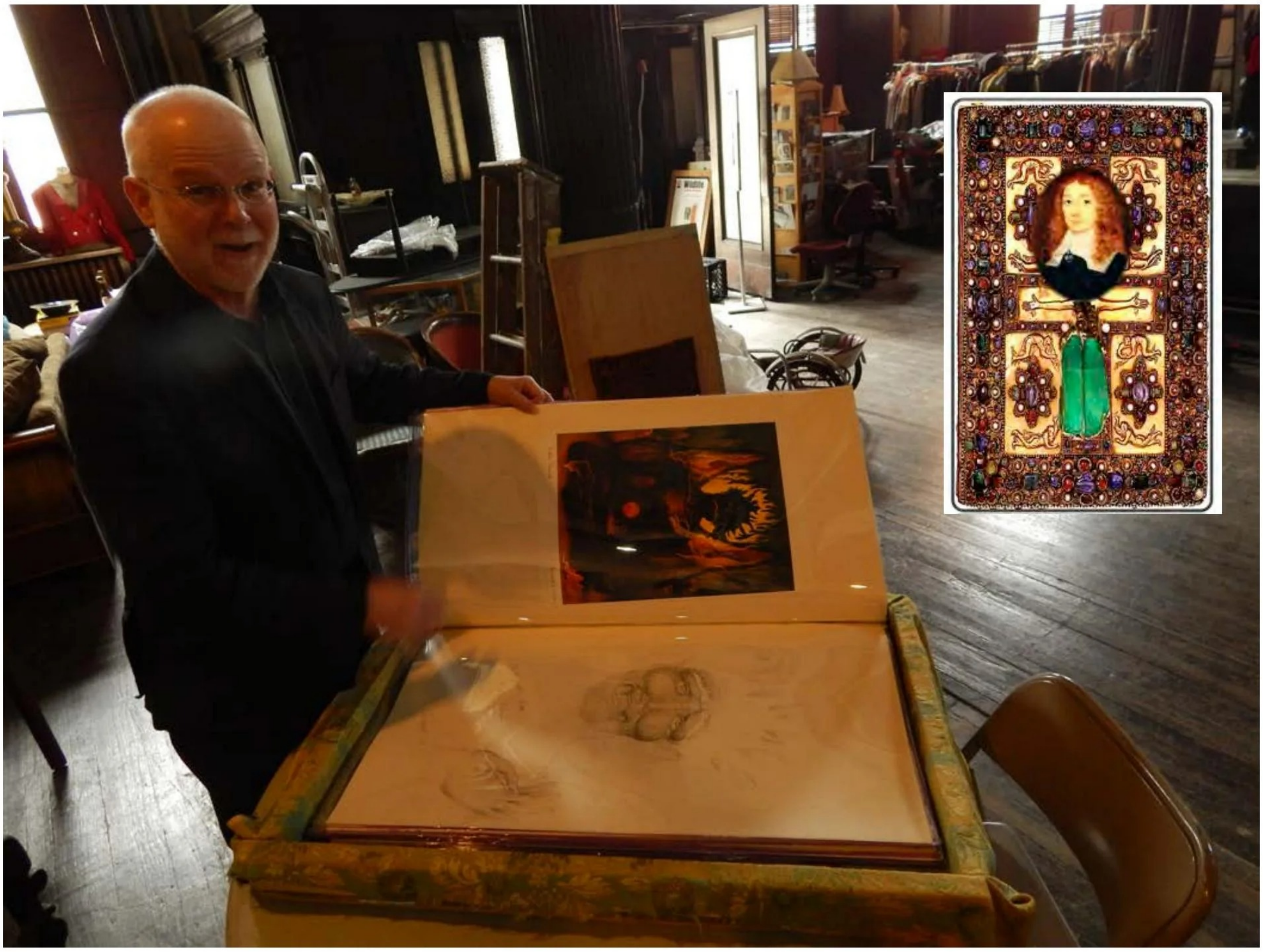
“There will be nothing like it in the world of books and manuscripts.” Terrance Lindall

Terrance Lindall has always been fascinated that the Lindau Gospels with it's astounding bejeweled gold cover. "Lindau" is very much like his own name "Lindall." The "U" in Lindau might be two "L"s looped. There is also the famous Lindesfarne Gospels. Since the "Lind"s of these great manuscripts have always been pointing at him in some fashion, Lindall guesses that his subconscious has always been working toward making something like them, maybe greater. Now Lindall has a collection of loose gem stones that are quite nice and some very large (rubies, emeralds, sapphires, citrons, etc.) . The crown jewel is the 134 K. Emerald seen below superimposed on the the cover of the Lindau Gospel. That emerald has always represented to Lindall the green Garden of Eden as Milton describes it "hanging in a golden chain this pendant world."

Because of the workmanship involved, this production may take a long time. Contributions to the costly project will be recognized on the last page of this unprecedented production in various categories according to the amount contributed. If you would like to have your name so honored down through the history of Western art and literature, contact Terrance Lindall directly at tlindall@gmail.com

Major contributors will receive signed artist proof pages, as Lindall always honors those





Above: Professor Steve Fallon, President of the Milton Society, paging through the Lindall Grand Elephant Folio Pages on a visit to The Yuko Nii Foundation in 2016.

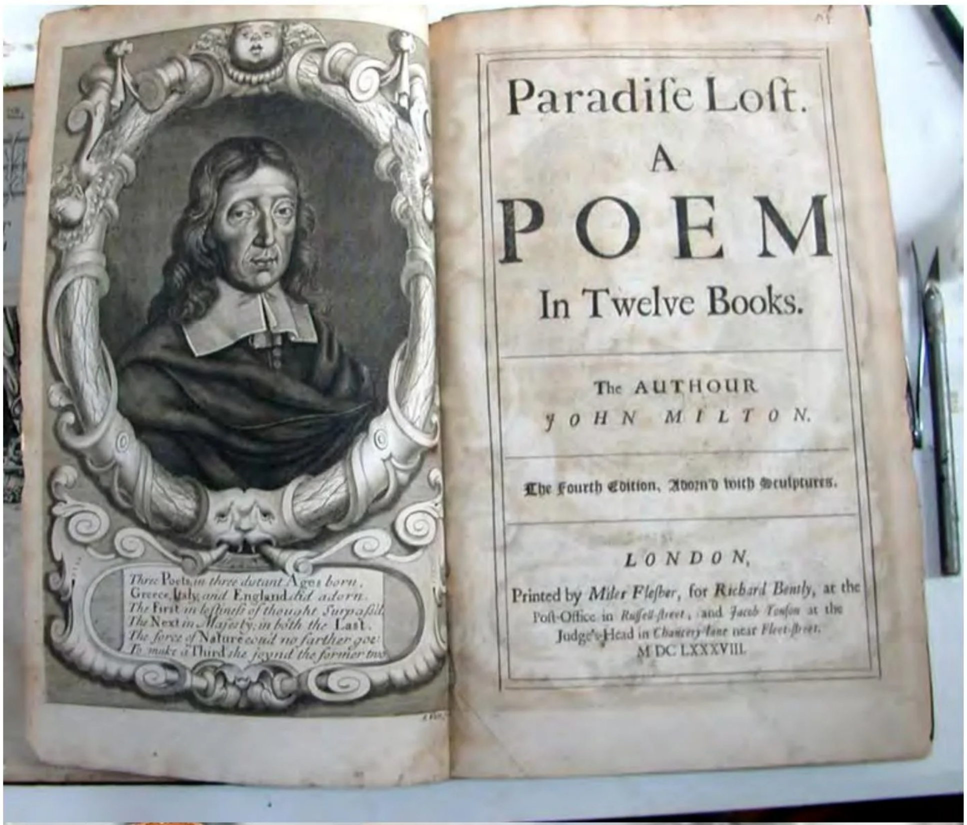
Inset: Possible cover design for the Grand Elephant

Please contribute to this historical production and be listed for eternity with other contributors to the Milton legacy!

Info: Milton@wahcenter.net

Right: Terrance Lindall with Steve Fallon next to the Milton Bookpress bearing a replica of the Milton Shield.

The Yuko Nii Foundation Association Books



Three Poets, in three distant Ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The First in loftineſs of thought Surpaſs'd;
The Next in Majesty; in both the Last.
The force of Nature could no farther goe:
To make a Third she joynd the former two.

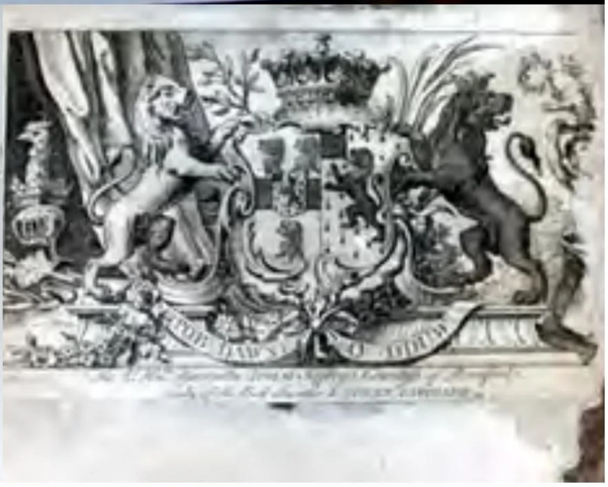
Paradiſe Loſt.
A
POEM
In Twelve Books.

The AUTHOUR
JOHN MILTON.

The Fourth Edition, Adorn'd with Sculptures.

LONDON,
Printed by Miles Fleſher, for Richard Bently, at the
Poſt-Office in Ruſſell-ſtreet, and Jacob Tonſon at the
Judge's-Head in Chancery-lane near Fleet-ſtreet.
M DC LXXXVIII.

ILTON'S
PARADI
LOST

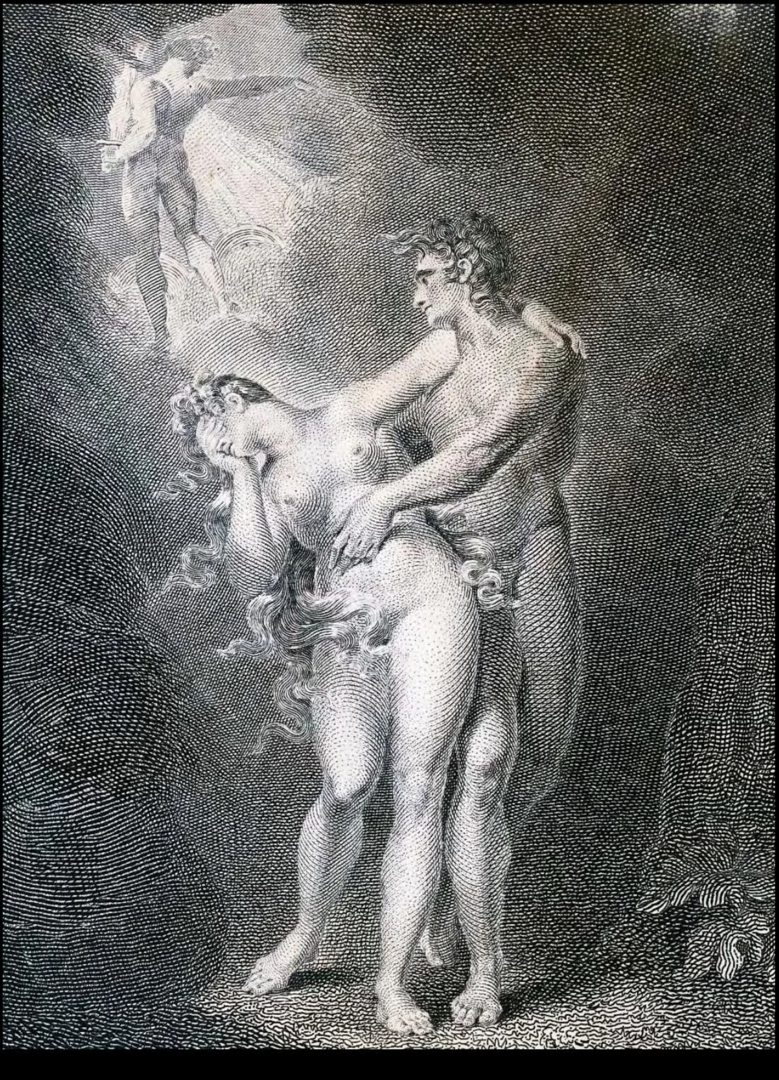


Book label of Madam Pomfret in her 1688 first illustrated edition of Paradise Lost. Madam Pomfrret was the Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Carolyn.

In 1755 Henrietta Louisa Jeffreys, Countess of Pomfret, donated a substantial collection of Greco-Roman statuary to the University of Oxford.

Fuseli Paradise Lost

In the collection of the Yuko Nii Foundation



Henri Fuseli, engraved by A. Smith
Published by Vernor, Hood and Sharpe, 1808
Yuko Nii Foundation Collection

THE FEATURES OF THE BOOK

1) The Henri Fuseli (1741 – 1825) engravings by A. Smith in this book were done while Fuseli was alive in 1808. He is certainly as great an illustrator of Paradise Lost as Blake. The Wickenheiser collection contains an 1802 version.

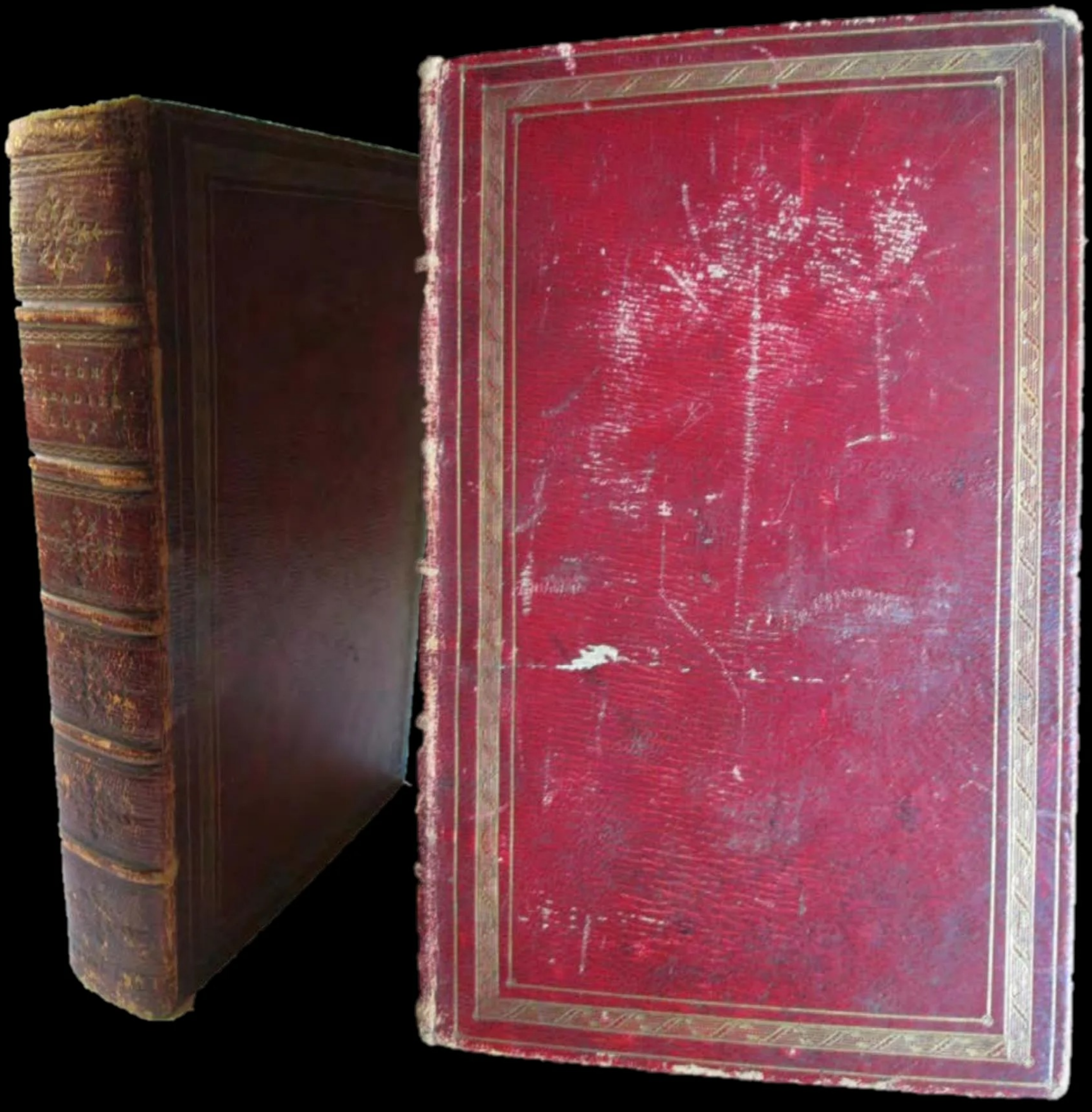
The first of Blake's Paradise Lost, the Thomas set, were done in 1807. In 1799 Fuseli exhibited a series of paintings from subjects furnished by the works of John Milton, with a view to forming a Milton gallery comparable to Boydell's Shakespeare gallery. There were 47 Milton paintings, many of them very large, completed at intervals over nine years. The exhibition proved a commercial failure and closed in 1800.

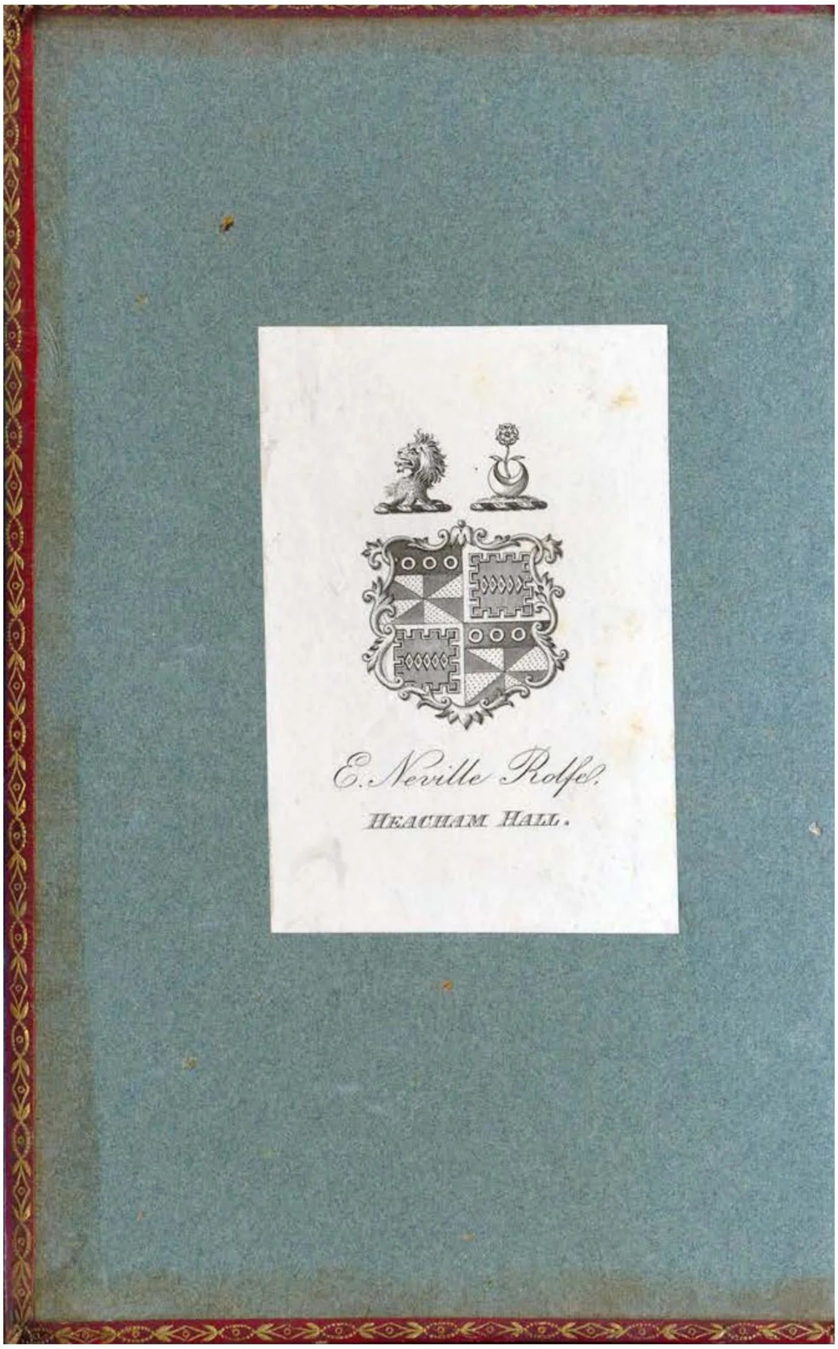
2) **The Royal & Historical Association:** bookplate of E. Neville Rolfe, Beecham Hall with a dedication note by A.R. (Agnes Rolfe, Neville's wife) 1815 and a late 19th c. note describing in detail Dore's VALE OF TEARS (1883), on the 1815 exhibit of Dore's last painting at the Dore Gallery, London. Strickland Charles Edward Neville Rolfe, born in 1789, eldest son of General Neville of the Royal Artillery. Educated at Wadham College, Oxford, BA 1812, MA 1816, and subsequently became domestic chaplain to the Duke of Kent in 1814 and to the Duke of Somerset in 1825. He became domestic chaplain to the Duke of Kent in 1814 and to the Duke of Somerset in 1825. 1st Duke of Kent and Strathearn (1767–1820), was Prince Edward, fourth son of George III and ***father of Queen Victoria.*** .

Neville's first wife, Agnes, was the only daughter of Henry Fawcett, MP for Carlisle who was Sheriff, Bombay 1785; capt. Bombay fencibles 1799. They married in 1814 and had five sons and four daughters. In 1833 he married Dorothy, widow of the Rev TT Thomason, Chaplain to the Honourable East India Company. It is known that he was an enthusiastic collectorand invested time in both natural and archaeological items, as well as having a keen interest in art. Rolfe had had a number of artists, (possibly Fuseli) staying for long periods to study artistic endeavours at Heacham Hall. It is said that he had a large coach built in which he took these artists on excursions to draw and paint buildings or articles of interest in and around the area. He was especially interested in the area of Norfolk and part of his collection of portraits of Norfolk celebrities, original drawings, topographical and antiquarian, were sold by Sotheby's. Some of these pieces were used to extra illustrate 'Blomefield's History of the County of Norfolk' (compiled by Francis Blomefield and published in 1805). Later, in 1929, a number of water-colour drawings from the collection were also used to illustrate a publication compiled by his great grandson, Clement Rolfe-Ingleby, and entitled 'A supplement to Blomefield's Norfolk.'

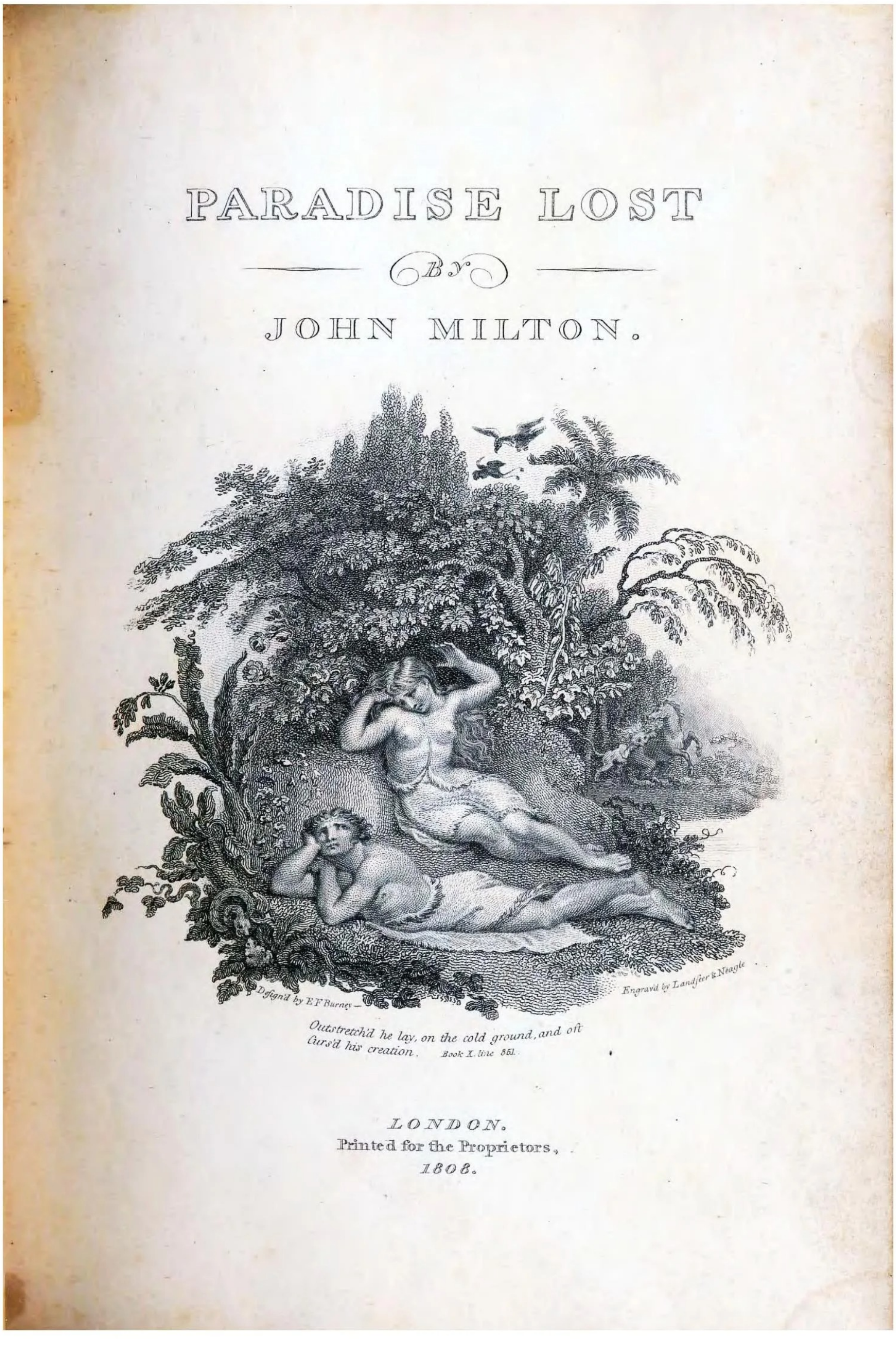
3) **The book also has a late 19th c. note describing in detail Dore's VALE OF TEARS (1883),** on the 1883-later exhibit of Dore's last painting at the Dore Gallery, London. During its twenty-four year lifespan, the Doré Gallery and its twenty or so canvases received approximately 2.5 million visitors. In 1892, most of the paintings were sent to the United States to be exhibited in a touring exhibition lasting until 1898. They then sank into oblivion. They were rediscovered in 1947 in a Manhattan warehouse, sold at auction and split up.

The size of the book is 8vo (octavo).This size is made by printing eight pages of text on each side of a sheet, which was then folded three times to form gatherings of eight leaves or sixteen pages each handsomely bound with gorgeous red morocco leather gold-gilt framing of both front and back covers, as well as gilt titling and ornamental compartments on the spine 5 raised bands brilliantly gilt golden edged pages printed half-title and title pages engraved vignette title, plain green endpapers.




E. Neville Rolfe.
HEACHAM HALL.

Bookplate with armorial of E. Neville Rolfe, Heacham Hall



PARADISE LOST

BY

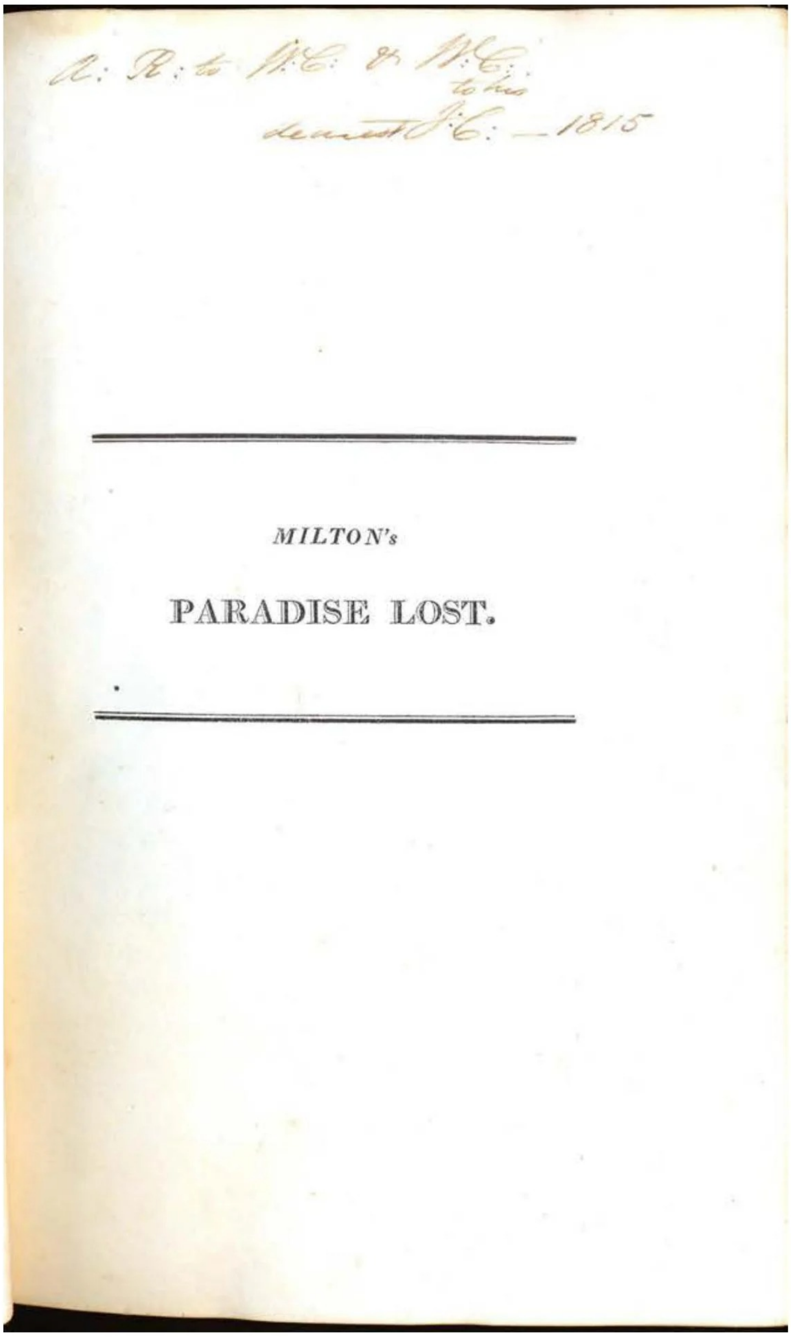
JOHN MILTON.

Deſign'd by E F Burney — Engrav'd by Landſeer & Neagle

Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Curs'd his creation. Book X. line 851.

LONDON.
Printed for the Proprietors,
1808.

Beautiful Frontispiece



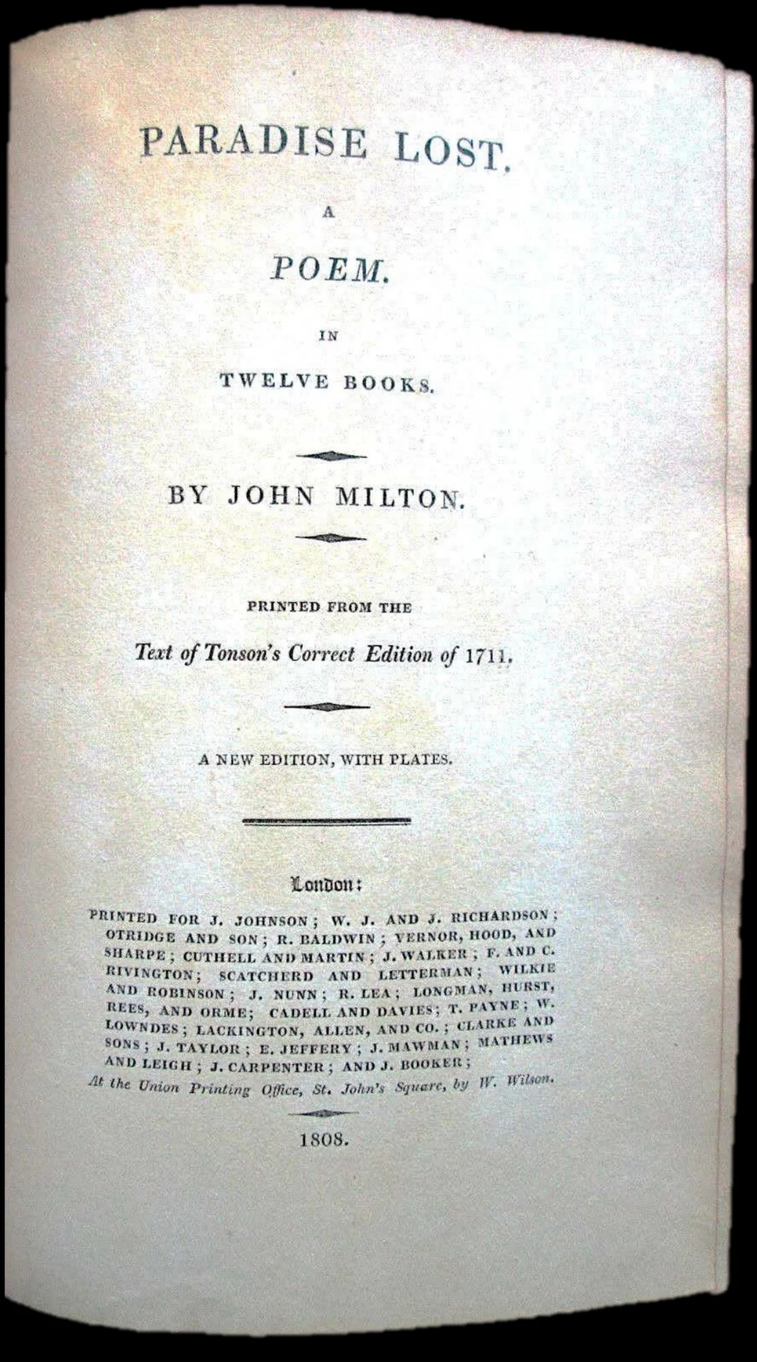
A: R: to W:C: & W:C:
to his
dearest J:C: —1815

MILTON's

PARADISE LOST.

A dedication note by A.R. (Agnes Rolfe, Neville's wife) 1815.
The dedcation reads:

"A.R. to W.C. & W.C. to his dearest J.C. – 1815"



PARADISE LOST.

A

POEM.

IN

TWELVE BOOKS.

BY JOHN MILTON.

PRINTED FROM THE

Text of Tonson's Correct Edition of 1711.

A NEW EDITION, WITH PLATES.

London:

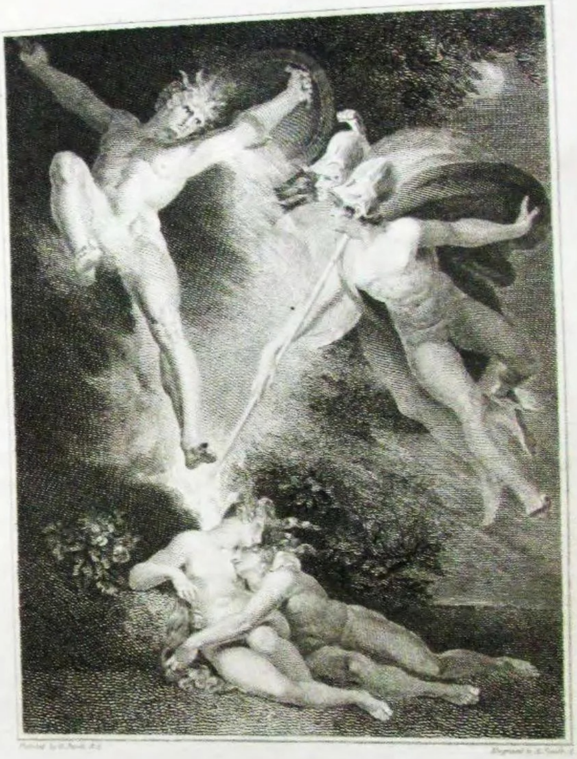
PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON; W. J. AND J. RICHARDSON; OTRIDGE AND SON; R. BALDWIN; VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARPE; CUTHELL AND MARTIN; J. WALKER; F. AND C. RIVINGTON; SCATCHERD AND LETTERMAN; WILKIE AND ROBINSON; J. NUNN; R. LEA; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME; CADELL AND DAVIES; T. PAYNE; W. LOWNDES; LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO.; CLARKE AND SONS; J. TAYLOR; E. JEFFERY; J. MAWMAN; MATHEWS AND LEIGH; J. CARPENTER; AND J. BOOKER;

At the Union Printing Office, St. John's Square, by W. Wilson.

1808.

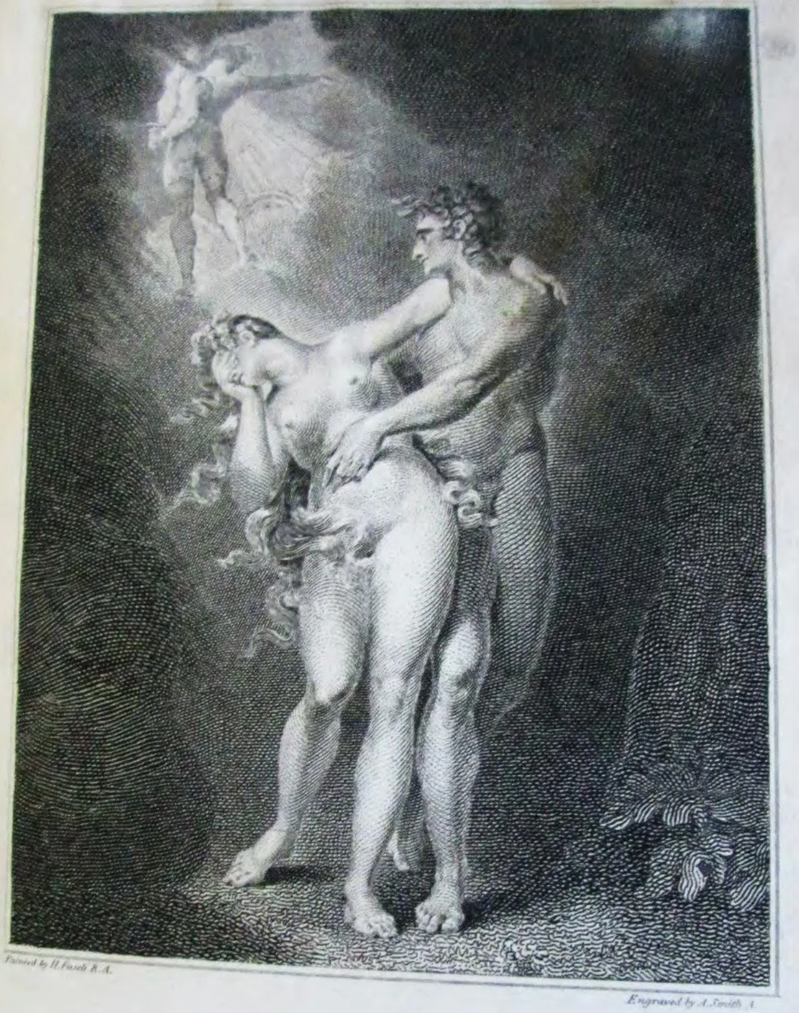
Title page

Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed 788
Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook;
But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,
Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.
This evening from the sun's decline arriv'd
Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd
The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:
Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.
So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon; these to the bower direct
In search of whom they sought: Him there they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy', and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams;
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal spirits, that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise
At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blown up with high conceits ingend'ring pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness: Up he starts
Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain
With sudden blaze diffus'd inflames the air:



——— Up he starts
Discover'd and surpris'd ———

B. 12.

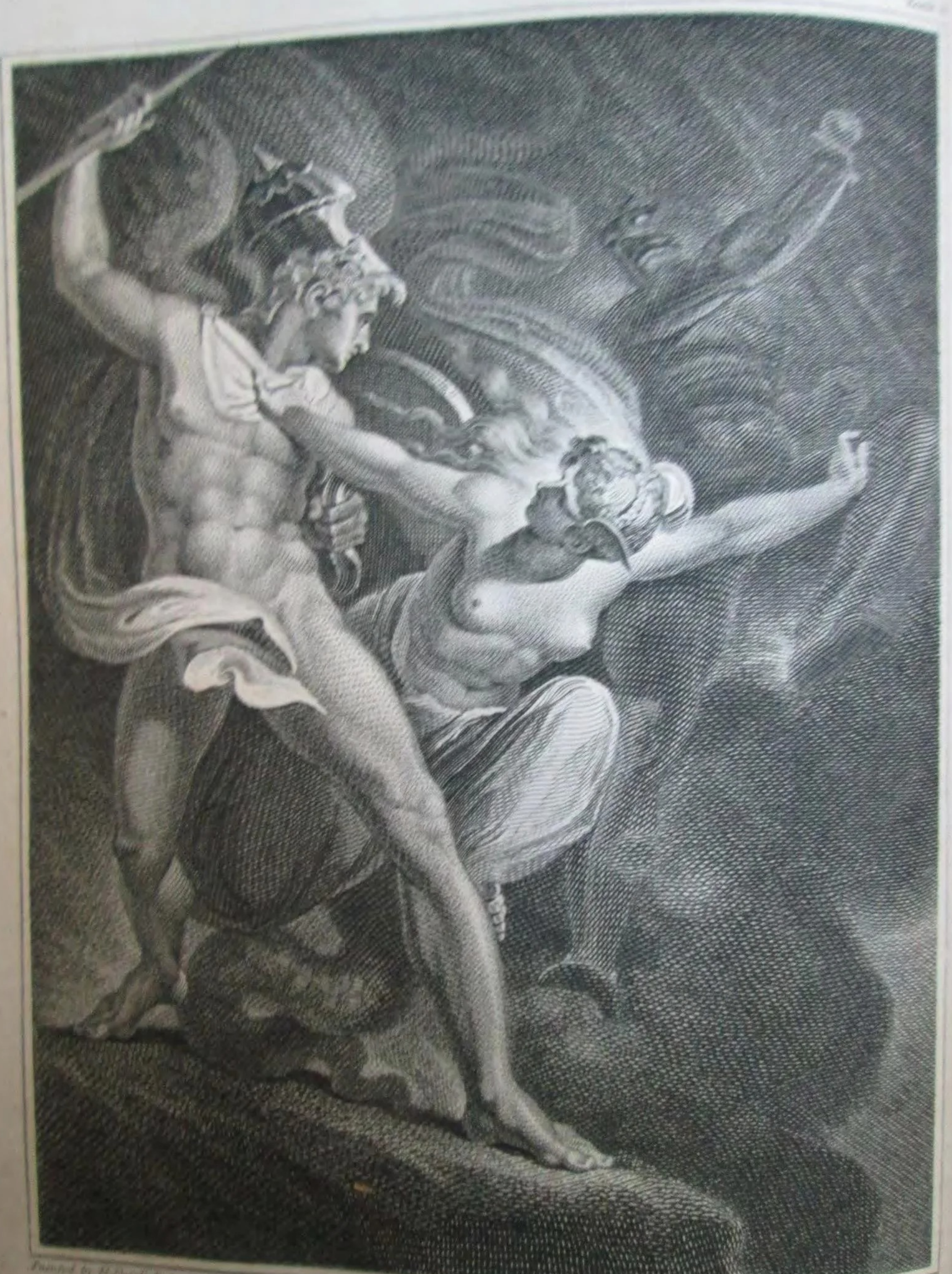


Painted by H. Fuseli R.A.

Engraved by A. Smith A.

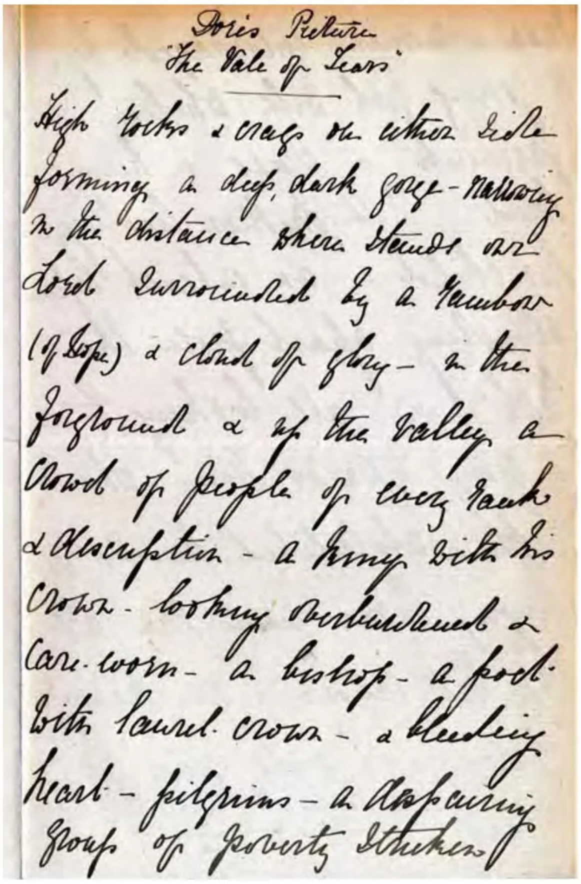
Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them soon;
The world was all before them.

London Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe Poultry 1808.



Painted by H. Fuseli R.A.

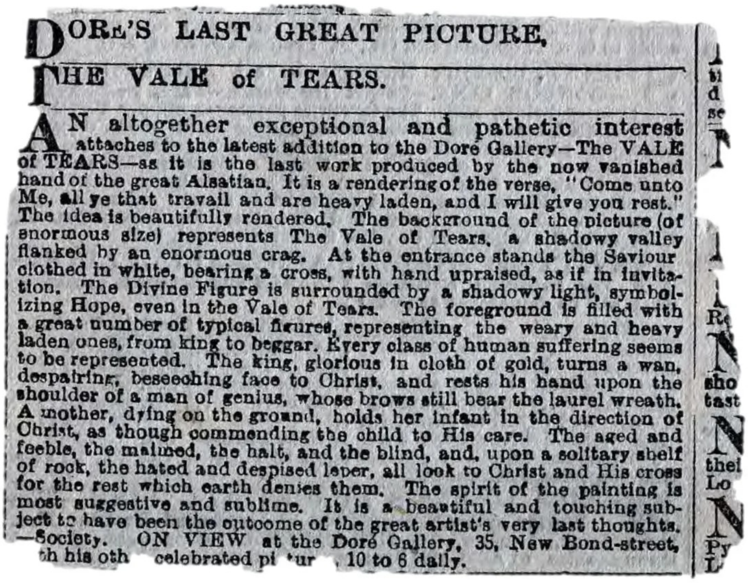
J. Neagle



Dore's Picture
"The Vale of Tears"

High rocks & crags on either side forming a deep, dark gorge — narrowing in the distance where stands our Lord surrounded by a rainbow (of Hope) & cloud of glory — in the foreground & up the valley a crowd of people of every rank & description — a king with his crown — looking overburdened & care-worn — a bishop — a poet with laurel crown — a bleeding heart — pilgrims — a despairing group of poverty stricken

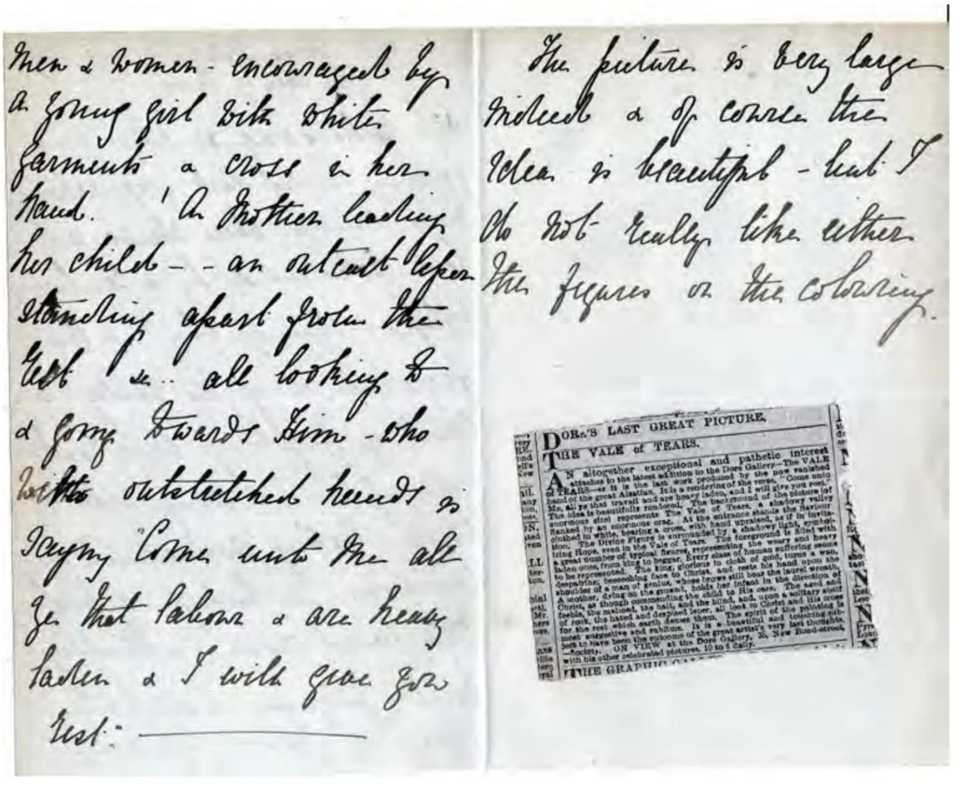
Between the pages of the Fuseli Paradise Lost is a hand written "review" of the showing of Gustave Dore's last painting, The Vale of Tears. Also included is a newspaper announcement of the exhibit.



DORE'S LAST GREAT PICTURE,

THE VALE of TEARS.

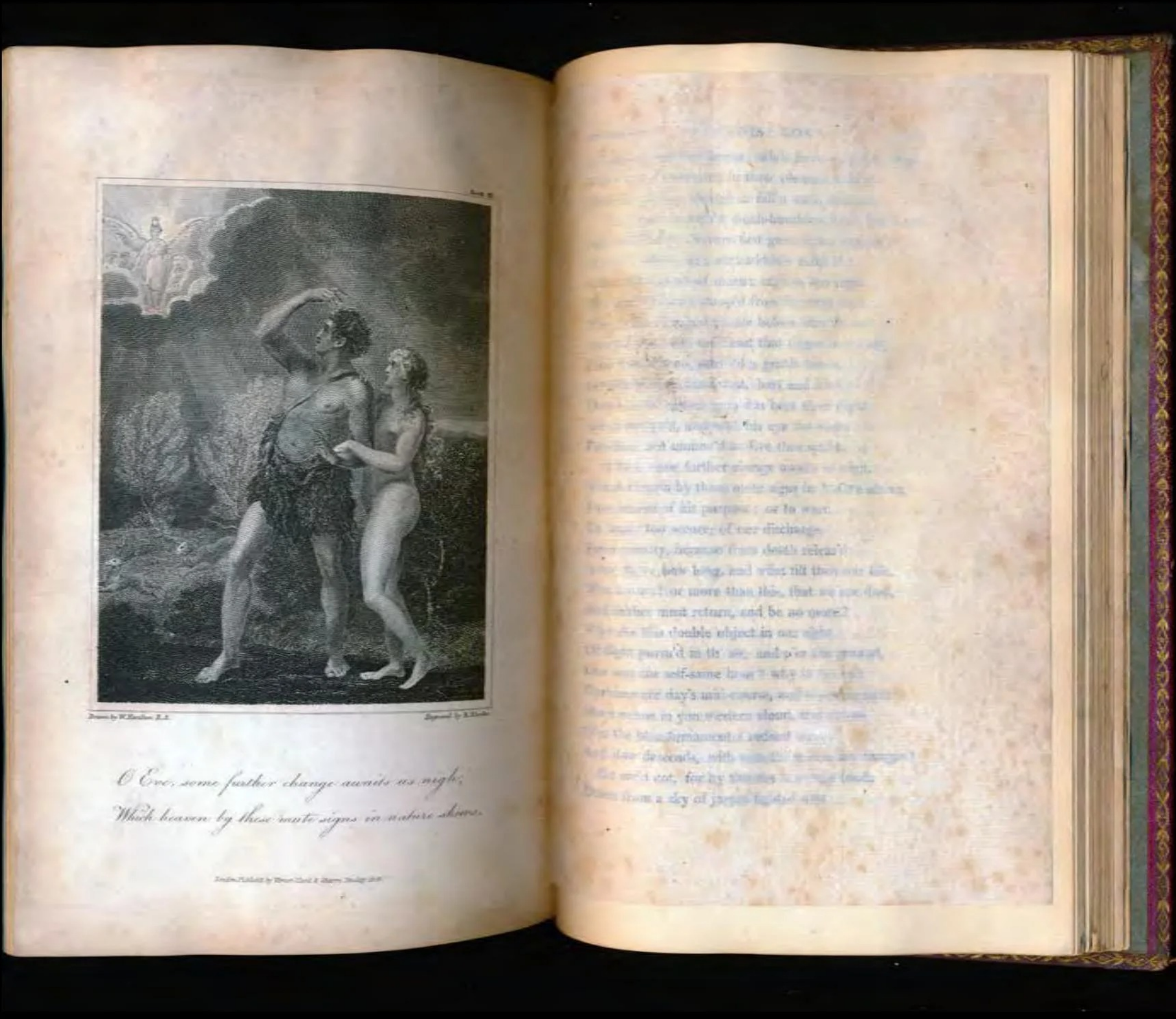
AN altogether exceptional and pathetic interest attaches to the latest addition to the Doré Gallery—The VALE of TEARS—as it is the last work produced by the now vanished hand of the great Alsatian. It is a rendering of the verse, "Come unto Me, all ye that travail and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The idea is beautifully rendered. The background of the picture (of enormous size) represents The Vale of Tears, a shadowy valley flanked by an enormous crag. At the entrance stands the Saviour clothed in white, bearing a cross, with hand upraised, as if in invitation. The Divine Figure is surrounded by a shadowy light, symbolizing Hope, even in the Vale of Tears. The foreground is filled with a great number of typical figures, representing the weary and heavy laden ones, from king to beggar. Every class of human suffering seems to be represented. The king, glorious in cloth of gold, turns a wan, despairing, beseeching face to Christ, and rests his hand upon the shoulder of a man of genius, whose brows still bear the laurel wreath. A mother, dying on the ground, holds her infant in the direction of Christ, as though commending the child to His care. The aged and feeble, the maimed, the halt, and the blind, and, upon a solitary shelf of rock, the hated and despised leper, all look to Christ and His cross for the rest which earth denies them. The spirit of the painting is most suggestive and sublime. It is a beautiful and touching subject to have been the outcome of the great artist's very last thoughts. —Society. ON VIEW at the Doré Gallery, 35, New Bond-street, th his oth celebrated pi tur , 10 to 6 daily.



men & women — encouraged by a young girl with white garments & cross in her hand. A mother leading her child — — an outcast leper standing apart from the rest &c.. all looking to & going towards Him — who with outstretched hands is saying "Come unto Me all ye that labour & are heavy laden & I will give you rest":

The picture is very large indeed & of course the idea is beautiful — but I do not really like either the figures or the colouring.

DORE'S LAST GREAT PICTURE,
THE VALE of TEARS.



O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,
Which heaven by these mute signs in nature shows.

Other illustrations in the book are by Hamilton

JOHN MILTON'S PARADISE LOST
The Grand Elephant Folio

ILLUSTRATED AND SYNOPSIZED
by
TERRANCE LINDALL

Many original large format drawings
plus 14 gilclee prints of the original oil paintings

Introduction by Yuko Nii

Commentary by Robert J. Wickenheiser, Ph.D.

17 x 32 inches!
THE LARGEST FOLIO OF JOHN MILTON'S PARADISE LOST EVER PRODUCED!

“Without a doubt, Terrance Lindall is the foremost illustrator of *Paradise Lost* in our age, comparable to other great illustrators through the ages, and someone who has achieved a place of high stature for all time. Throughout almost four centuries of illustrating Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, no one has devoted his or her life, artistic talents and skills and the keenness of the illustrator’s eye more fully and few as completely as Terrance Lindall has done in bringing to life Milton’s great epic. He has also devoted his brilliant mind to studying Milton, his philosophy, and his theology in order to know as fully as possible the great poet to whom he has devoted his adult life and to whose great epic he has devoted the keenness of his artistic eye in order to bring that great epic alive in new ways in a new age and for newer ages still to come.

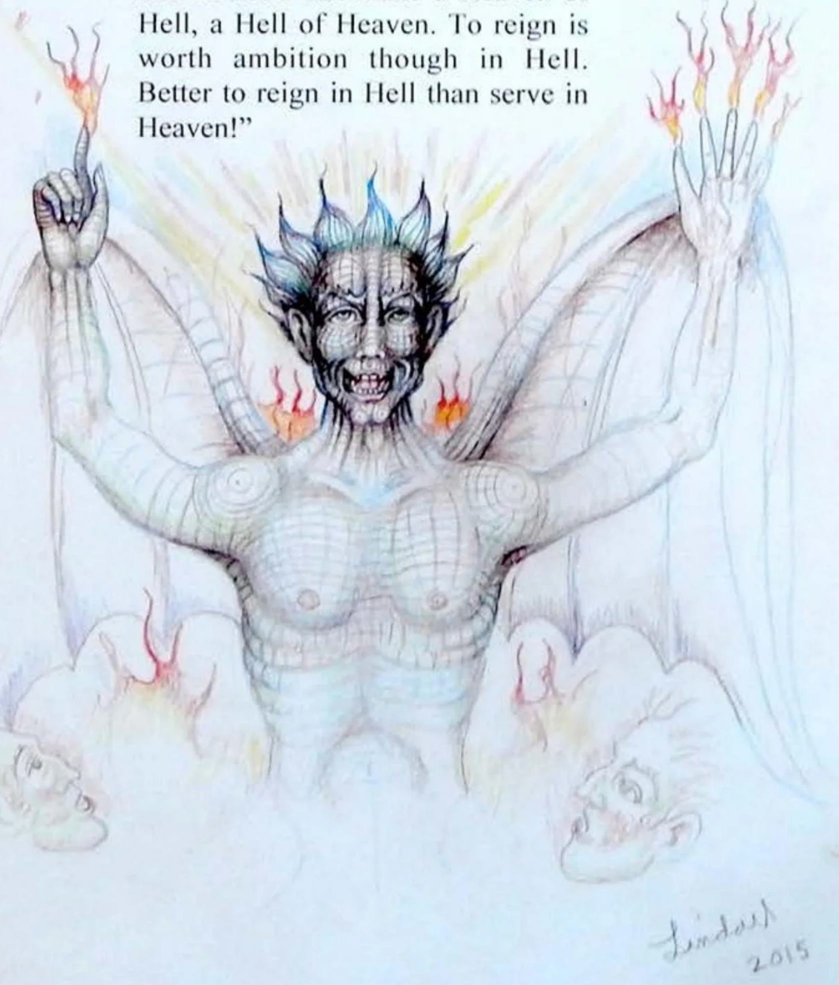
Dr. Robert J. Wickenheiser, Milton Collector

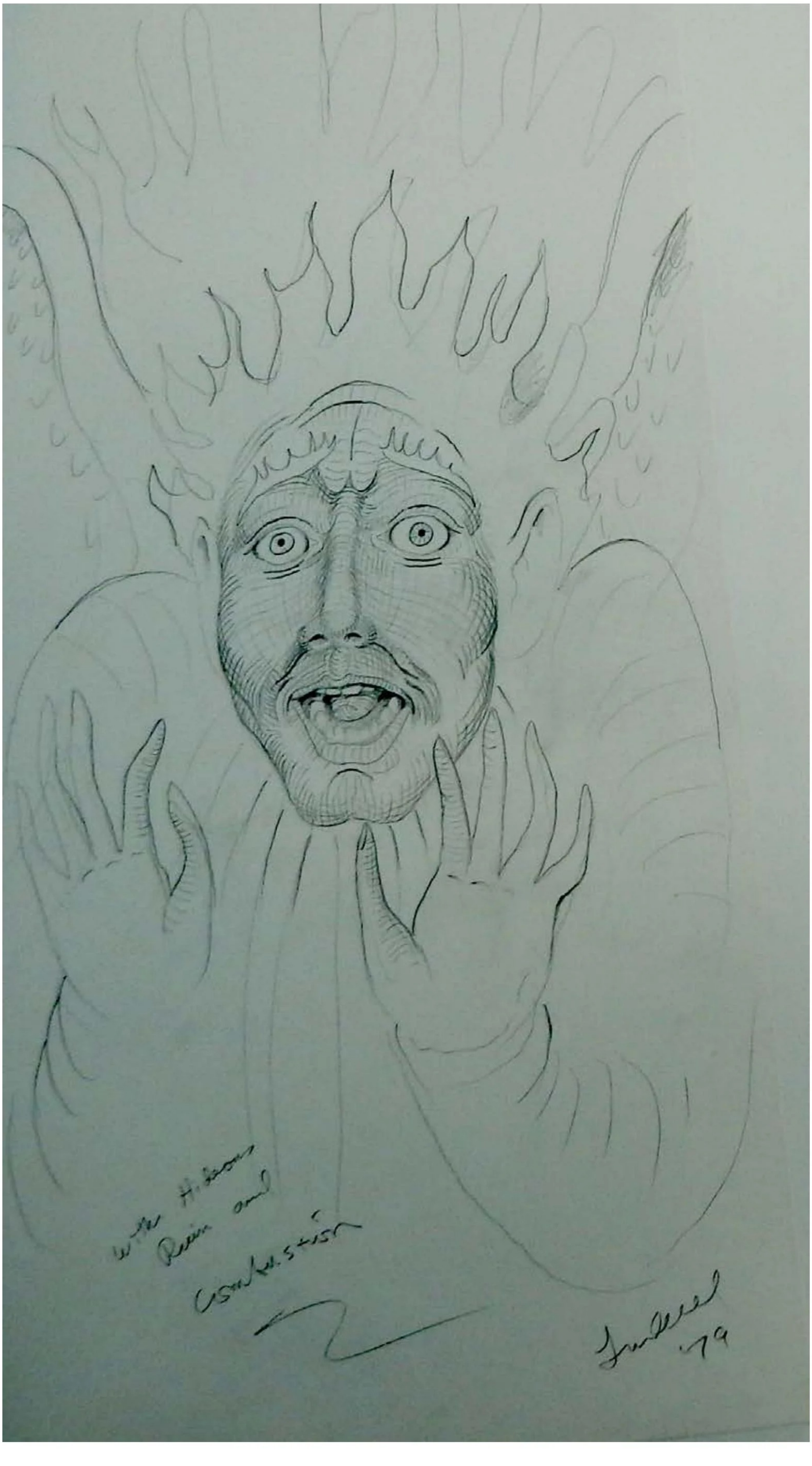
"There is, to the best of my knowledge, no other privately held collection that even remotely begins to approach the Wickenheiser Collection in scope, range, or importance."—G. W. Stuart, Jr., antiquarian book dealer and Milton specialist

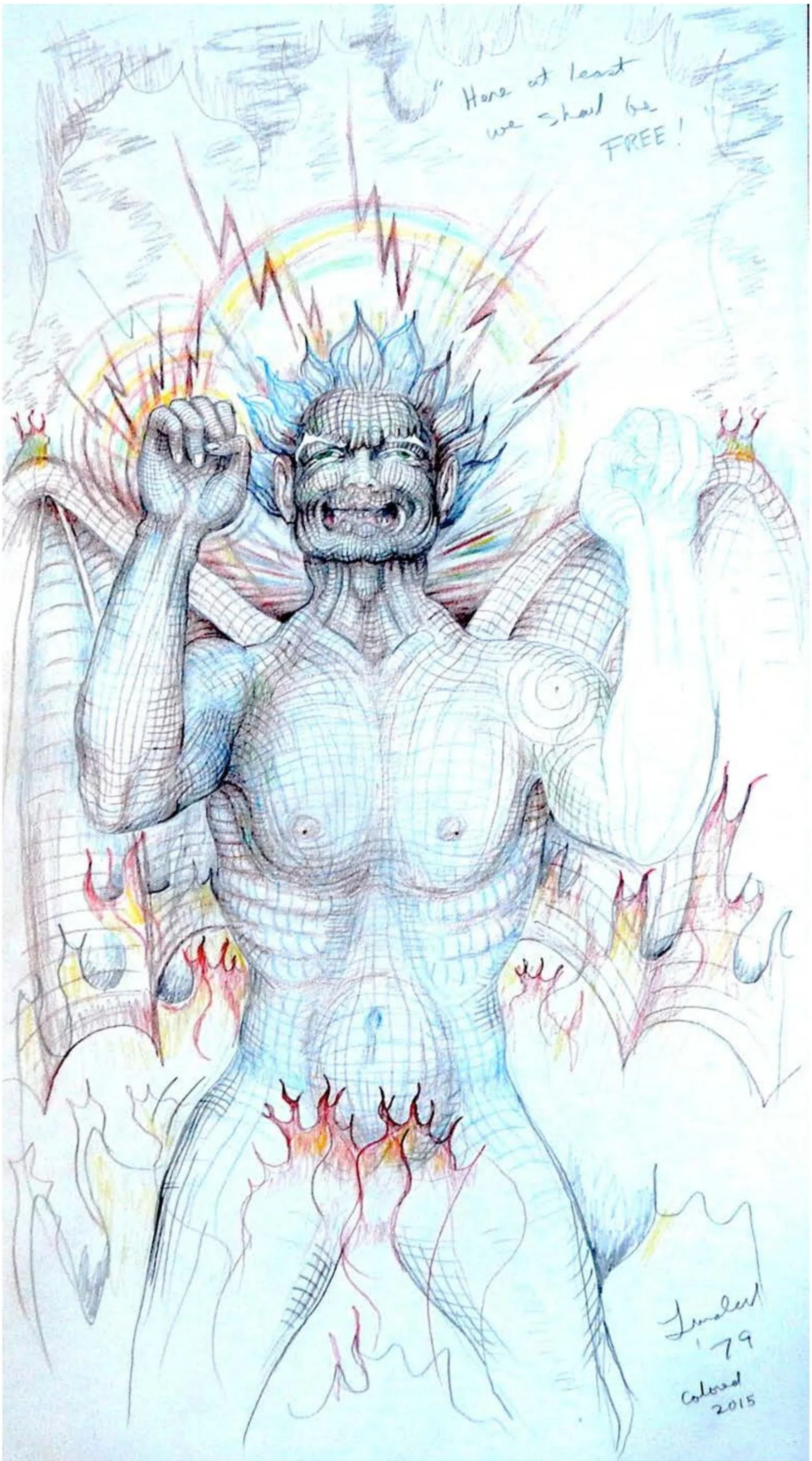
Here are a few pages from Book One – The Fall of Satan

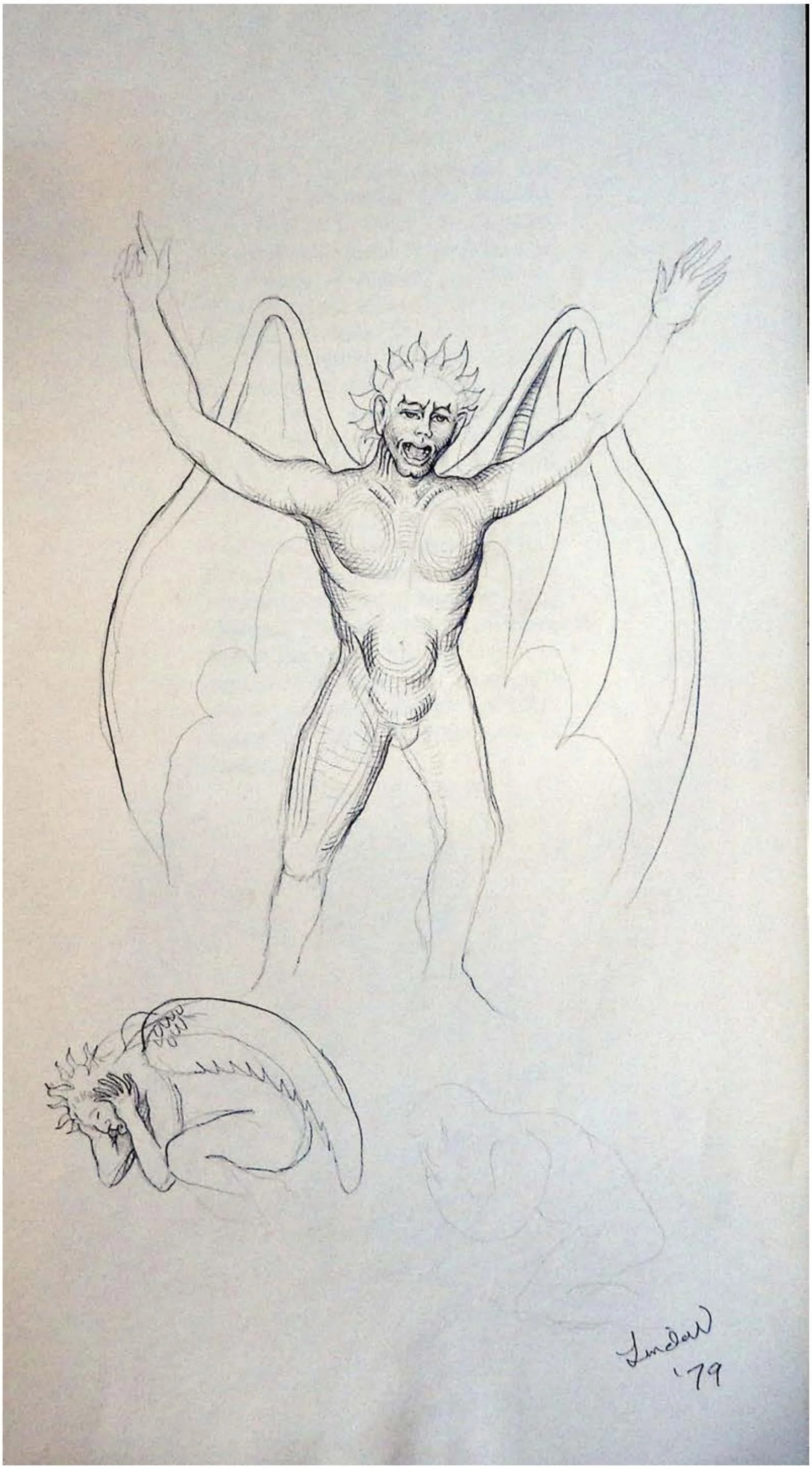
Now the thought of both lost happiness and lasting pain torments him. Round he throws his baleful eyes that witnessed huge affliction and dismay. A dungeon horrible on all sides round as one great furnace flamed, yet from those flames no light, but rather darkness visible served only to discover sights of woe where peace and rest can never dwell. Hope never comes that comes to all, but torture without end still urges.

Said then the Lost Archangel: "Hail horrors! Hail infernal world! Meet thy new possessor: A ***mind*** not to be changed. The mind is its own place and in itself can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven. To reign is worth ambition though in Hell. Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven!"

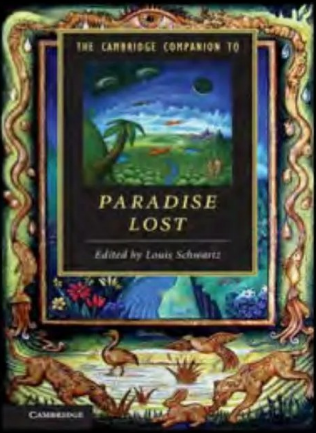



with Hideous
Ruin and
Combustion
'79


"Here at least we shall be FREE!"
'79
Colored 2015



LindaW
'79


THE CAMBRIDGE COMPANION TO
PARADISE LOST
Edited by Louis Schwartz
CAMBRIDGE

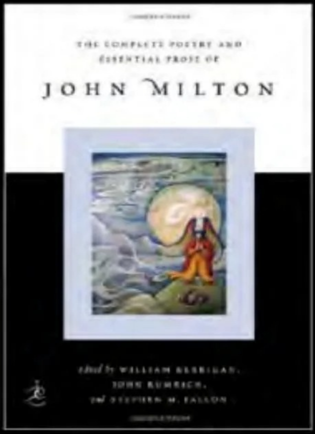
Cambridge Milton Companion
2014

Cover art by Terrance Lindall

YNF
Yuko Nii Foundation

Without a doubt, Terrance Lindall is the foremost illustrator of Paradise Lost in our age, comparable to other great illustrators through the ages, and someone who has achieved a place of high stature for all time.
Robert J. Wickenheiser, Ph. D.

Signed hardcovers
$105 each
Plus shipping


THE COMPLETE POETRY AND ESSENTIAL PROSE OF
JOHN MILTON

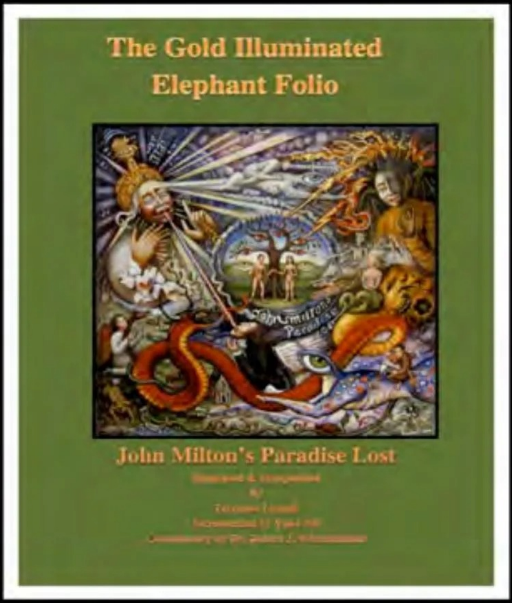
Random House Essential Milton
2008

Cover Art by Terrance Lindall

(718) 486-6012 or 486-7372

The *Paradise Lost* art of Terrance Lindall is in some of the most important Milton Collections in the world. This is a chance for collectors to have their signed by Lindall copies of these important scholarly publications , essential for any important collection.

Please ask about limited edition prints and other material

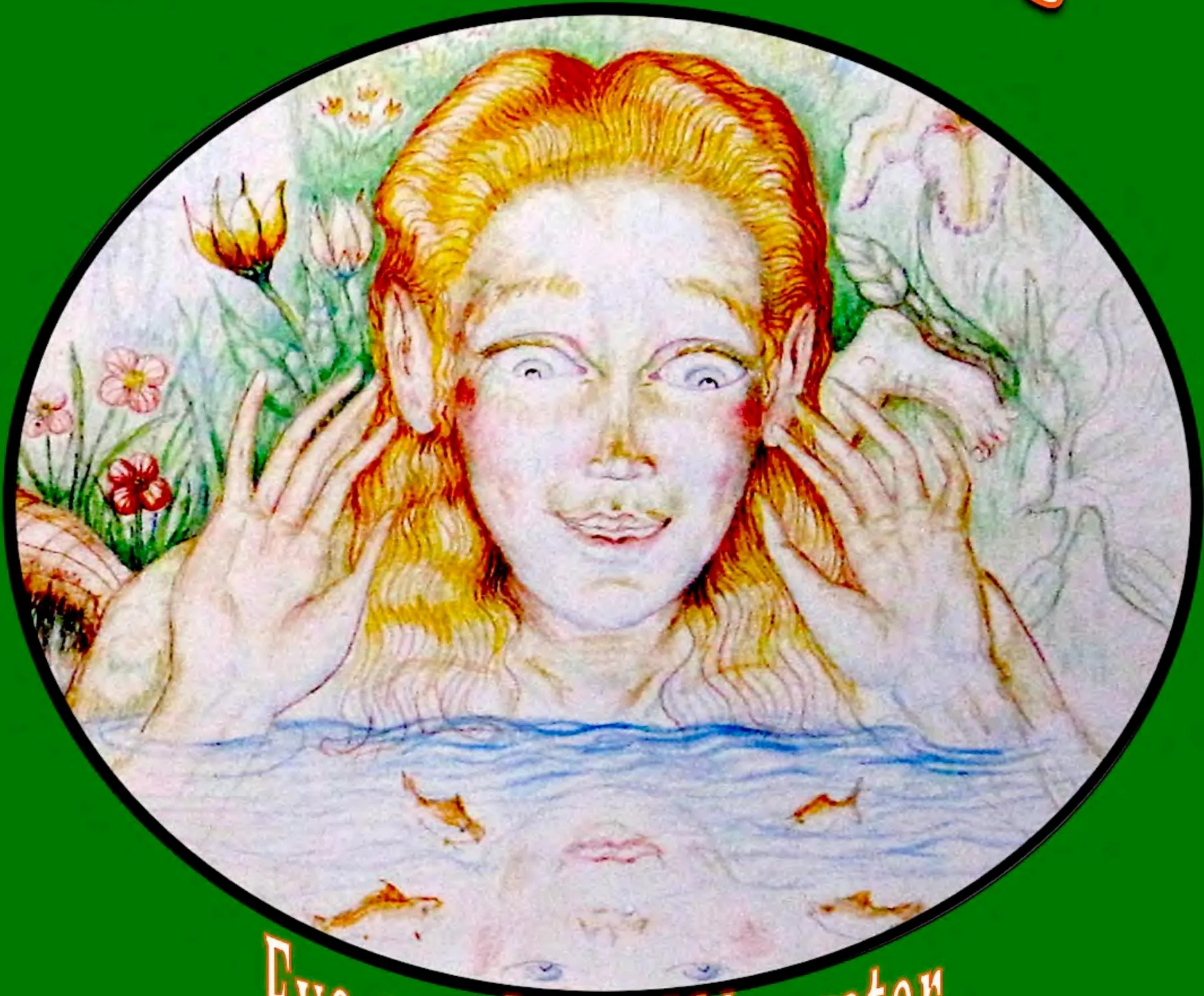

The Gold Illuminated
Elephant Folio
John Milton's Paradise Lost

The complete (signed & limited to 100 copies) Gold Folio softcover edition of Lindall's illustrated Paradise Lost with Lindall's explanation of the plates and Robert J. Wickenheiser's Commentary

$150

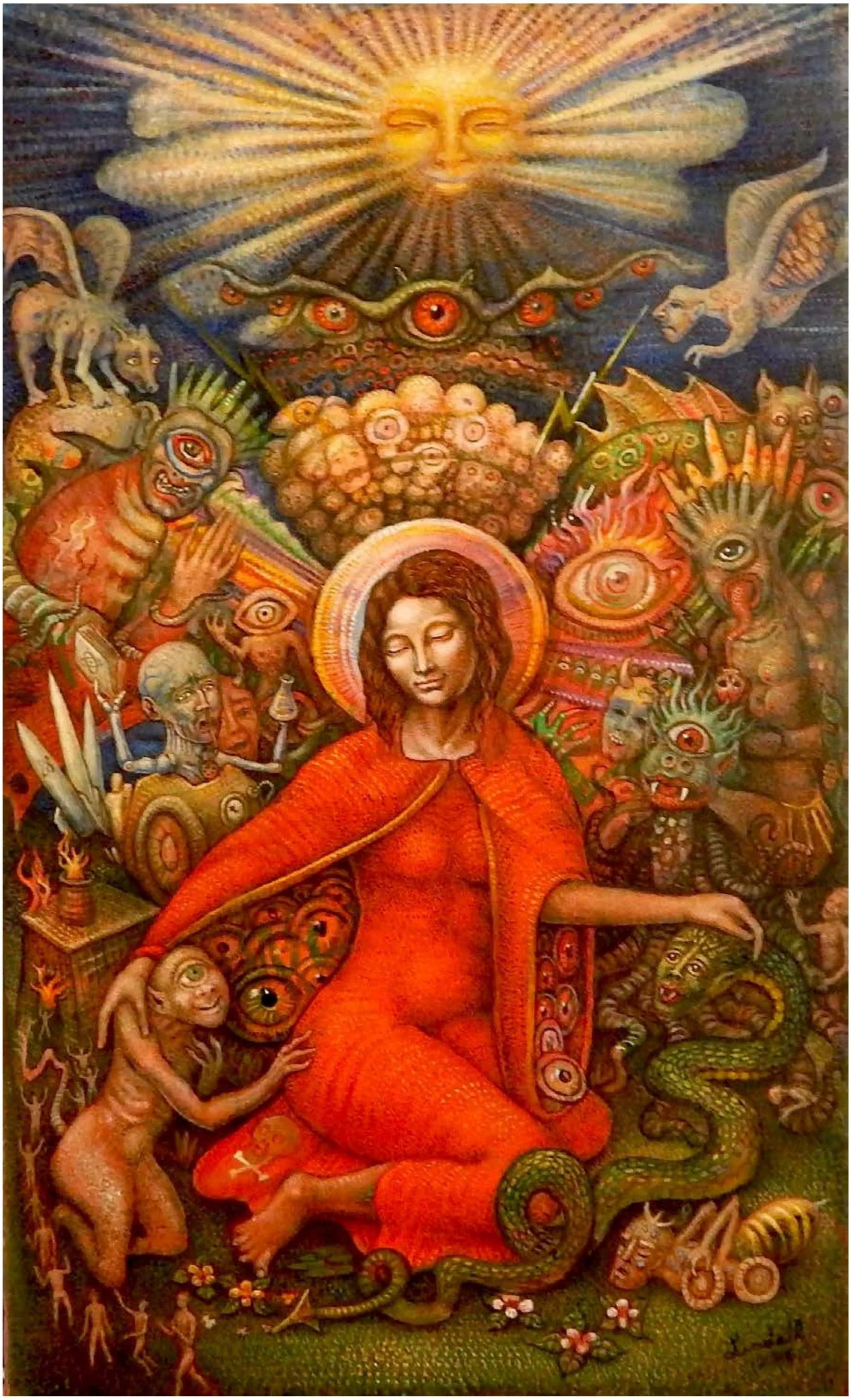
wahcenter@earthkink.net

Paradise Lost Giclee Print Subscription Offering

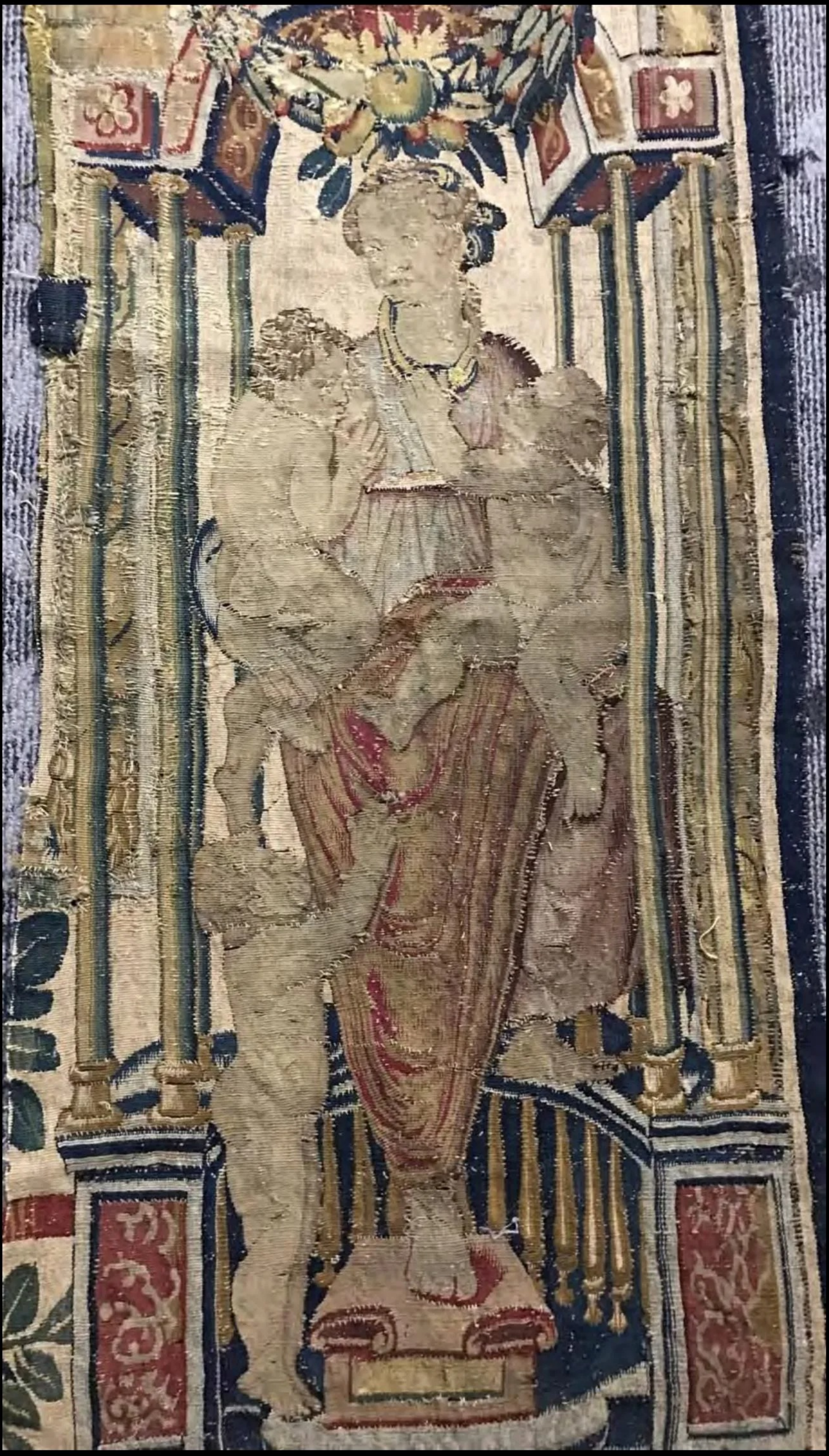


Eve sees herself in water

By renowned illustrator Terrance Lindall



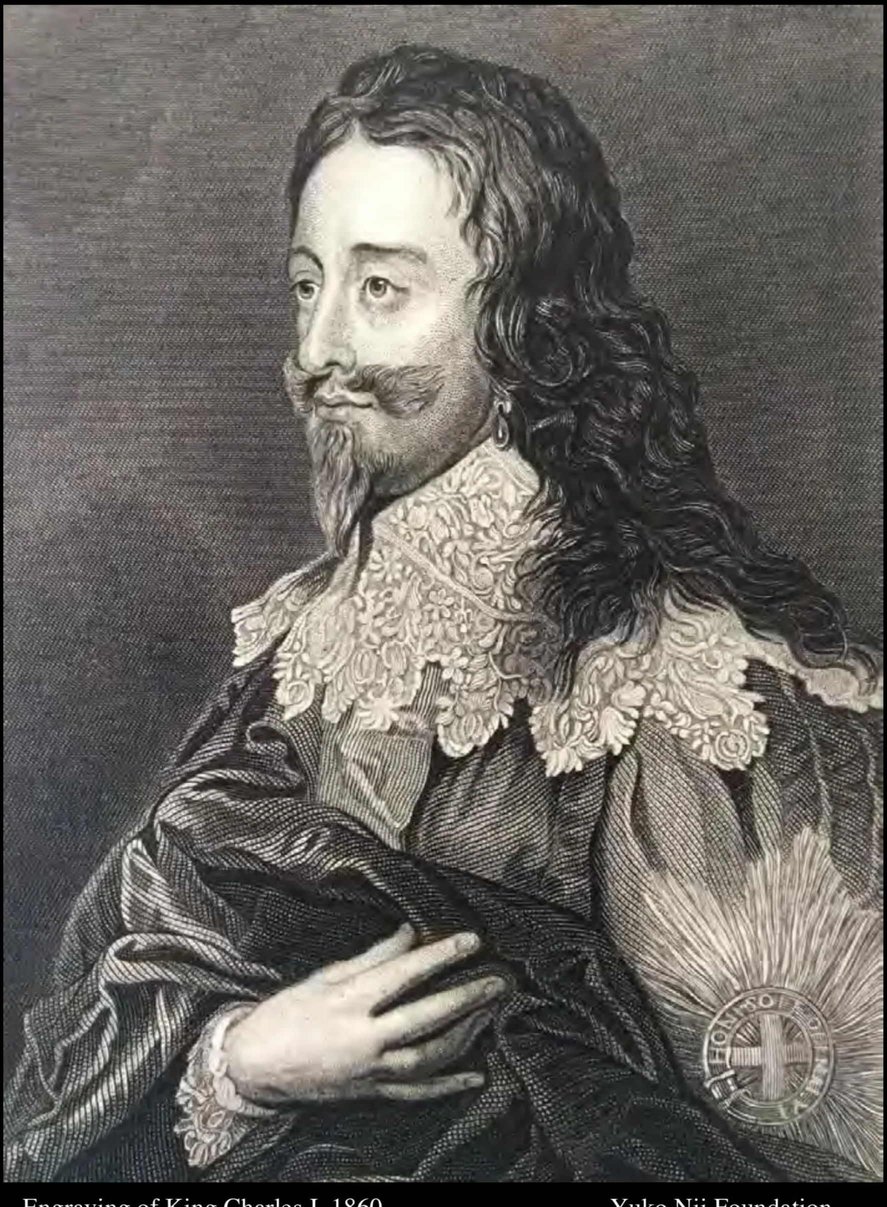
THE MADONNA OF MONSTERS by Terrance Lindall. 2016
13 x 19 signed limited edition Giclee print $1,000



17th c. French Tapestry border 116 inches

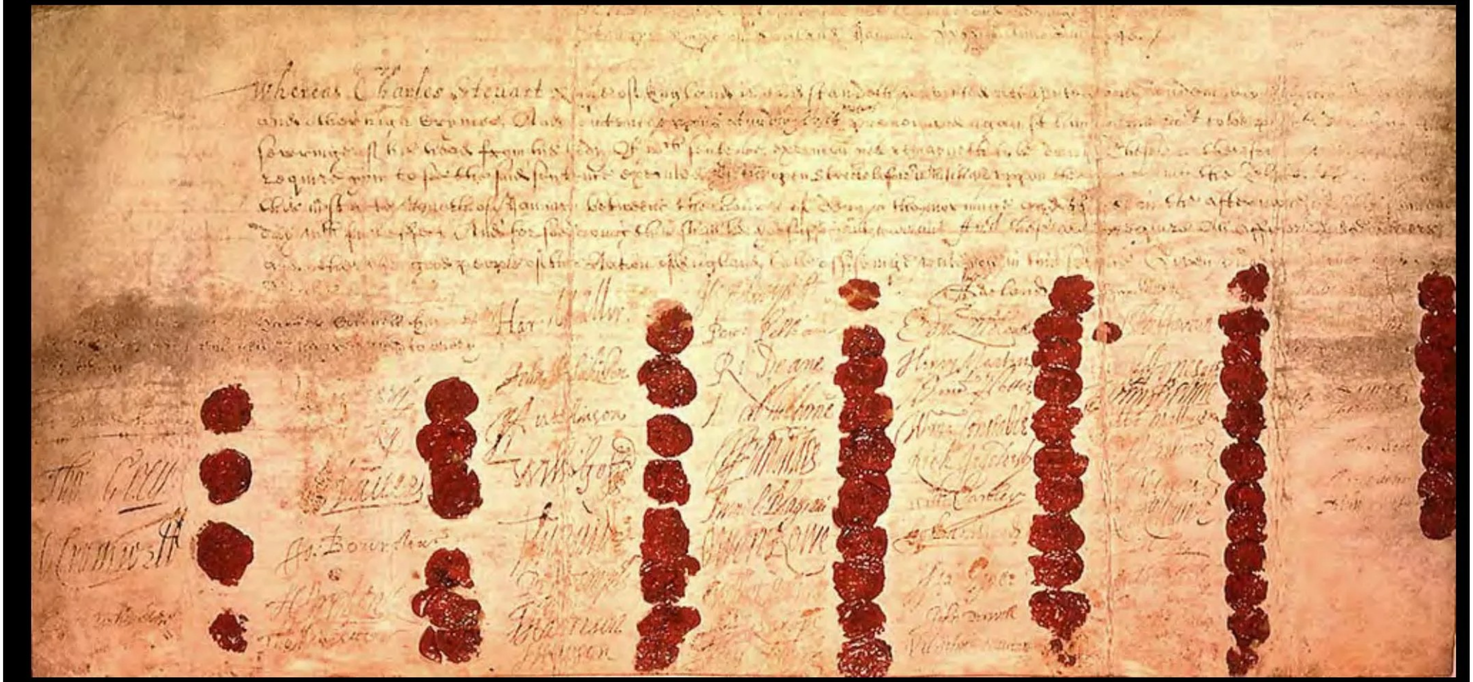
The Death Warrant Of King Charles I

And a Legal Agreement related to Cromwell



Engraving of King Charles I, 1860 Yuko Nii Foundation

In the Collection of the Yuko Nii Foundation



Above: The original death warrant of King Charles I and the wax seals of the 59 commissioners, 1649
Location: British Parliament

The above is a copy of the Warrant sent o the Sheriff (by the Lords) for the execution of King Charles.

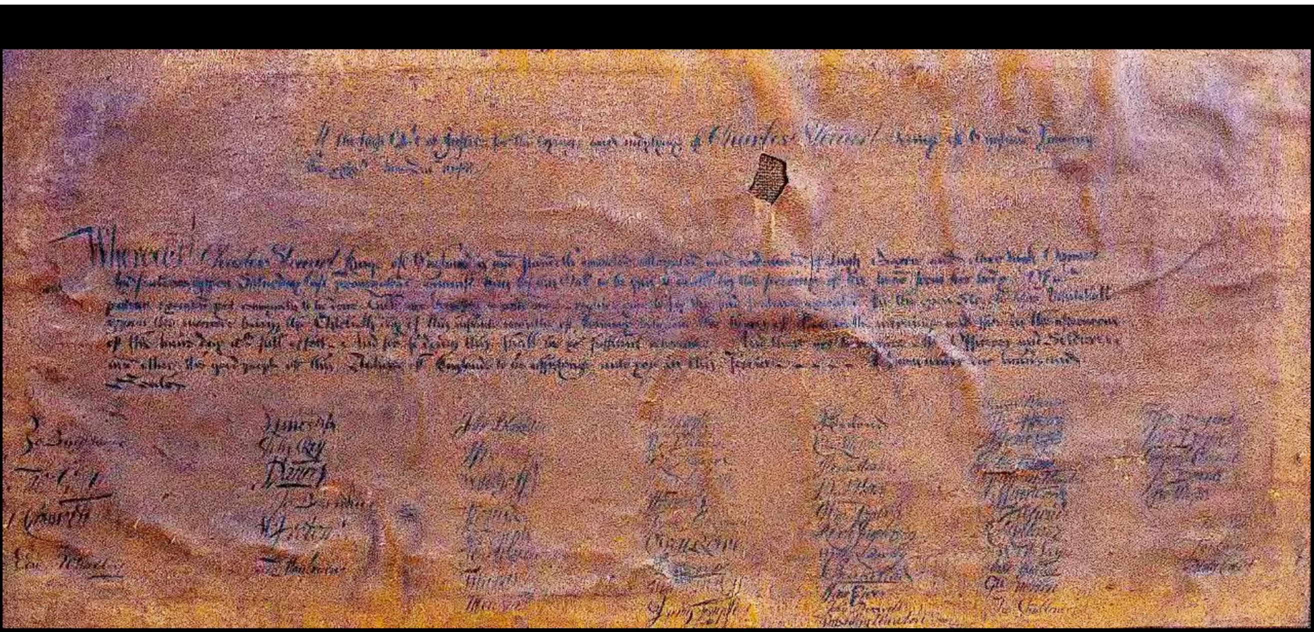
Magna Carta Libertatum (Medieval Latin for "the Great Charter of the Liberties"), commonly called Magna Carta is a charter darfted by the Archbishop of canterbury and agreed to by King John of England at Runnymede, near Windsor, on 15 June 1215. It declared the protection of church rights, protection for the barons from illegal imprisonment, access to swift justice, and limitations on feudal payments to the Crown to be implemented through a council of 25 barons. The charter was annulled by Pope Innocent III, leading to the First Barons' War.

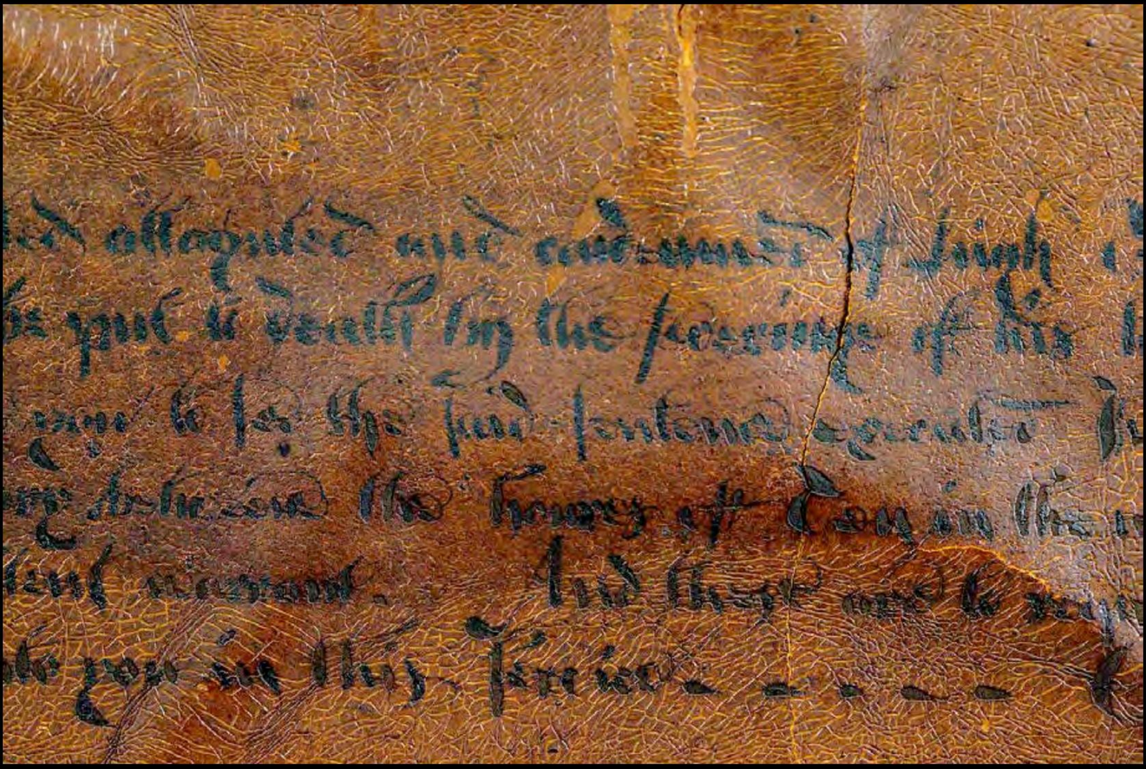
At the end of the war in 1217, it formed part of the peace treaty agreed at Lambeth, where the document acquired the name Magna Carta.

At the end of the 16th century there was renewed interest in Magna Carta. Some at the time believed that this was derived from an ancient English constitution, going back to the days of the Anglo-Saxons, that protected individual English freedoms.

Jurist Sir Edward Coke used Magna Carta, arguing against the divine right of kings propounded by the Stuart monarchs.

Both James I and his son Charles I attempted to suppress the discussion of Magna Carta. The issue was settled by by the English Civil War of the 1640s and the execution of Charles.



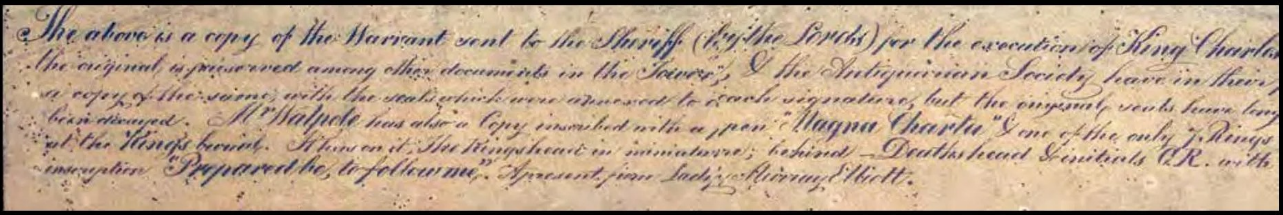


Above: Hand rendered copy of the death warrant of King Charles I, executed around 1756. Iron gall ink was in wide use from the 9th century until the 19th century, and there are innumerable objects that display the signs of "strikethrough" deterioration like this when the ink appears to sink through the paper and become increasingly visible on the reverse side.

Among items in the Yuko Nii Foundation's Milton collection is a fascinating historical document, a copy, without seals, of the death warrant of King Charles I. This may be a copy that hung at Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill estate.

Walpole was a Member of Parliament from 1754 until 1757. At his home he hung a copy of the warrant for the execution of Charles I over his bed with the inscription "Major Charta" and wrote of "the least bad of all murders, that of a King". In 1756 he wrote:

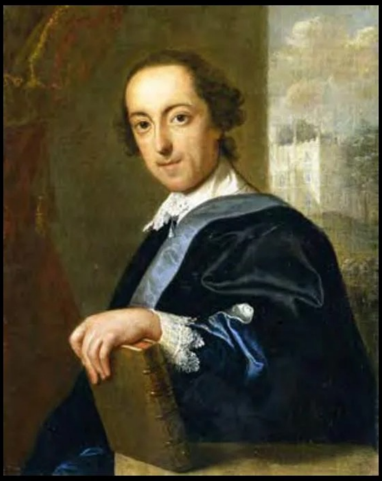
> “I am sensible that from the prostitution of patriotism, from the art of ministers who have had the address to exalt the semblance while they depressed the reality of royalty, and from the bent of the education of the young nobility, which verges to French maxims and to a military spirit, nay, from the ascendant which the nobility itself acquires each day in this country, from all these reflections, I am sensible, that prerogative and power have been exceedingly fortified of late within the circle of the palace; and though fluctuating ministers by turns exercise the deposit, yet there it is; and whenever a prince of design and spirit shall sit in the regal chair, he will find a bank, a hoard of power, which he may lay off most fatally against this constitution. [I am] a quiet republican, who does not dislike to see the shadow of monarchy, like Banquo's ghost, fill the empty chair of state, that the ambitious, the murderer, the tyrant, may not aspire to it; in short, who approves the name of a King, when it excludes the essence.”



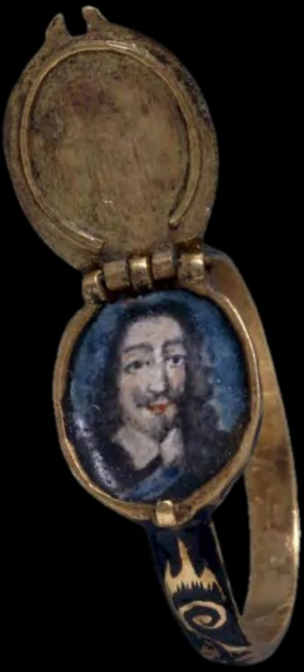
The above is a copy of the Warrant sent to the Sheriff (by the Lords) for the execution of King Charle
the original is preserved among other documents in the Tower; & the Antiquarian Society have in their
a copy of the same, with the seals which were annexed to each signature, but the original seals have long
been decayed. Mr Walpole has also a Copy inscribed with a pen "Magna Charta" & one of the only 7 Rings
at the Kings burial. It has on it, The Kings head in miniature; behind – Deaths head & initials C.R. with
inscription "Prepared be, to follow me". A present from Lady Murray Elliott.

Above is a handwritten description that accompanies the Yuko Nii Foundation death warrant. It reads:

"The above is a copy of the Warrant sent o the Sheriff (by the Lords) for the execution of King Charles…the original is preserved among other documents in the Tower; & the Antiquarian Society have in theirs a copy of the same with the seals which were annexed to each signature, but the original seals have long been decayed. Mr. Walpole has also a copy inscribed with a pen "Magna Charta" and one of the only Rings at the King's burial. It has on it The Kings head in a miniature, behind Deaths head initials C.R. with inscription "Prepared be, to follow me". A present from Lady Murray Elliott."



Horace Walpole

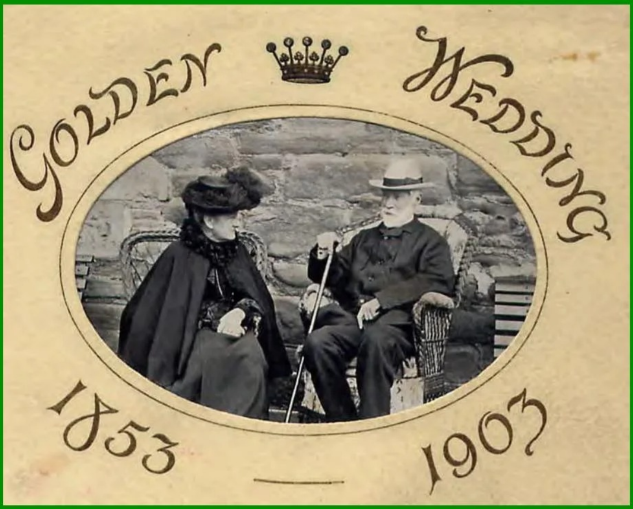


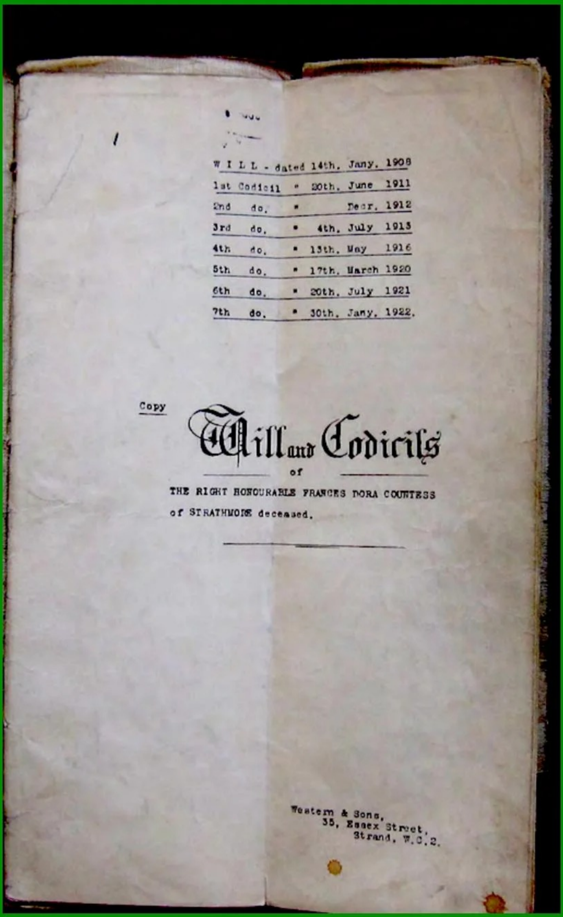
It is possible that Walpole had two copies and the descriptive indicates that he himself has another and that would be now the Yuko Nii Foundation copy. The descriptive says "Mr. Walpole has also a copy inscribed with a pen 'Magna Charta...and the Antiquarian Society has in theirs a copy of the same...' The original is apparently not now in the Tower, but in the British Parliament. It is not certain when it was moved. The Yuko Nii Foundation has written to Parliament for more information.

The words "Mr. Walpole also has a copy" in the descriptive of the Yuko Nii Foundation (YNF) copy appears to indicate that this copy might have been made while Walpole was alive (died 1797) perhaps in 1756, the time Walpole had acquired the one he hung above his bed. ***Or it may indicate that the YNF copy is a copy made at the same time that the original with seals was made and that additional copies were made as "solicitor's copies" a common practice with legal documents, which would make it 17th century.*** One assumes that this copy in the YNF collection was made in the presence of the actual death warrant that is herein described as "...preserved among other documents in the Tower..." unless it is a copy from a copy, still produced in the 18th century.

A remarkable piece of 17th or 18th C. ephemera for one of the most important periods of English history during which John Milton played a significant role as Cromwell's secretary and advocate of the execution of King Charles. The Yuko Nii Foundation also owns a copy of Defensio pro Populo Anglicano, a Latin polemic by John Milton, published in 1651 that defends the right to execute an unjust monarch.

SOLICITOR’S COPIES



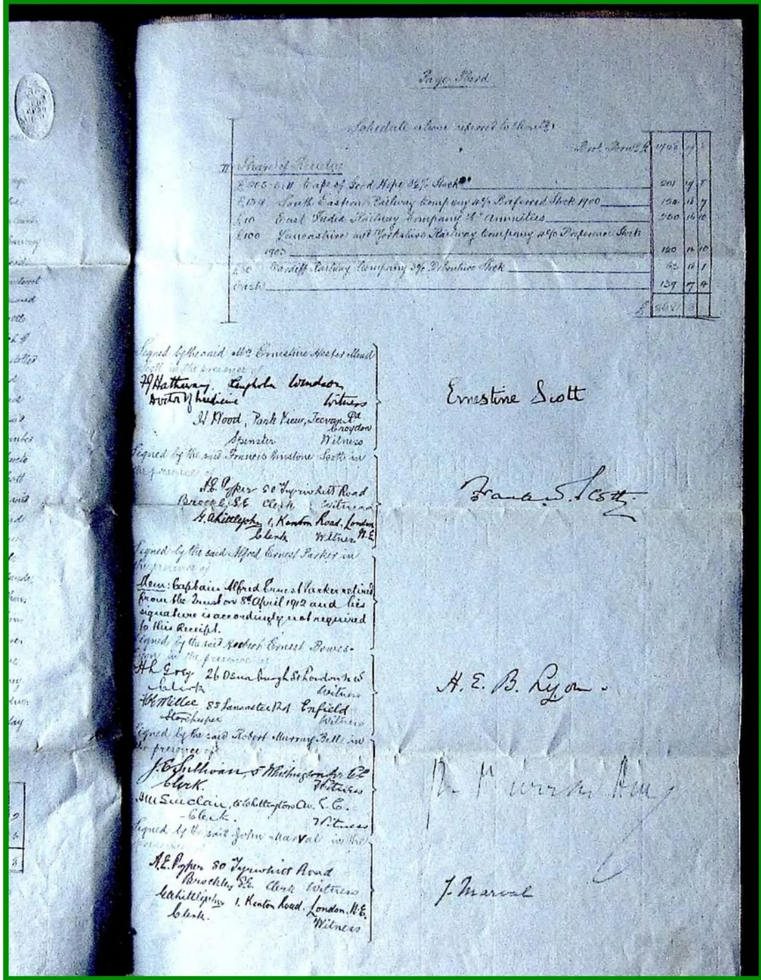


W I L L - dated 14th. Jany. 1908
1st Codicil " 20th. June 1911
2nd do. " Decr. 1912
3rd do. " 4th. July 1913
4th do. " 13th. May 1916
5th do. " 17th. March 1920
6th do. " 20th. July 1921
7th do. " 30th. Jany. 1922.

Copy

Will and Codicils
of
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FRANCES DORA COUNTESS of STRATHMORE deceased.

Western & Sons,
35, Essex Street,
Strand, W.C.2.



Page Third

Schedule above referred to [illegible]

II	Share of [illegible]			
£[illegible]	Cape of Good Hope 3½% Stock	201	9	5
£154	South Eastern Railway Company 4% Preferred Stock 1900	150	16	7
£10	East Indian Railway Company 'B' Annuities	250	14	10
£100	Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company 4% Preference Stock 1903	120	15	10
£50	Cardiff Railway Company 3% Debenture Stock	63	18	1
	Cash	137	7	4
		£ [illegible]	[illegible]	

Signed by the said Mrs Ernestine Hester Maud Scott in the presence of
H J Hathaway, Leighton [illegible] Windsor, Doctor of Medicine, Witness
H Wood, Park View, Tecvan Rd Croydon, Spinster, Witness

Ernestine Scott

Signed by the said Francis Winstone Scott in the presence of
A.E. Pepper 80 Tyrwhitt Road Brockley S.E. Clerk Witness
G. Whittlejohn 1, Kenton Road, London N.E. Clerk Witness

Francis S. Scott

Signed by the said Alfred Ernest Parker in the presence of

Mem: Captain Alfred Ernest Parker retired from the Trust on 8th April 1912 and his signature is accordingly not required to this Receipt.

Signed by the said Herbert Ernest Bowes-Lyon in the presence of
H L Grey 26 Queensburgh St London W.C. Clerk Witness
H K Miller 83 Lancaster Rd Enfield Storekeeper Witness

H. E. B. Lyon.

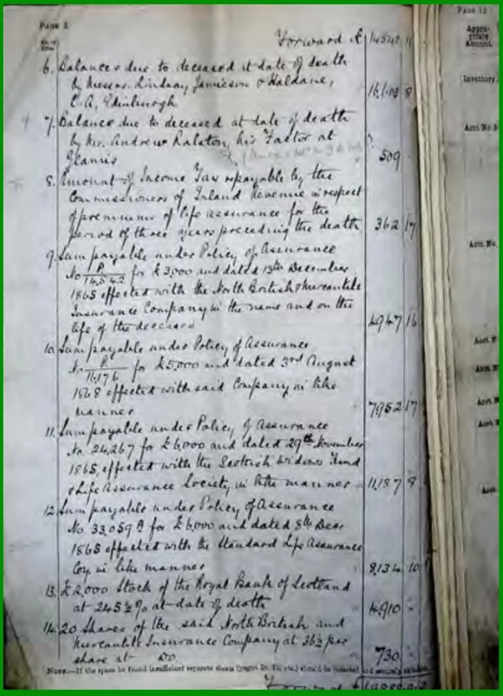
Signed by the said Robert Murray Bell in the presence of
J. E. Sullivan, 5 Whittington Av. E.C. Clerk Witness
W M Sinclair, 6 Whittington Av. E.C. Clerk Witness

Signed by the said John Marval in the presence of
A.E. Pepper 80 Tyrwhitt Road Brockley S.E. Clerk Witness
G. Whittlejohn 1. Kenton Road. London N.E. Clerk Witness

J. Marval

Last will and Testament of Lady Strathmore, grandmother of Queen Elizabeth II, with complete inventory of Glamis Castle

Collection of the Yuko Nii Foundation



Page 8

No.		£	
	Forward £	14540	11
6.	Balances due to deceased at date of death by Messrs. Lindsay, Jamieson & Haldane, C.A. Edinburgh	16,108	8
7.	Balance due to deceased at date of death by Mr. Andrew Ralston, his Factor at Glamis	509	-
8.	Amount of Income Tax repayable by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue in respect of premiums of life assurance for the period of three years preceding the death	362	17
9.	Sum payable under Policy of Assurance No. R/14542 for £3,000 and dated 13th December 1865 effected with the North British & Mercantile Insurance Company in the name and on the life of the deceased	4947	16
10.	Sum payable under Policy of Assurance No. R/16176 for £5,000 and dated 3rd August 1868 effected with said Company in like manner	7952	17
11.	Sum payable under Policy of Assurance No. 24,267 for £6,000 and dated 29th November 1865, effected with the Scottish Widows Fund & Life Assurance Society in like manner	11,187	9
12.	Sum payable under Policy of Assurance No. 33,059 B for £6,000 and dated 8th Decr 1865 effected with the Standard Life Assurance Coy in like manner	8134	10
13.	£2,000 Stock of the Royal Bank of Scotland at 245½% at date of death	4910	-
14.	20 Shares of the said North British and Mercantile Insurance Company at 36½ per share at Do	730	-

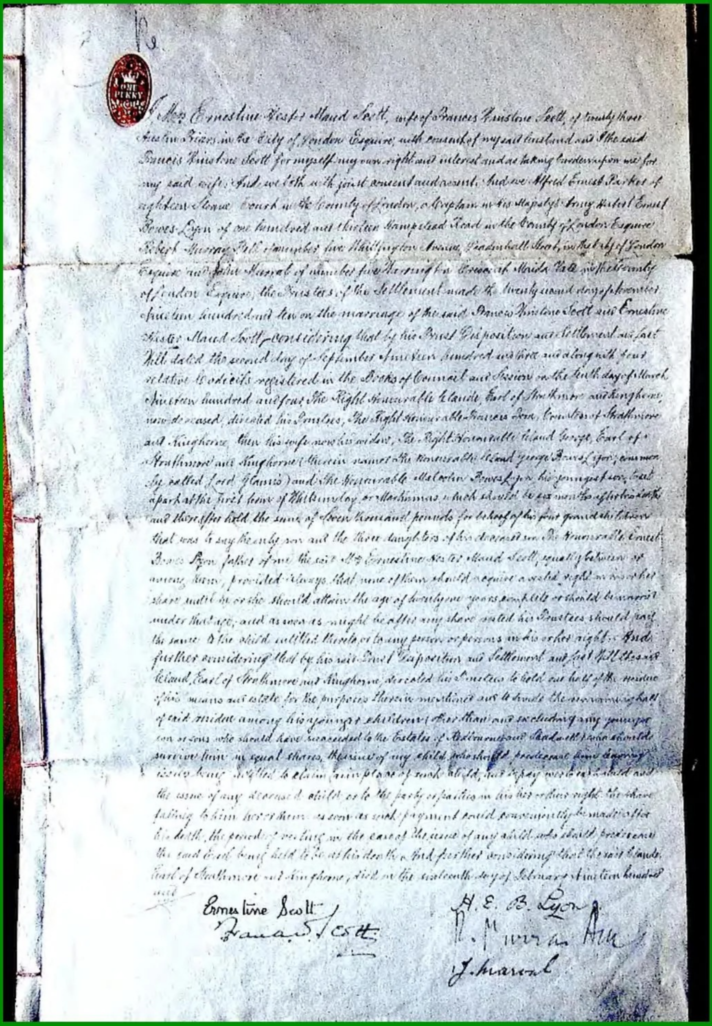
Note.—If the space be found insufficient separate sheets (pages 2a, 2b, etc.) should be inserted and securely

Page 10

Appropriate Amount.

Inventory

Acct. No.



I Mrs Ernestine Hester Maud Scott, wife of Francis Winstone Scott, of twenty three Austin Friars in the City of London Esquire, with consent of my said husband and I the said Francis Winstone Scott for myself my own right and interest and as taking burden upon me for my said wife: And we both with joint consent and assent. And we Alfred Ernest Parker of eighteen Stone Court in the County of London, a Chaplain in His Majesty's Army, Hubert Ernest Bowes-Lyon of one hundred and thirteen Hampstead Road in the County of London Esquire Robert Murray Hill of number five Whittington Avenue, Leadenhall Street, in the City of London Esquire and John Marral of number five Warrington Crescent Maida Vale in the County of London Esquire, the Trustees of the Settlement made the twenty second day of November nineteen hundred and ten on the marriage of the said Francis Winstone Scott and Ernestine Hester Maud Scott — Considering that by his Trust Disposition and Settlement and last Will dated the second day of September nineteen hundred and three and along with four relative Codicils registered in the Books of Council and Session on the tenth day of March Nineteen hundred and four, The Right Honourable Claude, Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne, now deceased, directed his Trustees, The Right Honourable Frances Dora, Countess of Strathmore and Kinghorne, then his wife now his widow, The Right Honourable Claude George, Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne (therein named The Honourable Claude George Bowes Lyon, commonly called Lord Glamis) and The Honourable Malcolm Bowes Lyon his youngest son, to set apart at the first term of Whitsunday or Martinmas which should be six months after his death and thereafter hold the sum of Seven thousand pounds for behoof of his four grandchildren that was to say the only son and the three daughters of his deceased son The Honourable Ernest Bowes Lyon father of me the said Mrs Ernestine Hester Maud Scott, equally between or among them, provided always that none of them should acquire a vested right in his or her share until he or she should attain the age of twenty one years complete or should be married under that age, and as soon as might be after any share vested his Trustees should pay the same to the child entitled thereto or to any person or persons in his or her right: And further considering that by his said Trust Disposition and Settlement and last Will the said Claude, Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne, directed his Trustees to hold one half of the residue of his means and estate for the purposes therein mentioned and to divide the remaining half of said residue among his younger children (other than and excluding any younger son or sons who should have succeeded to the Estates of Strathmore and Streatlam) who should survive him in equal shares, the issue of any child who should predecease him leaving issue being entitled to claim in place of such child, and to pay over to each child and the issue of any deceased child or to the party or parties in his her or their right the share falling to him her or them as soon as such payment could conveniently be made after his death, the period of vesting in the case of the issue of any child who should predecease the said Earl being held to be at his death: And further considering that the said Claude, Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne, died on the sixteenth day of February nineteen hundred and

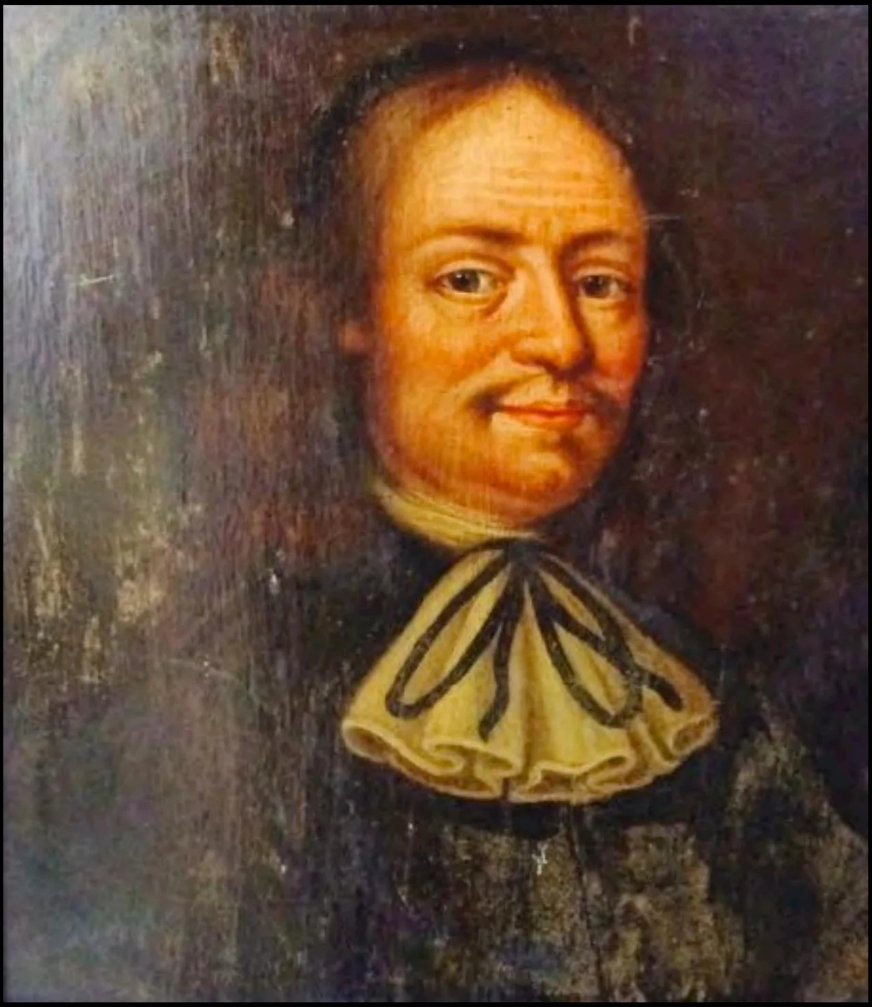
Ernestine Scott
Francis W. Scott

H. E. B. Lyon
R. Murray Hill
J. Marral

This is an example of solictor's copies with many original signatures.

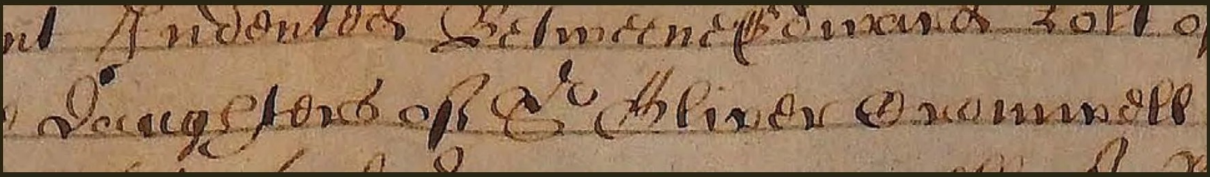
The Yuko Nii Foundation made inquiries about from Glamis Castle, the family seat of the British monarchy. They say that these Strathmore documents are solicitor's copies. Here is her email:

> Dear Terrance,
>
> Thank you for your e-mail. You may be interested in the enclosed extract from The Rev. John Stirton's book 'Glamis A Parish History' (Forfar, W. Shepherd, 1913) on the 13th Earl and Countess of Strathmore, as well as the enclosed photograph of the couple on the occasion of their Golden Wedding in 1903. We also hold the diaries of Claude, 13th Earl, for 1844 and 1861 to 1904 at Glamis. The peerage web site is helpful if you are trying to piece together the Bowes Lyon family history; for Claude, 13th Earl, see http://www.thepeerage.com/p10083.htm#i100829
>
> Thank you again for passing on the scanned copies. It is amazing what can get buried in lawyers' offices; their records can be a veritable treasure trove. I have listed a few lawyers' collections over the years and they tend to cover a diverse (and sometimes surprising!) subject area. Please do not hesitate to contact me if you have any other queries and you are most welcome to visit Glamis in the future.
>
> With best wishes,
>
> Ingrid Thompson, Glamis Archivist



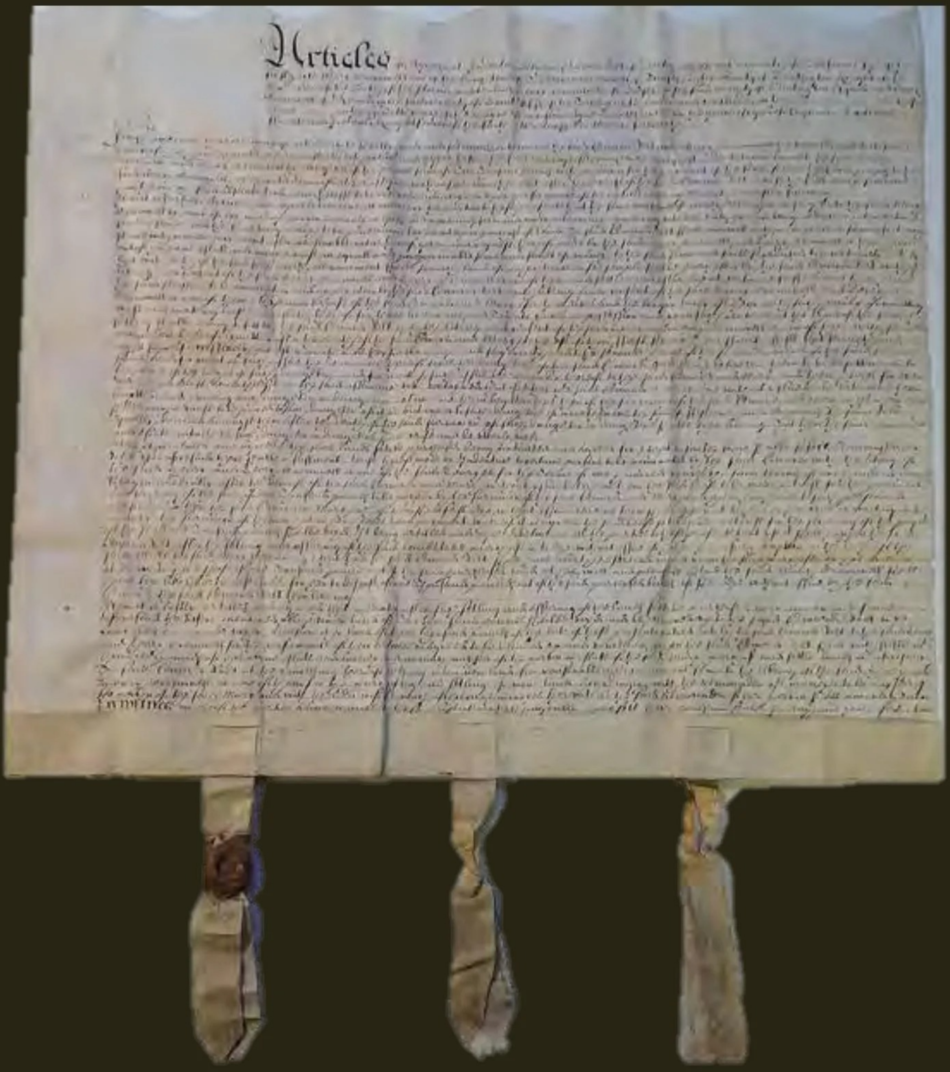
Oliver Cromwell, Portrait on Panel
Collection of the Yuko Nii Foundation

Cromwell, General and Lord Protector of England



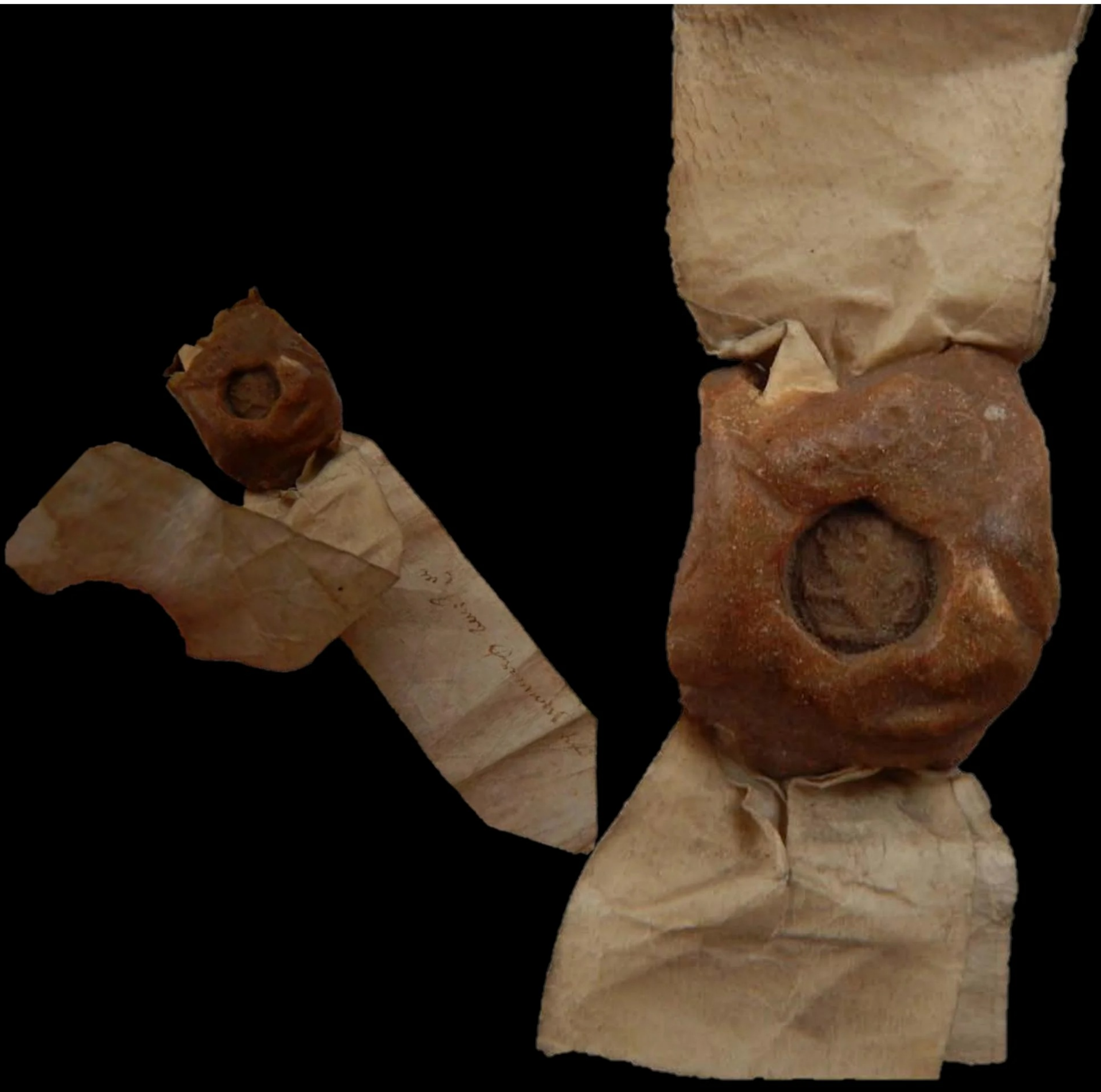
nt Indenture Betweene Edward Rolt of

Daughter of Sr Oliver Cromwell



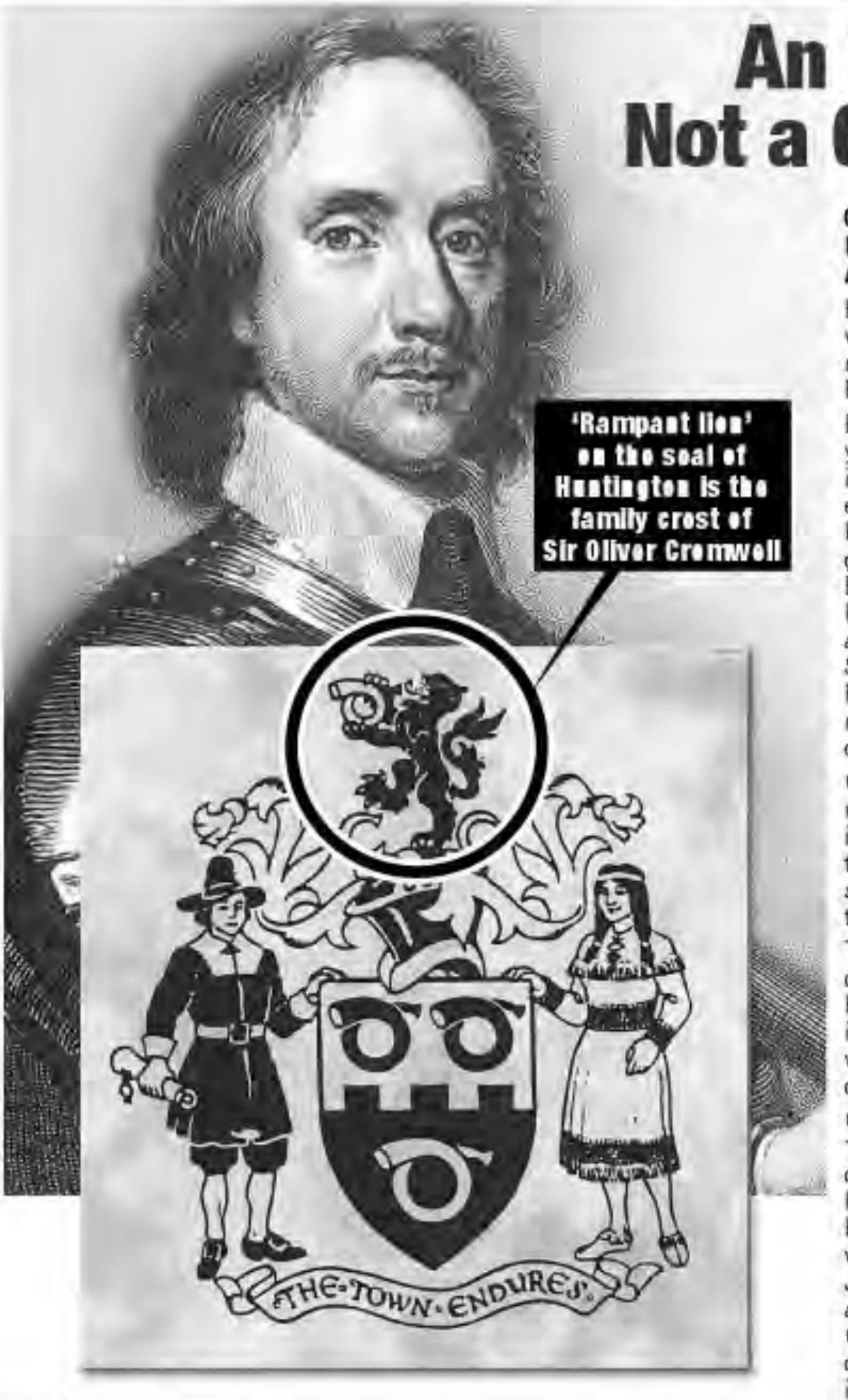
June 4, 1628 -- a marriage agreement between his daughter Mary Cromwell and Edward Rolt of Pertenhall in Bedfordshire. **Signed** by all three across the sheaths that house the hanging ribbons and seals. Note: Sir Oliver's privy seal still remains attached to its mounting with the embossed lion (walking and facing left) visible to the naked eye.

Collection Yuko Nii Foundation



The seal of Oliver Cromwell Hanging from the marriage indenture for his daughter Mary

An Officer, Not a Gentleman


'Rampant lion' on the seal of Huntington is the family crest of Sir Oliver Cromwell

Sources: britannia.com, irelandseye.com

Oliver Cromwell was born in Huntingdon, England, on April 25, 1599.

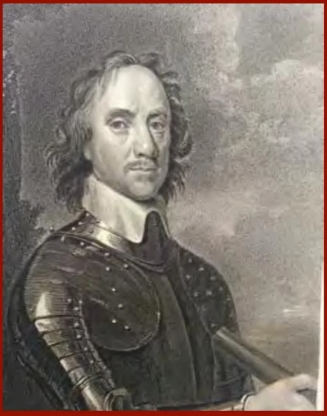
He was a fanatical Protestant who went to London to represent his family in Parliament.

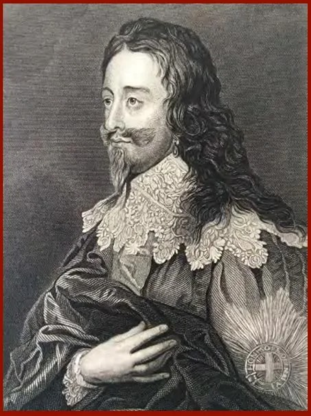
He began serving in 1640, two years before civil war broke out in England. When the fighting ended in 1646, Cromwell – who by then was lord lieutenant and general for the parliament of England – and his army of battle-hardened Ironsides turned their attention to crushing rebellions in Scotland and Ireland, where Roman Catholics had been in revolt since 1641 and held much of the island.

Cromwell's army slaughtered more than 40 percent of the indigenous Irishmen, who clung to their Catholicism and loyalist sentiments, and forcibly resettled the rest.

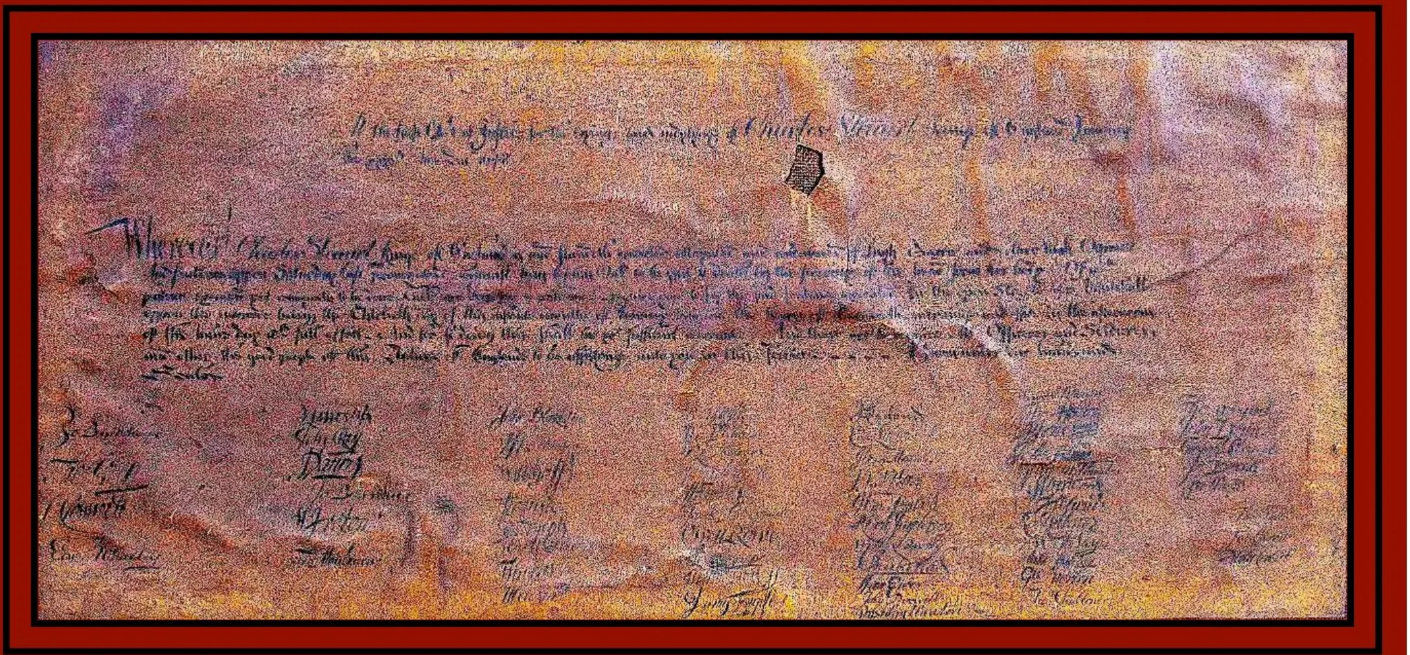
Though he had been in Ireland only nine months, Cromwell's brutality left an indelible impression on the native Irish which resulted in this oath: "The curse of Cromwell on you."

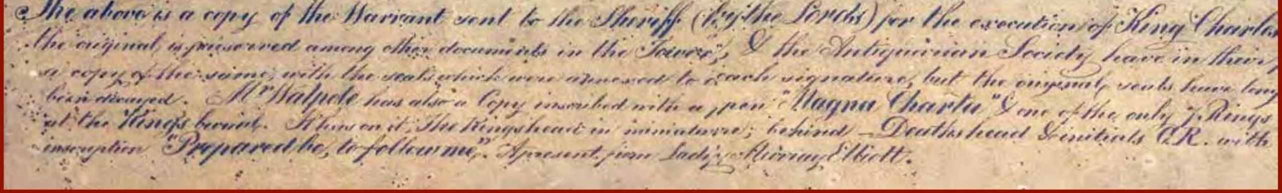
Cromwell died in September 1658, and there has been considerable controversy about his final resting place. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, but was exhumed and beheaded in January 1661. His head is in the antechapel at Cambridge College, Sidney Sussex. His other remains are believed to be in an unmarked grave in Tyburn.



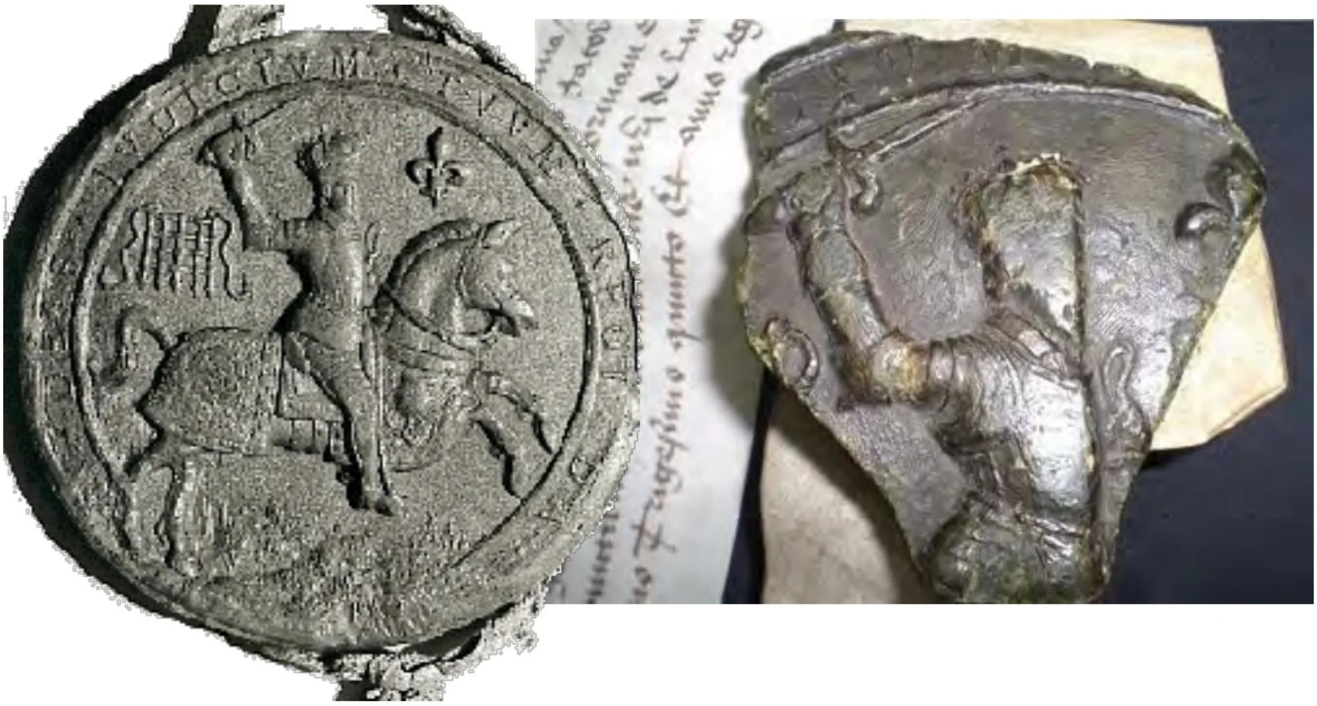


Death Warrant of King Charles I





The above is a copy of the Warrant sent to the Sheriff (by the Lords) for the execution of King Charl
the original, is preserved among other documents in the Tower, & the Antiquarian Society have in their
a copy of the same, with the seals which were annexed to each signature, but the original seals have lon
been changed. Mr Walpole has also a Copy inscribed with a pen "Magna Charta" & one of the only 7 Rings
at the Kings burial. It has on it, The Kingshead in miniature; behind Deathshead & initials C.R. with
inscription "Prepared be, to follow me". A present from Lady Murray Elliott.



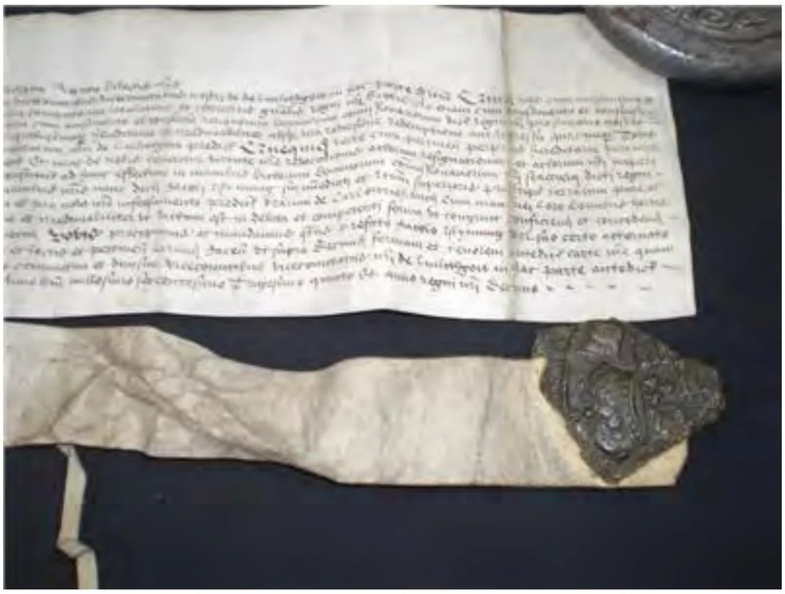
Left: Obverse of the Seal of Charles I as King of Scotland,

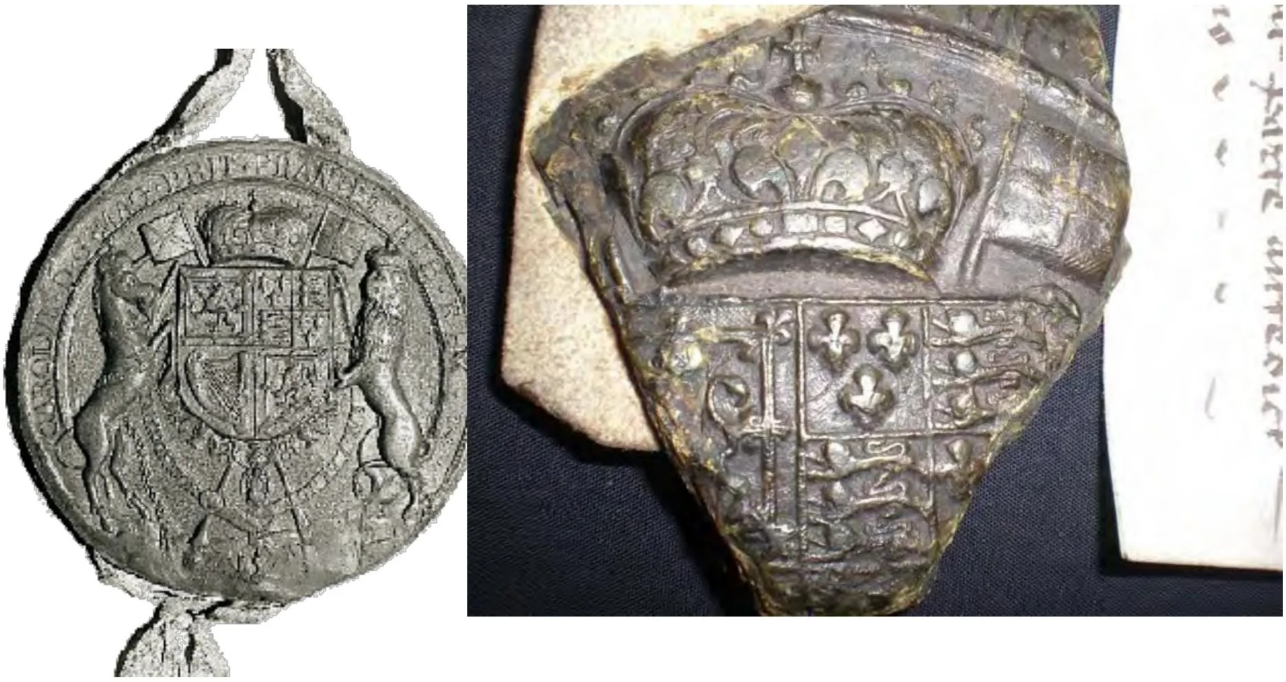
On the obverse of the Seal, King Charles I, crowned and armoured, is holding the reins of his horse and brandishing a sword with his right hand. In the lower part of the seal, a city (Edinburgh?) can be seen. Two royal badges, the thistle of Scotland and a Tudor rose, are depicted on the bardings of the galloping horse. Above the animal, we find a large fleur de lys -- a reminder of the claim of the English kings to the throne of France since Edward III -- and a portcullis. On the edge of the seal, within two circles, appears the motto taken from the Psalm 77:8 *Deus Judicium Tuum Regi Da* (Give to the King, O God, Thy Faculty of Judgement).

Right: Obverse of the Seal of Charles I as King of Scotland, a fragment,
attached a document in the collection of the Yuko Nii Foundation
Date: 1635

Location: The Carlowrie estate near Edinburgh, part of which is now Edinburgh Airport in Scotland Persons Involved: William Countie and Joanne Countie. Contents: Deed dealing with property on the Carlowrie estate with the involvement of Parliament with details of the terms and conditions

Material: Vellum Language: Latin. Size: A single leaf 25 inches by 7 inches. Other: There is ornate calligraphy at the introduction. Handwritten in beautiful legible Latin script throughout, at the end is about

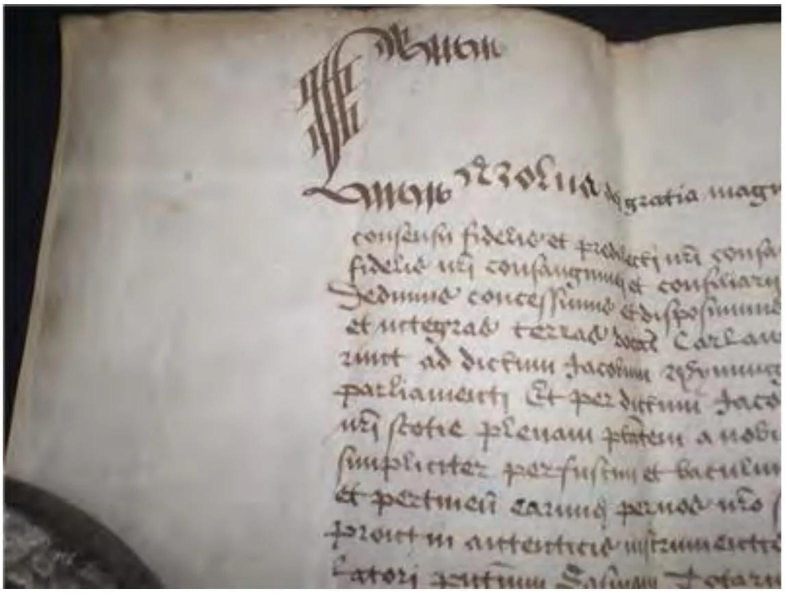




Reverse of the Seal of Charles I as King of Scotland

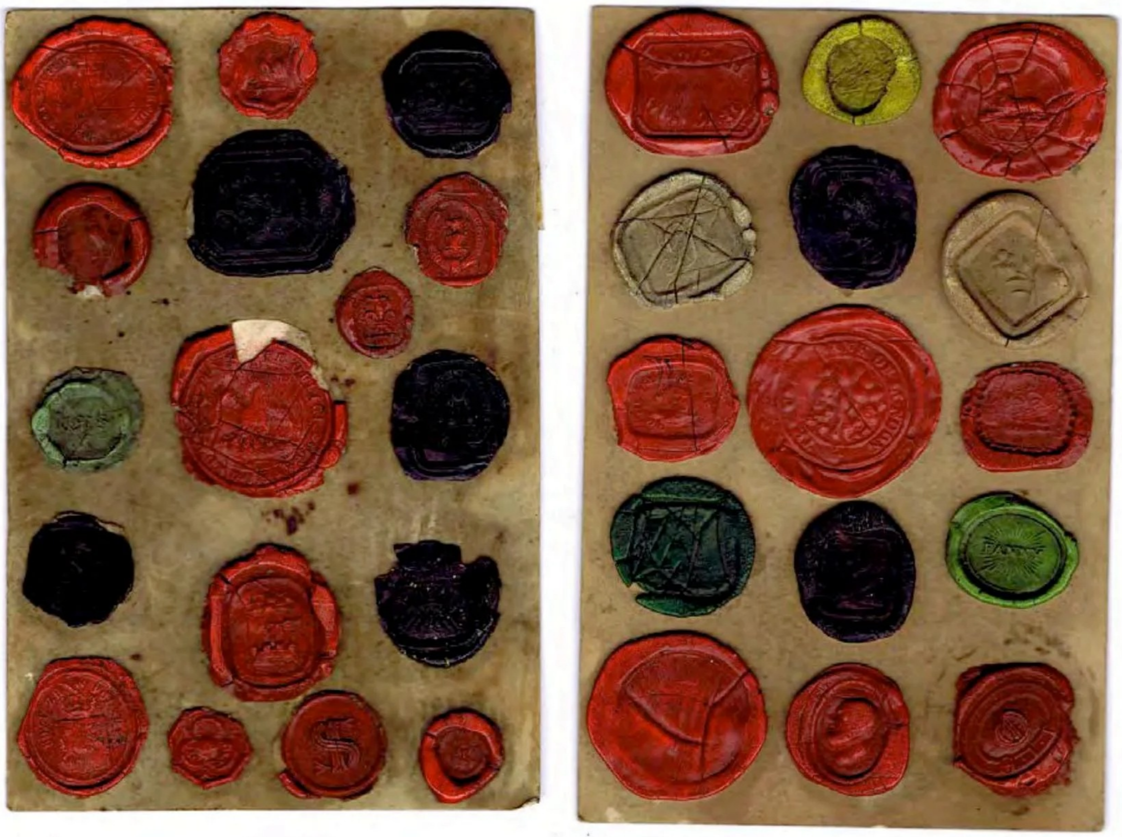
On the reverse of the seal is to be found a superb impression of the Royal Arms of Scotland: Grand-quarterly, 1 and 4, Or a lion rampant within a double tressure flory counterflory Gules (Scotland); 2, Quarterly, I and IV, Azure three fleurs de lys Or (France Modern), II and III, Gules three lions passant guardant in pale Or (England); 3, Azure a harp Or stringed Argent (Ireland). The shield is ensigned by the Royal Crown and encircled with a collar of thistles, St.Andrew's badge, and the Garter. Supporters: Dexter, a unicorn Argent, armed crined and unguled or, royally crowned proper gorged with a coronet composed of crosses paty and fleur de lys Gold, a chain affixed thereto of the last passing between the forelegs and reflexed over the back supporting a lance proper from which flies to the dexter a banner Azure, charged with a saltire Argent (Scotland); Sinister, a lion rampant guardant Or, royally crowned proper supporting a like lance from which flies to the sinister a banner Argent, charged with a cross of Gules (England). On the edge of the seal are the royal titles CAROLUS. D. G. MAG. BRIT. FRAN. ET HIB. REX.

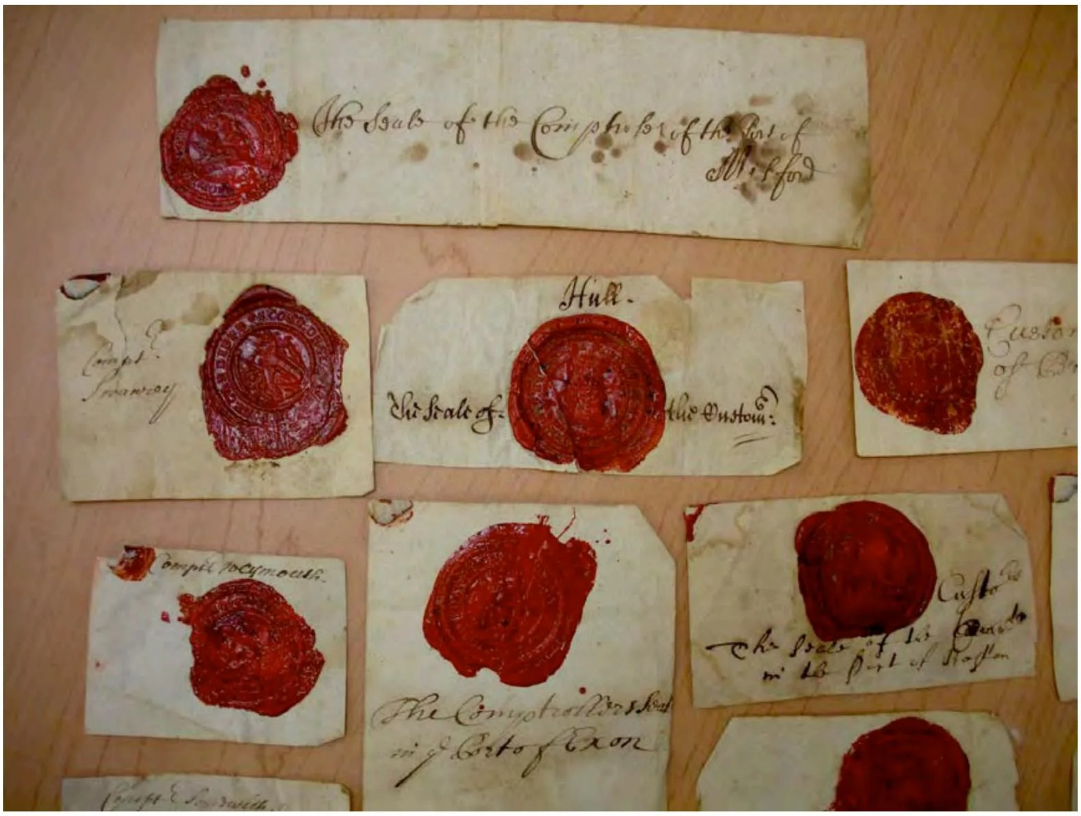
This Royal Seal of King Charles I, even a fragment, is a true heraldic treasure and probably unique outside the British Isles.

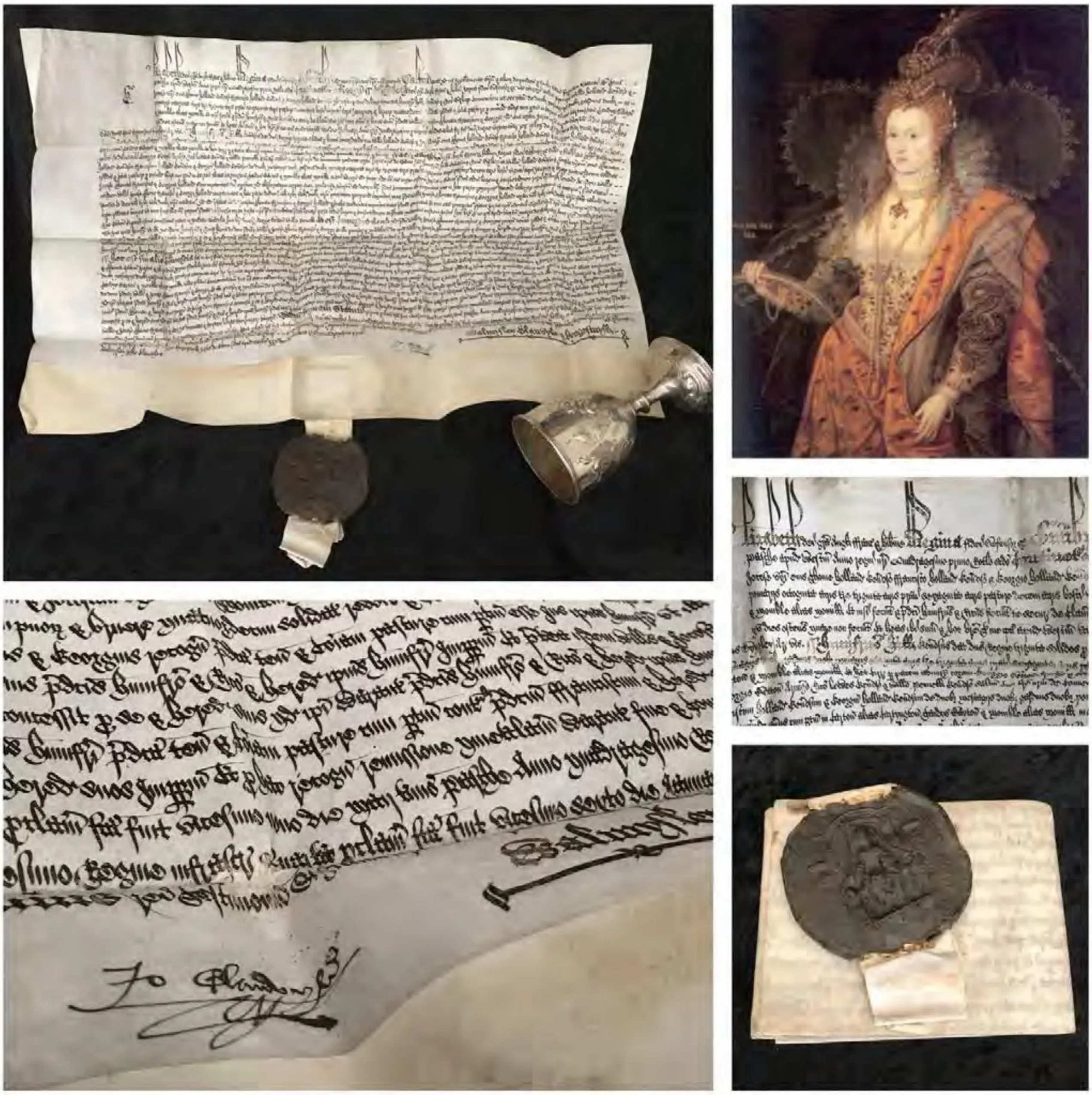


[illegible]
[illegible] gratia magn
consensu fidelis et predilecti nri consa
fidelis nri consanguinei et consiliari
Dedimus concessimus et disposuimus
et integras terras [illegible] Carlau
[illegible] ad dictum Jacobum [illegible]
parliamenti Et per dictum Jaco
nri Scotie plenam potestatem a nobi
simpliciter perfusum et baculum
et pertinen earundem per nos nos
prout in autenticis instrumentis
latori [illegible] Salvum [illegible]

Various English Wax seals with Heraldic Devices
Bottom Rows are from Era of Kings Charles II, Comptrollers and Customs Various
Over 400 in the collection of the Yuko Nii Foundation




The Seale of the Comptroller of the Port of Milford
Compt. Swansey
Hull.
The Seale of the Custom
Custo
of B
Compt. Plymouth
The Comptrollers Seal in ye Porte of Exon
Custos
The Seale of the Customs in the Port of Boston
Compt. Sandwich



ROYAL DOCUMENT BEARING THE SEAL OF QUEEN ELIZABETH I

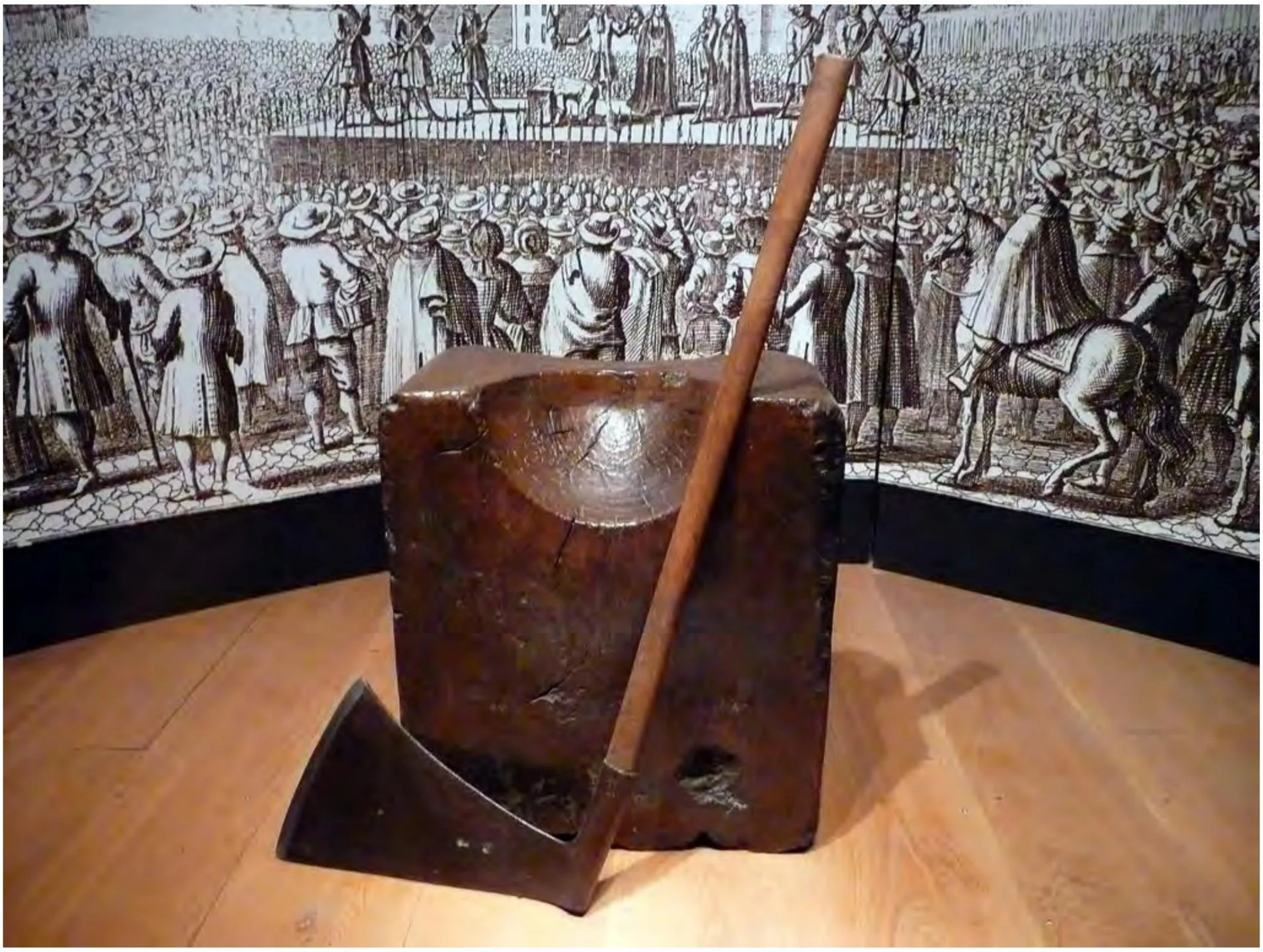
April 25th, 1599 Manuscript on Fine Vellum

ROYAL DOCUMENT BEARING THE SEAL OF QUEEN ELIZABETH I

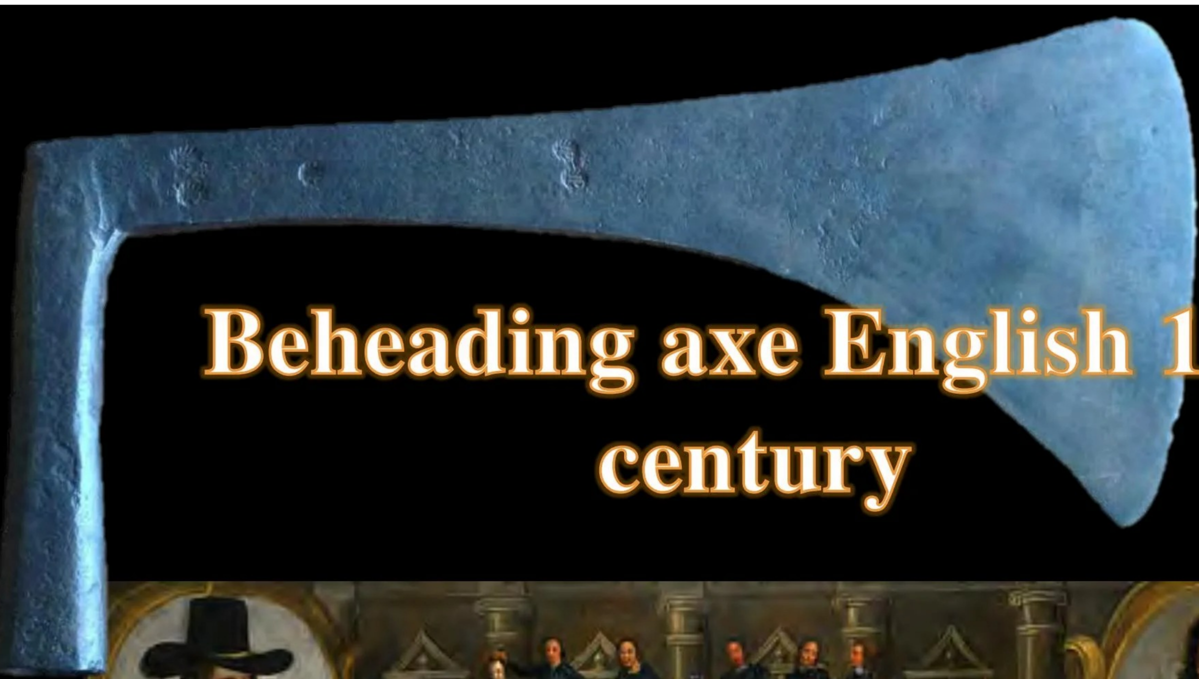
April 25th, 1599 Manuscript on Fine Vellum

Elizabeth I (*Queen of England and Ireland;1533-1603*). Chancery grant to members of the Holland family, Humphrey Hills etc., relating to a messuage (dwelling house with outbuildings) at Darton alias Dartington, Ds. Jo Blandyle", Manuscript in Latin, in beautiful ***Chancery*** hand, on vellum, Privy Sea,l wax seal appended, seal intact with edges/impressions blunted, some surface wear slightly affecting text, folds, 500 x 720 mm. (App 19.6 x 28.25 in), 25th April 1599. This intriguing document is a relic of Elizabethan England. As such it is contemporary with William Shakespeare, the Geneva Bible and the English Reformation. ***Notably, Oliver Cromwell was born on April 25, 1599!***

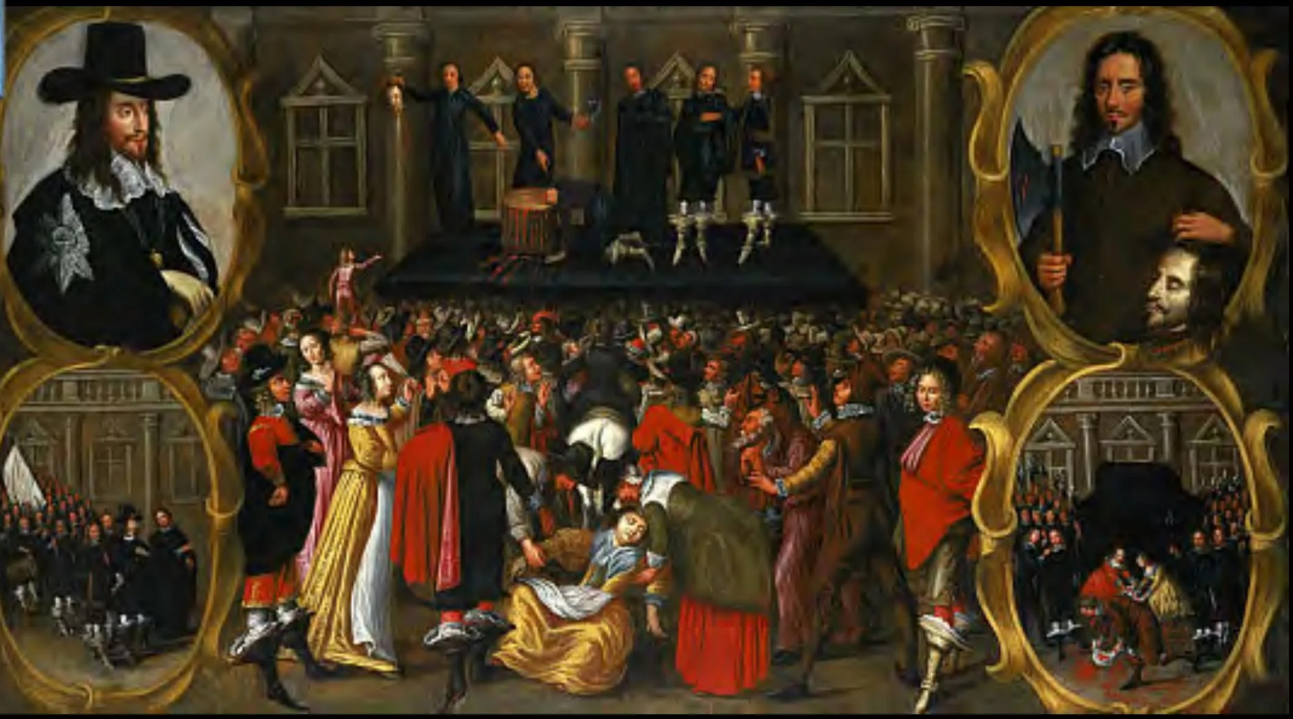
Elizabeth I used this great seal during the second half of her reign - from 1586 to 1603. It is an impression from seal matrix made of bronze and was engraved by ***Nicholas Hilliard***, who was famous for his small paintings or miniatures. His paintings are superbly executed and have a freshness and charm that has ensured his continuing reputation as ***"the central artistic figure of the Elizabethan age,*** the only English painter whose work reflects, in its delicate microcosm, the world of Shakespeare's earlier plays. "The matrix was used to create wax impressions that were used to 'seal' documents. This was a means of proving that the accompanying document had been written or approved by the owner of the seal. Seals were widely used by statesmen, nobles, judges, churchmen and even ordinary people. The great seal was the most important of all as the monarch used it to approve public acts and announcements. The inscription around the edge reads : 'Elizabetha dei gracia Anglie Francie et Hibernie Regina Fidei Defensor' (Elizabeth, by grace of God, Queen OF England, France AND Ireland, Defender OF the Faith).

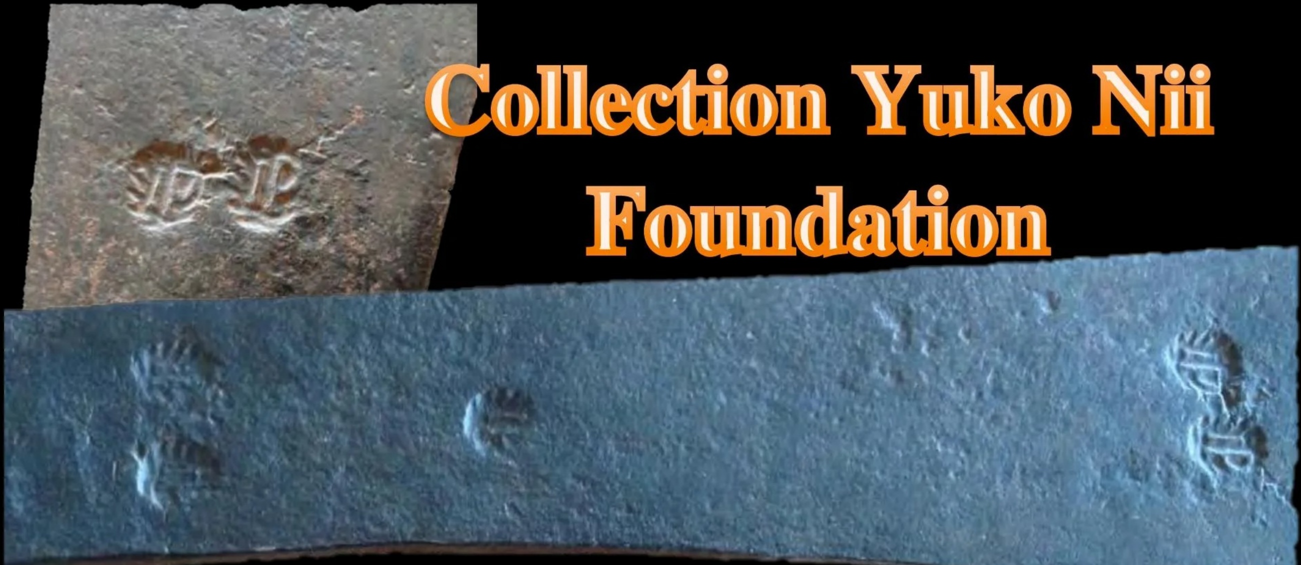


The beheading ax in the Tower of London with makers marks. Very similar to the Yuko Foundation ax.

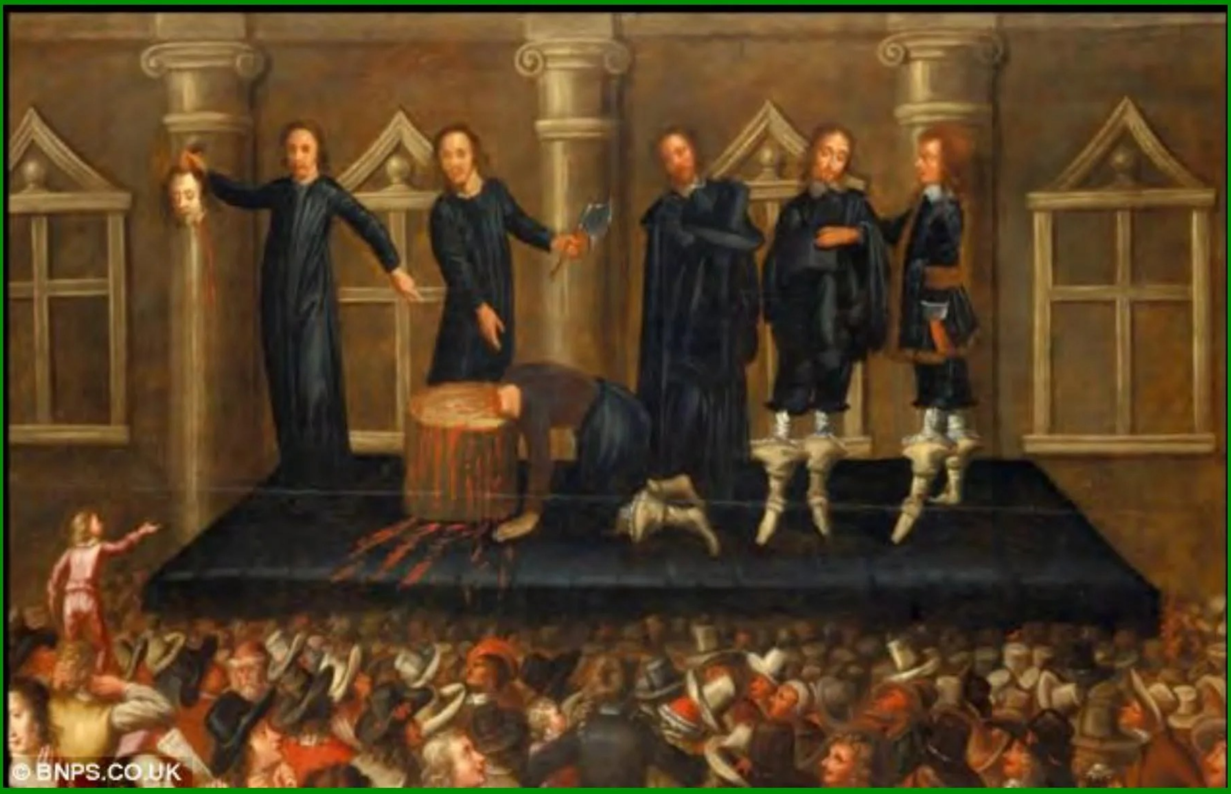


Beheading axe English 17th century





Collection Yuko Nii Foundation



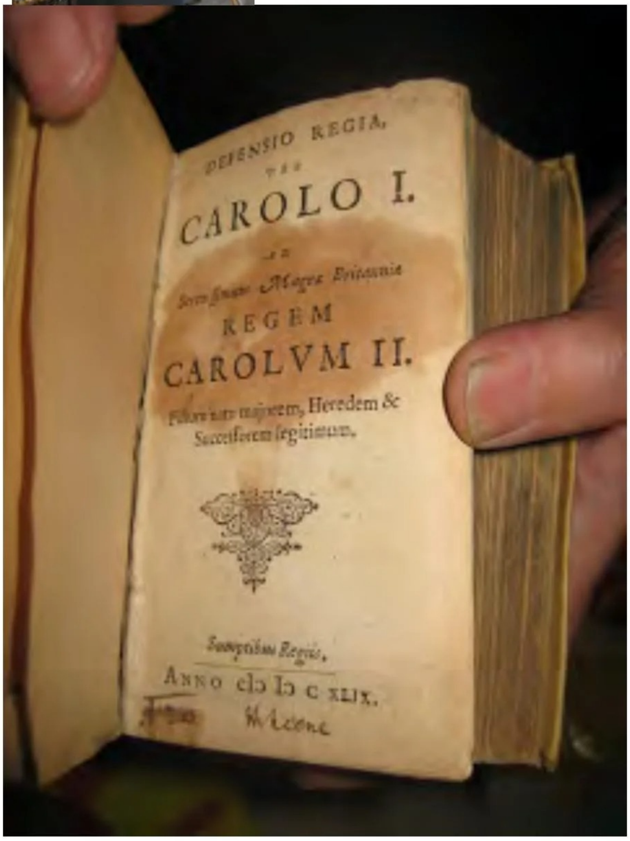
The Beheading of King Charles I

"I never did begin the war with the two Houses of Parliament... They began war upon me... if anybody will look at the dates of what happened... they will see clearly that they began these unhappy troubles, not I…

therefore I tell you I am the martyr of the people."

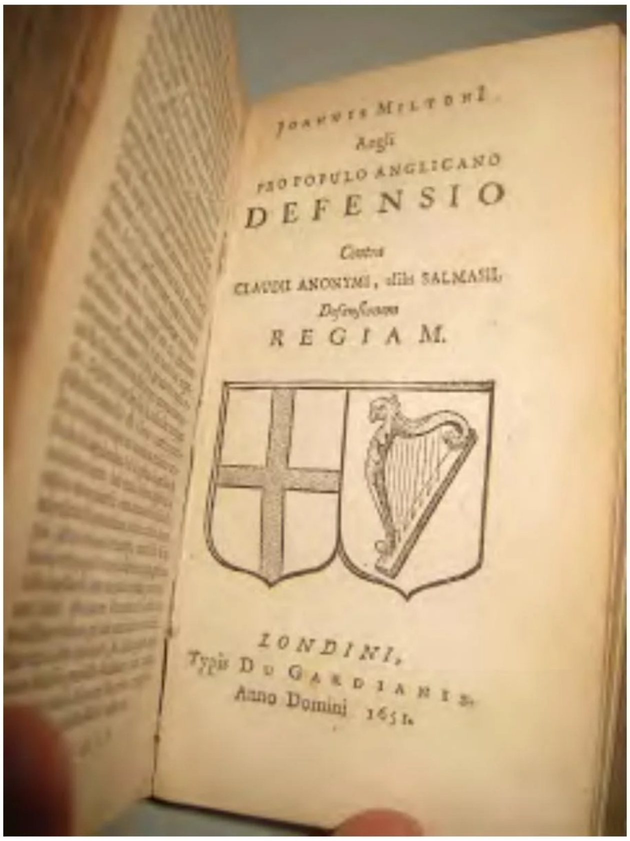
Defensio Regio & Defensio pro Populo Anglicano Bound Together Collection of the Yuko Nii Foundation

Left: Terrance Lindall, President of the Yuko Nii Foundation



DEFENSIO REGIA,
PRO
CAROLO I.
AD
Sereniſsimum Magnæ Britanniæ
REGEM
CAROLVM II.
Filium natu majorem, Heredem &
Succeſſorem legitimum.

Sumptibus Regiis,
ANNO clↄ Iↄ C XLIX.



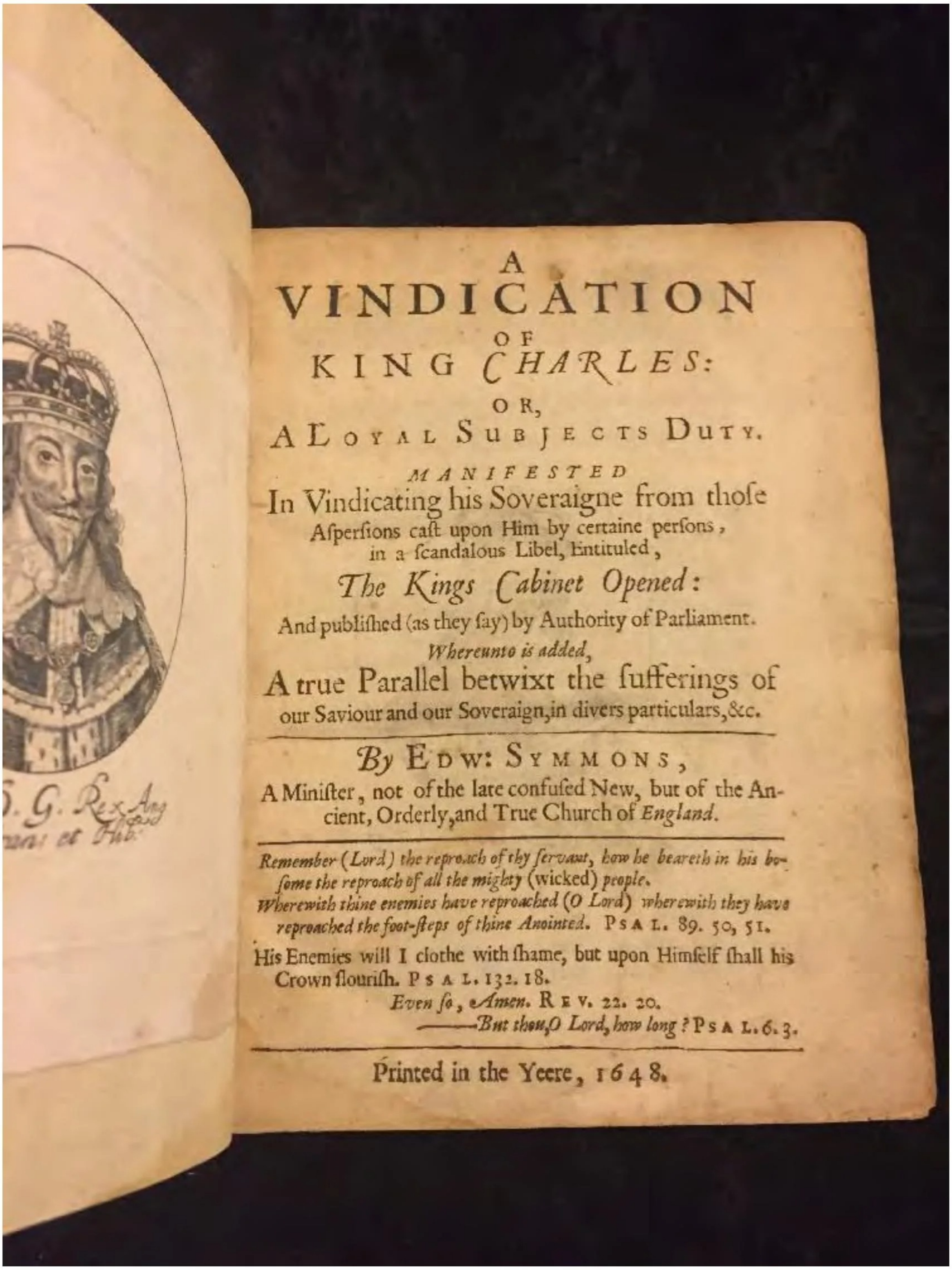
JOANNIS MILTONI
Angli
PRO POPULO ANGLICANO
DEFENSIO
Contra
CLAUDII ANONYMI, aliàs SALMASII,
Defenſionem
REGIAM.

LONDINI,
Typis DU GARDIANIS.
Anno Domini 1651.

n 1649, in November, appeared the work for which many remember Salmasius best: his royalist tract Defensio regia pro Carolo I provoked by the execution of Charles I.

Defensio pro Populo Anglicano is a Latin polemic by John Milton, published in 1651. The full title in English is John Milton an Englishman His Defence of the People of England.[The work includes invective against Salmasius and accusations of that scholar's inconsistency for taking contradictory positions. Milton also claims Salmasius wrote his work only due to being bribed with a "hundred Jacobuses" by the exiled son of Charles, who would later become King Charles II of England.[4] The level of ad hominem attack is high:

> "...It were better for you to return to those illustrious titles of yours in France: first to that hunger starved Seigneurie of St. Loup, and next to that sacré Council of the Most Christian King; you are too far abroad from your own country for a counsellor. But I see full well that France desires not either you or your counsel, and did not, even when you were back a few years ago, and were beginning to smell out and hunt after a Cardinal's kitchen. She is right, by my troth, she is right, and can willingly allow you, you French capon, with your mankind wife and your desks chock-full of emptiness, to wander about, till somewhere in creation you light upon a dole bountiful enough for a grammarian-cavalier or illustrious hippo-critic,--always supposing any king or state has a mind to bid highest for a vagabond pedant that is on sale...."


G. Rex Ang
et Hib.

A
VINDICATION
OF
KING CHARLES:
OR,
A LOYAL SUBJECTS DUTY.
MANIFESTED
In Vindicating his Soveraigne from thoſe
Aſperſions caſt upon Him by certaine perſons,
in a ſcandalous Libel, Entituled,
The Kings Cabinet Opened:
And publiſhed (as they ſay) by Authority of Parliament.
Whereunto is added,
A true Parallel betwixt the ſufferings of
our Saviour and our Soveraign, in divers particulars, &c.

By EDW: SYMMONS,
A Miniſter, not of the late confuſed New, but of the Ancient, Orderly, and True Church of *England*.

Remember (*Lord*) *the reproach of thy ſervant, how he beareth in his boſome the reproach of all the mighty* (wicked) *people.*
Wherewith thine enemies have reproached (*O Lord*) *wherewith they have reproached the foot-ſteps of thine Anointed.* PSAL. 89. 50, 51.
His Enemies will I clothe with ſhame, but upon Himſelf ſhall his Crown flouriſh. PSAL. 132. 18.
Even ſo, Amen. REV. 22. 20.
——*But thou, O Lord, how long?* PSAL. 6. 3.

Printed in the Yeere, 1648.

Vindication of King Charles 1648 in the collection of the Yuko Nii Foundation

Summary: Dating of the paper support was performed as an aid for determining when this copy of the death warrant of King Charles I might have been made. Radiocarbon analysis indicates that the paper could date from the ranges 1666-1784, 1796-1895 or 1904-1949; however, the data shows the greatest probability is within 1796-1895. This result excludes the document being from the time of Charles I's execution. Although it is possible that the paper support could have been in existence before Horace Walpole died, the greater probability is that the document post-dates his life. However

The fact that it is a unique handwritten document and an EXACT copy remains a mystery. So, it is post 1666, which makes for interesting possibilities.

Art Analysis & Research

		Sample 1							
ETH-80686	AAR0985	Painting on paper	paper	138	21	0.9829	0.0026	-19.6	1

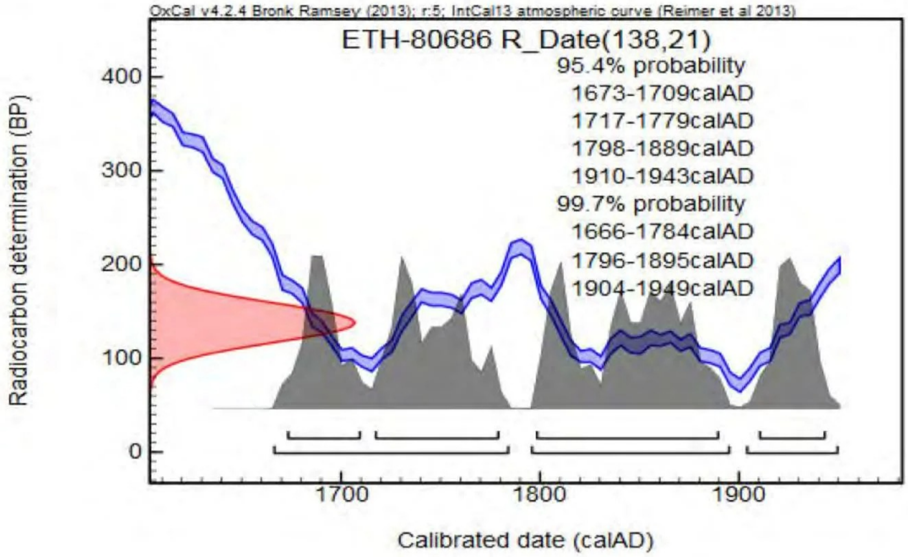
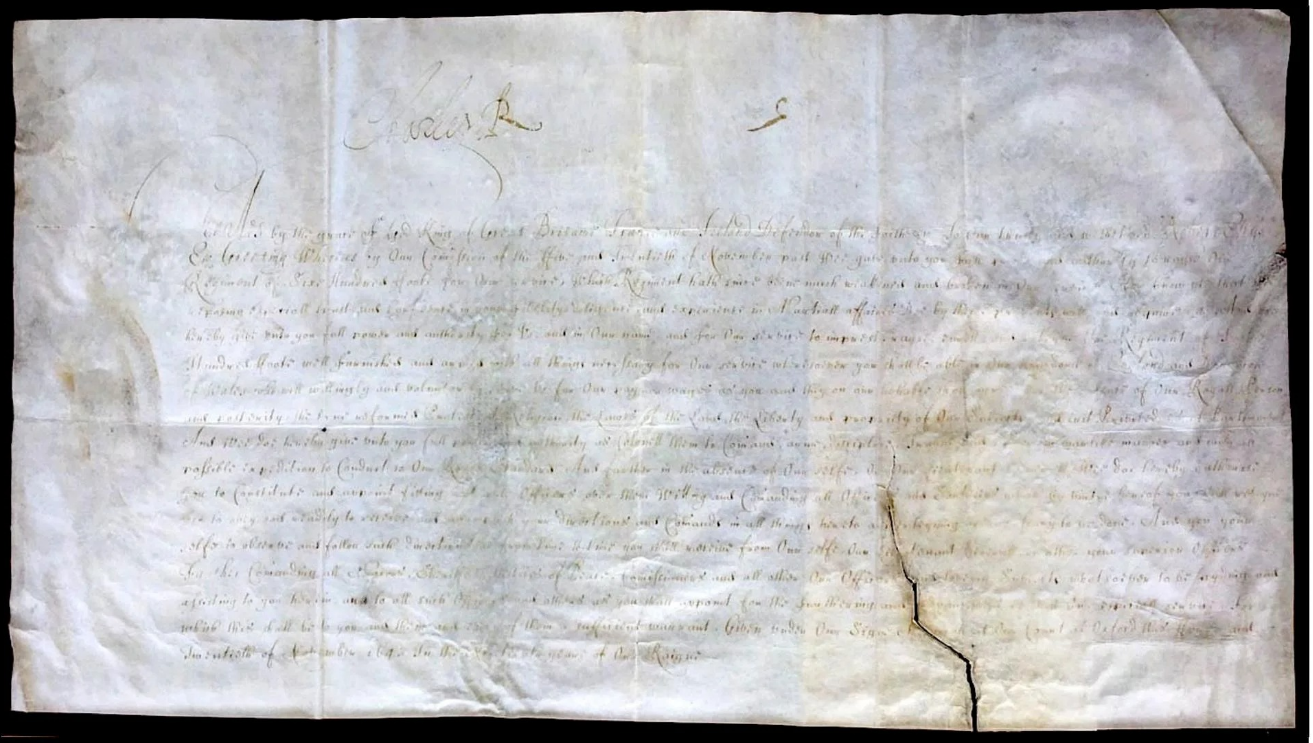


Figure 1. Calibrated date.

B.3 Radiocarbon dating

Radiocarbon dating was performed on the paper substrate, with the sample being taken from a paper tacking margin that folds onto the outer edge of the bottom stretcher bar. The measured date was 138 ± 21 years BP (before present = 1950), giving a calibrated result at the 99.7% probability level with date ranges of 1666-1784 (43.0%), 1796-1895 (39.2%) and 1904-1949 (17.5%) (**Figure 1**).

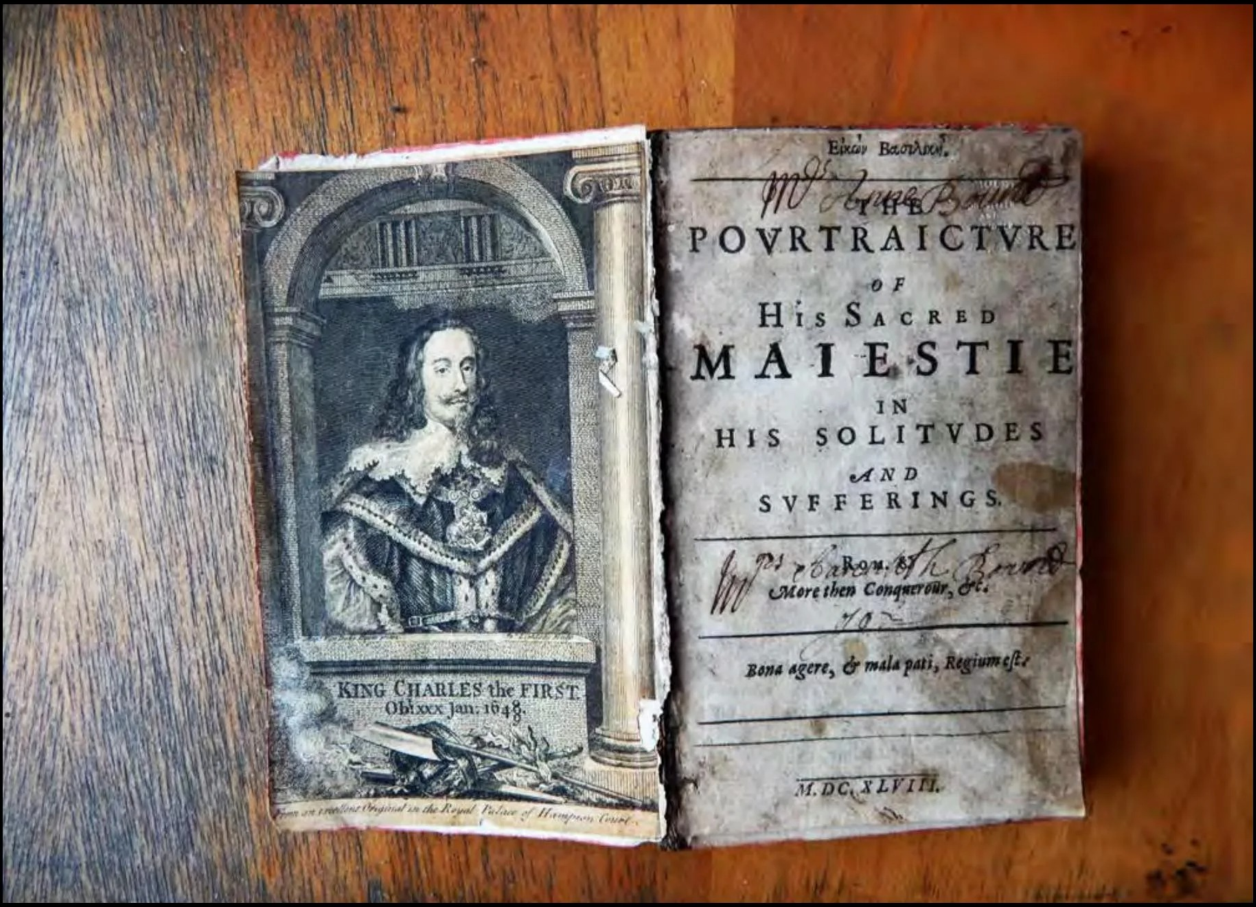


Authentic and scarce oblong folio document boldly signed "Charles R.," November 24, 1643, by the beleaguered English monarch.

The king entrusts Robert Ellys with our regiment of twelve hundred foot soldiers, "to furnish our armies with all things necessary for Our survival wheresoever you shall be able in Our kingdom of England...for the defence of Our Royal Person and posterity [and] the true reformed Protestant religion." Charles, a little over a year into the Civil War, has signed this order from his stronghold at Oxford. From this base, he hoped to cut off London, thus weakening the Parliamentary rebels.

The letter shows light discoloration around the edges and throughout the document, consistent with age (see photos). Light vertical and horizontal creases/fold marks are visible but do not detract from the viewing or value of the document. Some warping and fading.

Purchased from Gary E. Combs Autographs, New York, NY



KING CHARLES the FIRST.
Obt xxx Jan: 1648.

From an excellent Original in the Royal Palace of Hampton Court.

Εἰκὼν Βασιλική.

Mrs Anne Bound

THE
POVRTRAICTVRE
OF
HIS SACRED
MAIESTIE
IN
HIS SOLITVDES
AND
SVFFERINGS.

Mrs Elizabeth Bound

ROM. 8.
More then Conquerour, &c.

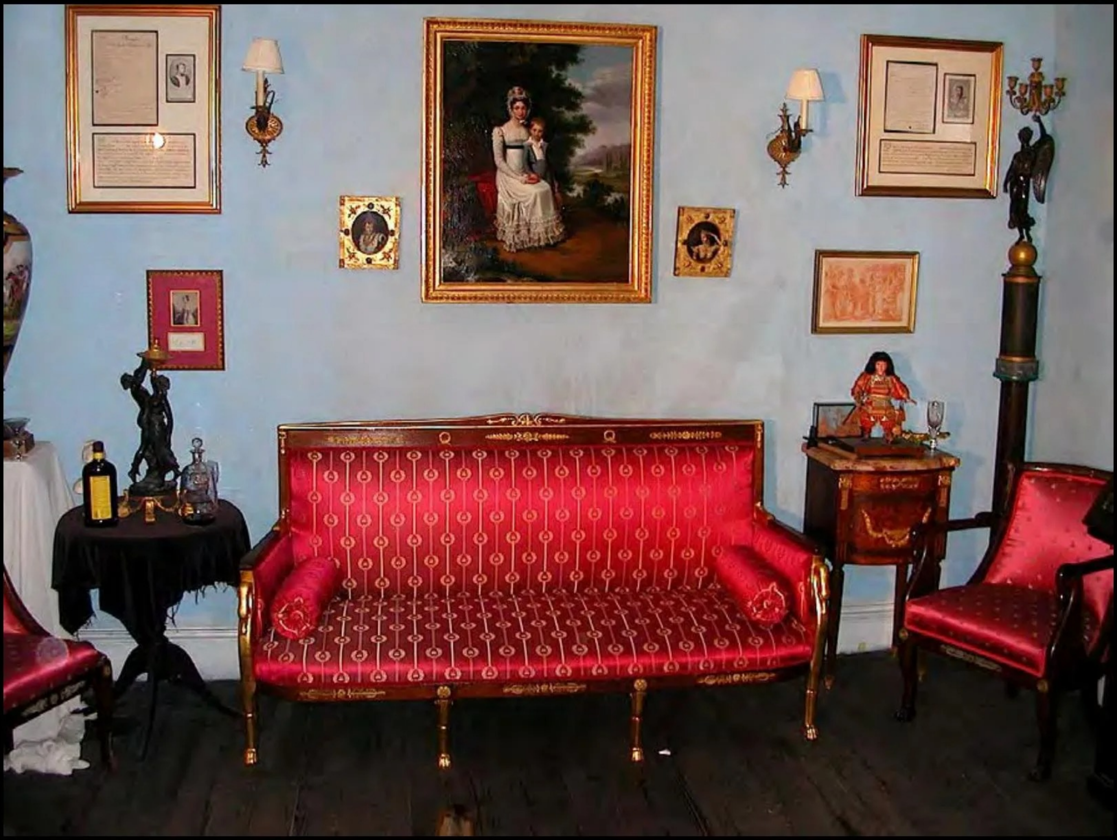
70

Bona agere, & mala pati, Regium est.

M.DC.XLVIII.

EIKON BASILIKE.PORTRAITURE OF HIS SACRED MAJESTY.CHARLES 1,1648,ORIGINAL 269 PAGES
Signed on last page by Charles Shipley

Special Collections at the Yuko Nii Foundation assembled by Terrance Lindall



Empire Room

Library

Special Exhibits